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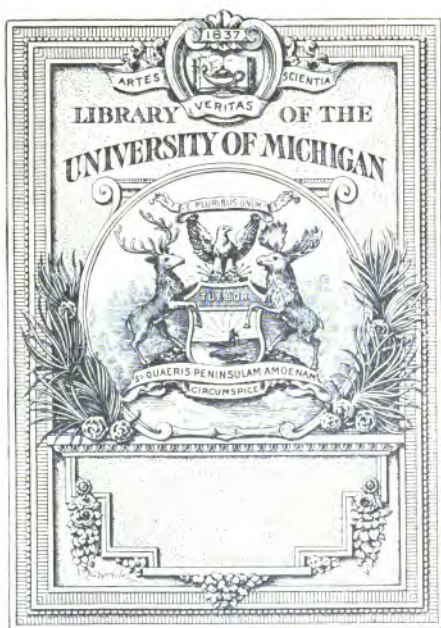
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DOUGLAS JERROLD'S
SHILLING MAGAZINE.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S



SHILLING MAGAZINE.

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DOUGLAS JERROLD'S

SHILLING MAGAZINE.

TWIDDLETHUMB TOWN.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

A SHORT RIDE THROUGH TWIDDLETHUMB.—THE DUKE'S MAGPIE.—
THE DUKE'S OATH.—BLACK ART OF HERALDRY.

It was the Duke's coach. They who beheld it, knew two reasons for knowing it. Reason the first, was the magpie on the panel; cocking his head sagaciously doubtful of the vulgar. The second reason? There was no other coach permitted throughout the township of Twiddlethumb. It was a grief, core-deep in the heart of the Duke de Bobs, that his coachman rode on the same wheels as himself. Many an hour had that mighty lord pondered the means of reforming so ancient an abuse. More than once or twice he had caught the secret; and then, like grasped quicksilver, it ran through his fingers. After this fashion, what a deal of wisdom is every day lost to us!

When the people saw the magpie leering from the panel—a magpie, painted so to the life, that the wind seemed to blow among his down—the people straightway left nothing 'twixt their heads and heaven, and instinctively felt a loyal weakness of the ham-strings. There was not a Twiddlethumber stark enough to stand upright before the Duke's magpie. Strange stories were told of the bird. Huddling together, with bent and lifted eyebrows, and muttered, murmured words, the folks of Twiddlethumb would discourse of the winged wickedness; hatching for it broods of hungry wrong. And the magpie appeared to know his reputation, and even from the coach-panel of his master, to rejoice in it. He seemed to fatten on the poison of an evil name. When

he was most cursed, his feathers seemed best burnished. Courageous folks swore at him in an under tone, as he rolled by them ; and his eye burnt sulphur-blue at the oath, and his head took a more defying cock.

For the magpie—the crest of the blood of the De Bobs—was of ancient nest. His ancestress, much put to her wits for materials, had built and set in the Ark ; her husband, it may be, looking curiously at the sea-gulls through the windows, and wishing himself for a short time web-footed, aquatic. The De Bobs' magpie could trace a progenitor to Babel ; a magpie in the possession of a hod-man ; a bird that, flying from his master with his master's confounded tongue, brought Irish to the children of Erin, at that early day seated upon thrones of ivory, and carrying walking-sticks of virgin gold.

It could only be such a magpie, hatched in such a genealogical tree, that could be borne by a Duke de Bobs. The bird had been the crest of his family for many, many ages. An officer of the herald's college of Twiddlethumb—a pious looking man, with so smooth a cheek that no lie for any money could be made to hang upon it—a herald's officer declared that he had traced the De Bobs' magpie to so early an age, that he found Time himself a very little boy, feeding the bird with grubs and caterpillars. Was it not a virtue in the Duke de Bobs to be proud of such a magpie ?

The Duke de Bobs swore by his magpie.

A big, solemn book has yet to be written on the oaths of the high and mighty swearers of the earth. Oftimes, curious and precious oaths. Sometimes, too, curious and serviceable as old china, that however cracked and flawed, still serves for customary, household use, as well as the soundest. The oaths of emperors and kings—oaths of the old fashion—are instructive, provoking meditation. We think of them with wonder when unbroken. We consider them with astonishment : even as we should contemplate a silken thread that had tethered rhinoceros—a trout-hook once holding leviathan.

The Duke de Bobs swore by the magpie ; for his oath, inspired by his tutelary bird, ran ever thus, " By Black or White." A good, serviceable, working-day oath, befitting the dukedom of a De Bobs ; an oath that it was impossible to break. For the Duke de Bobs, though he took the oath sometimes as often as he winked, was never known to be forsworn. By Black or White was, in sooth, an oath made very easy.

And now the reader of his own cunning may understand wherefore the townfolk of Twiddlethumb looked uneasily at the Duke's crest—the terrible magpie. The bird was mixed up in their recollections with many wrongs and many sufferings. The Twiddlethumber, spoiled of a cow—robbed of a goose—his hen-roost ravaged—or his pocket picked of twopence—laid the loss to the thievishness of the magpie. The bird—the Duke's winged Black and White familiar—was accounted the curse of Twiddlethumb. For there ran throughout the town—nay, it was a belief brimming in the hearts of the Twiddlethumbers—that the Duke's crest, though seemingly a thing of paint, or oak, or stone, according to its place—new smooth and shining on the Duke's coach—now perched on the Duke's state chair—and now carved over the Duke's windows—was a creature of most malicious vitality. The magpie crest—swore the Twiddlethumbers—was a living mischief; of such cunning and such force, that it could pick the lock of a money-box, or carry off a bullock. The thing was a devil in feathers, that when he liked hopped out from the Duke's shield, or flew down from the Duke's chair, to pillage the Twiddlethumbers—the Duke's unresisting people.

We cannot believe in this black art of heraldry. It is a coward's blow to strike the dead; and to give our faith to the superstition of Twiddlethumb would be—we profoundly feel as much—to smite the honourable dust of iron mighty men. For should we not tamper with the ignorance of the many, whom we do not refuse to call our fellow-creatures, were we to allow a vital rapacity to the Duke's crest—a carved or painted magpie? For after such allowance, what man's crest would be safe? Griffins and leopards and tigers, whelped hundreds of years ago in the bed of glory, and fed on human flesh, were notwithstanding harmless creatures; of no more ill-will than tame rabbits. They sprawled in shields, and stood upon helmets, and had strong thews of silk and worsted worked for them by female fingers. The lord of the castle looked upon his hangings, and saw therein his griffins, the children of his own sword and his wife's needle. And shall we give air to a belief in a possible necromancy that, at any age of the world, could animate the panther of a Baron Fitzermontois, suffering the beast to prowl out from his tapestry at night among the homesteads of the baron's tenants; now killing a child, and now sucking the blood of poultry?

Such superstition once afoot, where would it stop? Would it

respect royal crests? We think not. No: the audacity of the human mind would, we much fear it, give words of abuse even to imperial eagles. "Felon knave!"—some hardy slave might say, glaring on the royal bird; some biped clod of the soil, his blood of no richer compound than converted black bread—"felon knave! dead thing that thou seemest, thou hast accursed life: thou art here, thou hypocrite of honour, to attest to foolish men thy daring and thy might. Thou canst give look for look with the all-lighting sun, and carry thunderbolts. This is said of thee, but this we know: this the myriad lowly best can tell. Thou fattenest on the poor man's lamb, and devourest the poor man's kid." And should it chance that the eagle have two heads, the malice of the opprobrious boor perchance might add—"And if thou hast two heads, is it not that thou mayst eat lamb and kid at the same time?"

We hope we have written enough to make manifest the danger of believing, without better evidence than we can yet produce, the stories current of the Duke's magpie.

THE DUCHESS IN TROUBLE.—THE ARSENAL OF TWIDDLETHUMB.—
A RIGHT PLEASANT AND MERRY DISCOURSE BY THE GUNS,
GREAT AND SMALL.

THE Duke's coach rolled slowly on. And we have gossiped so long about his bird on the panel, that we begin to feel we have neglected the precious kernel of the coach—the wise man inside. It was the Duke's doctor, and it was also the Duchess's man-midwife. Living at the end of Twiddlethumb Town—and labouring a patch of ground, a wonderful bit of earth, pregnant with all-healing, all-killing minerals and simples—the doctor could not but show himself to the whole population of Twiddlethumb on his ceremonious way to the castle. The Duchess had, in truth, the hastiest need of the doctor; nevertheless, the horses ambled very gently along, the Duke in his better knowledge, deeming slowness a vital attribute of state. Common babies, porcine Twiddlethumberkins, might hurry to life like fools to a show; now the child of Duke de Bobs should enter existence ceremoniously, self-assured, as though he did honour to it. This, we know, was a fiction; a state fiction; and therefore all the more necessary to be supported and guarded. Truth in the end, can take care of herself.

When the people of Twiddlethumb saw the doctor in the Duke's coach, they knew that their hour was approaching when, as loyal vassals, they would be commanded to be happy. Knowing this, every man prepared to hold himself in readiness for felicity.

And see, even as the Duke's coach passes the arsenal of Twiddlethumb, its door is opened by an old, white-haired man ; so old, his face seems gashed with wrinkles. This man is Bloodbubble, the soldier of Twiddlethumb. Our history begins at a time when Twiddlethumb has been weakened by fifty years' peace. Like an old giant—a beautiful young butcher in his early time, gluttonous, carnivorous—fed in his latter days upon herbs and asses' milk, Twiddlethumb has grown somewhat fantastic, puling ; and speaks a little foolishly, ungratefully of soldiers. "For what are they," asked an irreverent Twiddlethumber, taking his ale at the Naked Truth—a tavern a good deal frequented in Twiddlethumb, though again and again the Duke de Bobs had threatened to take away its license, because of the bold sayings of the parlour and tap-room—"Soldiers," cried the heretic, "what are they ? Very fine, and very mischievous. Soldiers, looked at as they ought to be, are to the world but as poppies to corn-fields."

The veteran Bloodbubble entered the arsenal ; and instantly all the cannon and mortars screwed and pursed up their mouths as he came in. But the old soldier took no heed of the brazen, iron mockery ; for, in truth, he was nearly blind. And more, when the artillery began to talk—and they did so as you, sir, shall hear—he was deaf, deaf as the Broad Stone of Honour. His ear-drums had been broken in a certain battle—burst by the iron storm. And so, old Bloodbubble, with a cold, filmed eye—a stagnant cheek—and shaking head—tried to look about his murderous companions.

"What brings him here ?" asked a cannon in Dutch ; for in the arsenal of Twiddlethumb there were pieces of ordnance of all countries ; and though when shotted they all talked of death and misery in the same one language,—yet discoursing as gossips, each spoke in its national accent.

"Can't you guess ?" lisped from its small mouth, a brass falconet.

"It can't be war," growled a huge piece of bronze artillery, taken in the olden time from the infidel, and called in their mocking ignorance *The Brooding Dove*—"it can't be war."

"War !" cried a mortar contemptuously. "War ! Why isn't

the world getting old and stupid? Hasn't it forgotten the wholesome taste of powder and ball? I should like to know why I was christened *The Cradle of Love*—ha! shall I ever forget the cardinal that gave me that name?—why was I so christened, if I'm always to be empty! I haven't had a morsel of ammunition these fifty years. I'm starving—cold and starving. Shall I never be full and hot—blazing hot—shall I never smoke again? Look at that poor old wretch; the withering old laurel twig! What brings him here? I shouldn't wonder—for it isn't for honest artillery to wonder at anything new—I shouldn't wonder, if he's come to pick me out—me, the mortar of mortars, the *Cradle of Love*, cardinal-christened—to turn me into a pot to boil his Christmas pudding in."

Every piece of ordnance—every instrument of death from bomb to pistol—groaned deeply according to its volume, at the imagined degradation. The groan was so profound that even old Blood-bubble seemed to stare as though he really heard something, and a frosty brightness fell upon his cheek, and he looked about him, as though once more he listened to his old iron friends once more bellowing fire and death.

"Why, it's plain enough what that old fool comes here for," said a howitzer; "it's about the time."

"Time! What time—*Bed of Roses*?" asked the *Brooding Dove* of its burly friend with odoriferous name.

"He's going to the powder magazine; there—don't you see? Of course. The Duchess will have another little baby in an hour or two, and our old friends—poor creatures!—will puff the news to the Twiddlethumbers. Poor work, eh? Fed with blank cartridge? Never having the taste of an honest bit of iron, eh? Well, it's better to do nothing than to do only that. For a piece of cannon—that ought to have its sport of flesh and blood, for whenever I was in battle, I always looked upon myself as a sportsman—only men, not hares were the game—for a piece of cannon to do nothing but fire blank, why it's to play the noisy, empty bully,—and not the working soldier."

"Well, we have done some work in our time," cried an old honey-combed forty-two pounder, called the *Voice of Peace*; "that's some comfort. Eh? When we have spoken from our hearts, how hundreds have sprung into the air, and yelled and screamed a moment, and then fell dead crushed and smashed that—Oh!—if their mothers could have foreseen it when they first

saw them—seen it, looking from between the curtains some twenty—thirty—forty years on—they'd have thought it hard nursing to have only nursed for us. It isn't for me to brag," said the *Voice of Peace*, with more conceit than could have been expected from old iron, "but in my day, I think I've brought down my men."

"Your men," cried the *Cradle of Love*—and the mortar really swelled with importance—"your men! why, I have killed men, women, children—the crippled and the bed-ridden—sent them in a heap of mangled carcasses to death. Why, I recollect,—I recollect"—and the wicked old mortar laughed so heartily, you would have thought it thundered—"I recollect that at one touch I killed some thousand or so. You see, the town was besieged. There was a church—I forget the name—with a favourite saint there. Well, the church was crammed with citizens. The old had been brought for safety there—the dying to die in peace—babes were hugged to the breast—and babes unborn, throbbed in that vast human mass where, rich and poor, running from death refused not to embrace one another. Well, the organ was playing—the priests were singing—a multitude was sobbing, crying, groaning, embracing,—when, as though the depths of hell had opened from under them—all—all—all perished. Now, a living multitude—now a shriek, a yell—and now, all murdered. And I did it. I!"

"Why, how?" asked a swivel, with much modesty.

"You see, the cathedral—I know not how it happened—was at a little distance from the powder-house. Well, I dropt a shell right upon the magazine—a shell ridden by the devil himself, for I heard him sing as he left me—and I think by this time I ought to know the devil's voice—and cathedral, houses, whole streets, buried at a wink the dead within them. I was the darling of the troops for that one little touch."

"Certainly, I can't boast of such service,"—said a carronade; "and I don't care so much about it. I am for a more quiet enjoyment; for what I call the pleasant leisure of slaughter."

"Leisure of slaughter! What do you mean?" asked the mortar very contemptuously.

"Why, this," answered the carronade. "When the battle is over, and the night is come—and the moon shines or shines not, as she lists—and the field is here heaped and here dotted with the slain—is alive and shuddering with the wounded.—When yells,

and shrieks, and groans, and blasphemies come thick upon the night, and with them come the fiends of mischief, and entering our iron chambers lead up and down the dance—and laugh to the music of the dying;—dance and laugh till the morning dawns, and our servants—our artillery valets—come to spruce us up for daylight fighting. Such mirth and such devil-dancing, I call the leisure—or, if you will, the lighter recreation—from the cares of slaughter.”

And after this fashion did the guns and mortars wag their mouths; but Bloodbubble, blind and deaf, marked not their moving lips—heard not their boastful words. The old fellow never unbarred the doors of the arsenal that the guns did not talk of blood and fire, and death; nevertheless, he had no sense of aught about him, save of cold, dumb iron. And here for awhile we leave the old man fumbling for natal gunpowder, that new-born babies may be honoured with fire and smoke. You will allow it, sir, a strange custom this, of the Twiddlethumbers.

THE DUKE DE BOBS GRANTS UNHEARD-OF PRIVILEGES TO THE TWIDDLETHUMBERS.—THEIR CAP OF LIBERTY; WHAT IT IS, AND WHERE WORN.—ADAM'S POTTERY.

AND now the Duke's carriage, still trundling easily along, arrives in the market-place. There was a great crowd gathered about a stage, wherefrom the Duke's Fool and Chief Minister—for such pluralities were held even in Twiddlethumb—made a gracious speech to the Duke's subjects. Some years before the commencement of this history of Twiddlethumb, the Township had been visited by a terrible disease—the malady of public discontent. The Twiddlethumbers being, as the event proved, incautiously taught arithmetic in consequence of a decree of the state, misused the knowledge to calculate the amount of taxes. Enlightened, they became rebellious. They would—they clenched their fists and swore it—they would be free. The Duke should grant their just demand; the Duke should award them some symbol to perpetuate in the eyes of their children an assurance of freedom. The Duke assented.—“My good and loving people,” such were his honied syllables, “it shall be as you desire. My wise and trusty fool and minister, Pignutz, shall from me present you with a Cap of Liberty.” The Twiddlethumbers so shouted and capered

that the air was rent with their voices, the earth throbbed with their feet. "The only Cap of real Liberty to be granted to man—the Cap that gives equality to all." The populace fermented with delight; though a few leaden-eyed, wrinkled townsmen, bit their thumbs at the Duke's words, as though nibbling and tasting thumb and words together.

Pignutz, the Duke's prime fool and minister, stood on the stage, and with his right hand moving in his bosom—as though patting and cheering up his honest heart—looked keenly about him at the multitude. A cold, frosty smile sharpened his cheek bones; and his thin lips worked like worms. All his face seemed on edge; and bending his head a little on one side, it was wonderful to see the strange likeness between the man Pignutz and the bird magpie, whereof we have sufficiently spoken. Pignutz, moreover, had a pied livery—a suit of black velvet slashed and puffed with white silk. "We are both of the same feather," Pignutz has been over-heard to say in familiar whisper to the magpie; "both ready for our master in black and white;" and Pignutz would seem in no way displeased with the livery.

The crowd continued to gather about the stage, and Pignutz was, it was plain, prepared with his oration. Whereupon, the ass was, in due state, led to the foot of the stage, and at a signal his peck of beans, thistle, and two quarts of water set before him.

And what has the ass to do with the orator? Much. So much that we feel we have introduced the quadruped without due preparatory explanation. It was an ancient custom of the Town—so ancient its beginning was said to be somewhere in chaos—to measure out time to public orators by asses. After this simple, and as we conceive, wise manner. The Twiddlethumbers could not abide long speeches. Hence, it was the custom, when the minister addressed the people, to measure the words of the orator by the beans of an ass. A peck of beans, one thistle of common height and leafiness, with two quarts of water were set before the beast. At a given moment, orator and ass both began their task: if the ass had ground his beans, munched his thistle, and sucked his water, ere the orator had finished his subject, not another word was listened to; but the speaker was hooted down with most discordant noises. If, on the other hand, the orator finished his speech—saying all needful to be said—ere the ass consumed his meal, the brute was cudgelled back to his stable, and the orator vociferously applauded. And yet so noble—so just an institution

—had been tampered with. Corruption and bribery had met even in a corn measure : for there can unhappily be no doubt of the fact, though we shall not linger on the page to quote authorities, —that long-winded orators have been known to bribe the grooms to measure out musty beans—to sprinkle pepper on the thistle—to insinuate salt into the water—that the ass, if he ate at all, should eat and drink slowly, painfully, sorrowfully.

But Pignutz was not of these wordy speakers. With a pleasing confidence in his own comprehensive powers, he was often known to give the ass half-way through its beans, ere he began to unfold the serious mystery of his argument. And he so managed the contest—so husbanded and played with his resources—that the orator and the ass generally came to the end of their work neck-and-neck ; indeed so close, that learned judges were often puzzled to know whether orator or ass had the best of it.

The ass has been munching his beans for at least the last paragraph ; yet, up to this moment Pignutz has not said a word : but with unbent mouth, and a sleepy, smiling eye, looks down upon the eating ass, as much as to say—“ Take your time, poor fellow ; and much good may it do you.” And now, Pignutz, drawing himself up to his full height, and he was at least four feet —although the expanding grandeur of his soul made him seem even higher—opened his lips.

“ I am here, most foolish and ridiculous people, commanded by my master, the Duke de Bobs, a potentate of such glory, that the stars, for very winking, cannot behold him. I am here, I say, commanded by his benevolence to award to you a symbol of freedom for yourselves and your children’s children ; if, with the growing perverseness of the world, ye and they insist upon having them.

“ A symbol of freedom ! A symbol, did I say—the real thing. A Cap of Liberty ! A Cap that shall give to the meanest of you—and I should like to behold the nose of him, who in the sincerity of his heart manfully answers to such description—a liberty, one and the same, no bit better, no bit worse, than that enjoyed by the Duke himself.” Hereupon many of the crowd began to weep ; many to embrace one another.

“ Pig-headed rabble ”—cried the orator in the softest and most affectionate tones—for it was plain that the speaker was touched by the lively affections of the multitude—“ two-legged calves, uzzards and noddies, listen to the magnanimity of the Duke.

Know ye what he offers ye ? But why do I ask it ? Why, rather shall I not go into the forest, and talk to the sensible elephant ? Look at the brute in his pacific vastness. Consider the huge gentleness. See ; he stretches forth his sinuous hand, and with that small finger and thumb of his gathers a leaf, breaks a twig. And now he gently whets his tusks upon the trunk of his ancient friend, making friendly use of him, — his neighbour cedar. Think ye that elephant knows the worth of the ivory curving from his jaws ? Think ye he knows how many ladies' fans lie therein compact, as yet unfurled ; worse weapons than in that naked, natural bone ? Think ye, he dreams of the dice, true and false, that will be cut from his refuse bits—specked cubes that, from the depths of hell, conjure up fiends to sit and chat, and laugh on the midnight cloth of green—brimstone shepherds on the verdant sward ?

“ Think ye, the elephant knows this—a syllable of it ? Why, could he know it, his heart-strings would crack like cordage in a gale, and dead would he drop, a banquet for a congress of condors. Therefore, happy is it for him—noble, innocent brute—that, all simply, modestly he carries his tusks before him, ignorant of the man-killing fans yet shut up within them, unconscious of the unloosened dice that one day shall rattle from them.

“ And so, oh Twiddlethumbers !—and I bow thrice to all elephants, past, present, and to come, that I should so much as name ye fasting with superior quadrupeds—so, Twiddlethumbers, it is well ye suddenly heard not the great gift purposed for ye by the Duke. As elephants would die with shame, ye would expire with joy. And therefore, let me open the news to ye, gently—reverently ; as though uncorking a precious phial filled with the quintessence of the distilled east.

“ The Duke grants to ye powers of the widest liberty. Ye may go where ye will. Do what ye please. Wander in his gardens—pluck his fruit—dine at his table—ride his horses—spend his money—pull his beard—tweak his nose. He bestows upon ye a gift that, it is by no means to be doubted, may carry ye so far to happiness.”

Here the Twiddlethumbers looked anxiously at one another ; and some of them breathed hard, as they with difficulty held within them their beating hearts. And then some looked upon their fellows, as much as to say—“ Can this be true ? ” Pignutz saw the doubtful glance ; and renewed, with quicker speech (for

the ass, having finished his beans, began to fall upon the thistle) :

"The Duke, in his wide-world goodness, grants ye, I say, the full use of a liberty that takes ye beyond all human jurisdiction. But oh, foolish people, let me, as prime fool and minister, let me implore ye not to abuse the mighty beneficence of the Duke. Here"—Pignutz saw that the ass was approaching the water—"here is the constitution, the instrument of freedom, awarded ye by your master. Prepare to see it ; and if gratitude live in human minds, down upon your knees—down in the dust, when the instrument of liberty shall break upon ye. It is here."

As Pignutz spoke, the whole multitude, awed by his manner, already blessed by expectation, fell upon the earth. Pignutz twitched the treasure from his bosom, and held it by a tassel. There was one moment's pause—then a murmur—then a hiss.

"A Cap of Liberty," cried one bold Twiddlethumber. "Why, it's a cotton night-cap!"

"You speak truly," said Pignutz, with a grave face, "very truly, and in good faith do credit to your eyesight. It is a night-cap ; and in very truth the only Cap of Liberty, since in it men one-third of their lives visit the land of sleep ; the only land—the only land—where all men are equal. Believe it, oh, Twiddlethumbers ! The veritable Cap of Liberty is the night-cap."

The ass brayed, and the coach jogged soberly on. Three times at least had the nurse looked out from the castle window ; three times had she loudly blessed herself and softly swore at the midwife ; but the ducal cattle hurried not. They had been too well broken in their colthood to bestir themselves. Haste was the vulgarity of pack-horses ; now they were steeds of state ; and had never yet been known to turn a hair.

And now the coach winds a corner, and there, before you, reader—for we wish to take advantage of the circuit made by the Duke's horses to show as much of the town and suburbs of Twiddlethumb as we may,—there, looking to the left from the coach windows, is a gently rising mount belted at the base with pollard oaks. We say, looking from the window ; because, if all this while, the reader has not been seated in the Duke's coach, it is not our fault. He has either chosen to walk, or has lacked the imagination that should have softly seated him on the Duke's cushions. Now that mount, belted and buckled in from the rest of Twiddlethumb by green timber and evergreen bushes, is known as Adam's Pottery.

We believe it is the custom of certain vulgar cities of the hard, real world—a world easily laid down upon a map, or pelleted into a painted globe—to lay out acres of valuable ground for the abiding-place of strange brutes and strange reptiles. Hence, hyenas and rattle-snakes become the lodgers and boarders of men, who, all forgetful of their own flesh and blood, pet cruelty and poison. The Twiddlethumbers have a nobler curiosity—teach a finer wisdom. Not that they disregard their four-footed neighbours on this earth; not that they slight the golden bird and pencilled snake; but that they defer a closer acquaintance with beasts, and snakes, and winged strangers, until they shall have intimately known all their own relations scattered over the world—the many-coloured patches that, like a harlequin's suit, make up the human garment of the earth. And therefore, the Twiddlethumbers have set apart the mount aforesaid, calling it Adam's Pottery. Many specimens of red and white, and black ware are yet wanting; nevertheless, the collection at the time whereof we write was very curious. The Mount was geographically partitioned, so that every specimen—every piece of human pottery—dwelt in its native latitude. Artificial temperature was provided for every specimen. We will not here anticipate our visit to the Pottery; but this much *will* run from our pen. We saw a Laplander most liberally provided with ice and snow, and—it was then the season—a night of two-and-twenty hours honest length. And then, after some thirty minutes' walk, we came upon a Chinese, in a silken summer, sky-blue dress drinking tea with a perfume in it unknown at our cold hearth-stones.

Now, we put it to the philosophic, pale-faced reader—and counting only upon such, we propose to limit this history to five-and-twenty copies—we put it to him whether such an institution as this, fancifully christened Adam's Pottery, be not more honourable to the intelligence and humane curiosity of a city than a Beast-garden? An Universal Bird-cage? A Reptiliary? Ought not men to blush who seek an acquaintance with a white bear, when they have never so much as thought to hold out their hand to a flat-nosed biped brother at the North Pole? Are we to welcome the zebra to his paddock, and refuse hospitality to the Hottentot? Shall we pet, and cocker, and wrap up in blankets manifold, the lazy, luxurious boa, and never think to comfortably cage Hindoos, and Parsees, and Malays, and at least one of each of the many-coloured tribe of brother men, natives of wide-lying boa-land?

The wisdom of the Twiddlethumbers gives a loud no to so preposterous a notion. Hence, had they their Adam's Pottery. There—wanting, as we have said, some few specimens to make up the entire set of Adam's clay-work—there, they had their distant relations gathered together from all parts of the earth. And thus, at a very early period, the children of Twiddlethumb were introduced to their ten-thousandth-thousandth cousins of all colours; and from this early knowledge, most pleasant and easy was the intercourse. A delicate girl of ten years—the gentlest Twiddlethumbing—would look upon a Carib, or chat with a New Zealander, and make no more ado, than girls of our half-savage condition of society when they make a birthday call upon great-aunts and uncles. We say it, this early knowledge of certain specimens of the large two-legged family going up and down the globe, imparted a frankness of manner, whilst it enlarged the affections of the Twiddlethumbers. The heart grew bigger and bigger with the early sense and improved knowledge of such millions of relations. At the opening of our history, the Pottery had received a very interesting addition; nay, look there,—for the progress of the coach makes the news visible. Put your head out at the left-window. Very good. The announcement, sharply printed, runs thus:

“ADAM'S POTTERY.—An extraordinary Addition. An Englishman, his Wife, and Baby, just arrived. The only specimens ever known in Twiddlethumb.”

At present, however, we must jog on. Another time, we may take an instructive saunter round the Pottery, for pleasant converse with fraternal specimens; that are, indeed, treated with even eccentric tenderness; neither man nor woman visitor being permitted to throw so much as a pebble at a Coast of Guinea brother, or with walking-stick or parasol to poke between the ribs the humblest Pariah. This is, indeed, absurd: what then?—we must bow to the old, and educated prejudice, that respects the silliest customs of the silliest country.

THE COACH PASSES THE RUINS OF VULCAN'S SILVERSMITHY, ONCE FAMOUS FOR ITS SILVER SPOONS.—THE JACKASSES OF THE TOWN OF TWIDDLETHUMB, AND HOW CHOSEN.

THAT circular building, round as a bubble, to the right, is the state Mint. It is the newest building of Twiddlethumb; built, as

the legend runs, upon the ruins of Vulcan's Silversmithy ; where, in the old pagan day, as Twiddlethumbers still insist upon believing, Vulcan and Time had many a jolly bout. You see, sir, Vulcan had his certain melting-days, or rather nights, for melting the ore, and fashioning it into silver spoons—Time bringing him, in a lump, the dimensions of the mouths about to enter the world, each mouth carrying, ready for its pap and future feeding, one of the silver spoons aforesaid. Well, sir ; Vulcan was a careless, good-tempered fellow, and for a long while worked uncomplainingly as any bullock. But even a bullock will sulk and hang aback, if over-goaded. And so it was with Vulcan.

"I tell you what it is, master," said the Silversmith to Time, who—with all sorts of clay models of silly mouths in his lap, sat joking on a bench, to cheat Vulcan of his sense of labour—"I tell you what it is ; I'm tired of this work ; and more than that, I don't think it altogether fair and open."

"Why, what's the matter ?" asked Time, trying to look surprised ; though, in truth, he has seen too much ever to be greatly astonished—"what's the matter ? A bargain's a bargain ? Especially when contracted with me ? What's the matter, my best of boys ?—and that I think you are of my best, see how well I treat you ! Why, you're as young and handsome—quite, as the day when you tucked your apron about you, and limped down to the sea-side, to hand your bride Venus ashore."

Vulcan said nothing ; but sourly grinned, and passed his grimy hand across his brow.

"And now, good boy," said Time coaxingly, "of what can you complain ?"

"Of what complain ? Why, of this everlasting work you set me, making silver spoons for the mouths of fools. Did anybody ever see the like ?" asked Vulcan, pointing to the little clay models of mouths still lying in the lap of Time : "such silly, hanging, blubbing things—such simpering, puling, whiffling bits of dirt—and do you suppose, after what I've done—do you think, after the thousands of spoons I've made for such mouths, that I'll make another ? I won't," roared Vulcan ; and he made his hammer ring upon the anvil, as though welding his resolution.

"You won't ?" asked placid Time ; for in the end, he thought himself sure of beating the Silversmith.

"By Styx, I won't," vociferated Vulcan ; and his own filial thunders chuckled at the oath.

"Be it so," said unruffled Time. "I can henceforth do without you."

"Do without me—without my work!" cried Vulcan.

"Do without you," repeated tranquil Time. "For you see you have worked so well—you have made so many, many silver spoons for the mouths of fools, that with the commonest care—and now and then just altering the pattern—I promise you the same spoons shall serve again and again while the world stands."

Now, sir, whether Time has kept his word, Time best can tell; but this short story has brought us to the Castle-gates of the Duke de Bobs. We can see—though it may be you cannot—the tip of the nurse's nose, the glimmer of her eyes from a south-window; no, sir; now she has whisked off; and stand aside—the coach-door is opened, and now the man-midwife descends, and slowly passes into the castle.

A curious building; but we will not stay to tell all its history. The two stone jackasses over the gates—jackasses bearing a basket containing corn, and fruit, and oil, towards which you may observe each jackass seems to cast a hungry, wistful look; the two jackasses are the arms of Twiddlethumb; nurtured with such affection by the Twiddlethumbers that, did every man think the ass a part of his own flesh, he could not love the animal with greater tenderness.

These arms are, it is said, of very ancient origin; and, if all be true, loom from out the fogs of antiquity, very touching witnesses to the simplicity and truthfulness of the early Twiddlethumbers. The story goes, that when the castle was finished—when the trowel had given its last tinkle, and the weary workman reated from his toil—the Lord of Twiddlethumb proposed to the people, then for the first time gathered into a township, to choose armorial bearings, significant of their condition and their labours. His lordship pledged his knightly word—in those days ringing like a new gold piece—that whatsoever arms the people chose, should be out of his lordly generosity vouchsafed to them and theirs, for ever and for ever.

On a certain day all the people—men and women—of Twiddlethumb met in deliberation. The Ark of Noah, so to say it, was made to deliver up all its living things to the various fancies of the Twiddlethumbers. Lions, and tigers, and crocodiles, and sneaking felonious panthers were in turn proposed to stand on the castle gates—proposed and rejected. A poll parrot, with toast in

dexter claws, was timidly offered by one gentlewoman—a monkey proper with a rattle by another. And then others, men and women, were earnest for the introduction of an unicorn—a phoenix—a griffin—an eagle carrying a faggot of thunderbolts—a mermaid, with tooth-comb and a glass—a cockatrice, a cockatoo. All were offered, all rejected. Was Twiddlethumb to carry no armorial bearings?

An old man, with bent back, white head, and withered, furrowed face, then spoke out. “Fellow-slaves”—he said—“what need of this delay? Why not choose at once? What have we—miserable dogs!—to do with tygers, and lions, and golden eagles of the sun? Are they company for us? Are they at all of our kidney? Do they not, in their sleek, shiny coats, and glistening feathers, show that they are not company for our keeping; that, in a word, they are companions for our betters? No; brother wretches, no: let us in the choice of our bearings, show that we know ourselves—our condition—and the whole use for which we were begotten, suckled, and taught to walk alone. We all know how this castle has been built. We all know what we have eaten and drunk, whilst we have fitted stone upon stone. Onions and garlic, water and the whip have been our food and wages. Well, then, let us render this treatment memorable—let us perpetuate this our experience and reward, by choosing for our arms, the patient Jackass.”

“Two Jackasses—two—we will have two!” shouted the multitude.

“Be it so,” said the old man. “Two Jackasses—lean and hungry—with heavy eyes, and hanging under-lip—bearing between them a basket filled with oil jars, heaped with the best fruits of the earth, and all but over-running with golden corn.”

There needed no more to be said. The Jackasses were immediately chosen; some of the elder Twiddlethumbers shaking their heads, as they assented to the asinine symbol—whilst others, the young and heedless, vowed they liked the addition of the oil, and fruit, and corn mightily; it did such honour to the asses that bore the basket.

SKETCHES FROM A PAINTER'S STUDIO.

A TALE OF TO-DAY.

A broad stream, smooth with deep-grassed fields,
Through rushy turnings winding slow—
A dam where stirless waters sleep
Till shot on the mossed wheel below—
A dusty mill whose shadows fall
On the stayed waters, white o'er all.

A vine-climbed cottage redly-tiled,
Deep-nooked within an orchard's green,
Past which a white road winds away
That hedgerow elms from summer screen—
A busy wheel's near sound that tells
Within the thriving miller dwells.

A cottage parlour neatly gay
With little comforts brightened round,
Where simple ornaments that speak
Of more than country taste abound ;
Where bookcase and piano well
Of more than village polish tell.

A bluff blunt miller, well to do,
Of broad loud laugh—not hard to please—
A kindly housewife keen and sage,
And busy as her very bees—
A bright-eyed daughter—mirth and health—
Their pride—their wealth above all wealth.

A tripping fair light-hearted girl
Nor yet the ripened woman quite,
Whose cheerful mirth and thoughtful love
Light up the cottage with delight,
And with a thousand gentle ways
With pleasure brim her parents' days.

A titled slip of lordly blood,
A few weeks' lounge at the Hall
To gain new zest for palled delights
And squandered waste of health recall—
An angler in the milldam's water—
A chatter with the miller's daughter.

A meeting 'neath a summer's night—
Soft smiles—low words—impassioned sighs—
The trembling clasp of meeting hands—
The hot gaze met with downcast eyes—
Foul perjuries that pollute the air
With burning hopes and doubts heard there.

A thin pale face where Autumn sees
No more the smiles that lit the Spring—
A foot less light upon the stair—
A low voice heard no more to sing—
One now that lost to all things sits,
Now starts to overmirth by fits.

Dear tongues that ask a gasping girl
Of what to utter were to kill—
Looks that she feels upon her fixed—
Eyes that with tears pursue her still—
Care in the old accustomed place
Of mirth upon her father's face.

A dark small whitely-curtained room—
A form flung on the unopened bed—
Quick sobs that quiver through the gloom—
Tears rained from hot eyes swollen and red—
And words that through their wild despair
Still strive to shape themselves to prayer.

A winter midnight's starry gloom—
A pausing tread so light that steals
Across the landing—down the stairs—
That scarce a creak a step reveals—
A stifled sob—a bolt undrawn—
A form—low words—a daughter gone.

A fresh-turfed narrow hoop-bound grave
Heaping a country churchyard's green,
On whose white headstone newly carved
The mill's old master's name is seen—
The wayside mill's, that bears no more
The well-known name so long it bore.

A stooping woman scarcely old,
Yet with the feeble walk of age,
The dull faint sense of whose blank mind
No thing around her can engage;
Yet who, when into speech beguiled,
Will mutter of some absent child.

A costly-furnished west-end room,
Whose mirrors—pictures—all things show
A stintless and abounding wealth—
An easeful luxury few can know—
A flaunting thing its glare within,
A thing of shame, remorse, and sin.

A noise of quarrel—keen reproach
Fronted with taunt—loud oath and curse
Heaped out with such vile store of scorn
As hate in vain might seek for worse—
Meek pleadings stricken to a close
With, shame to manhood, brutal blows.

A thing that once was woman, white,
Thin—haggard—hollowed-eyed and wan—
A horror that the shuddering eye
Starts back aghast from resting on ;
Whose only joy now left is drink,
Whose fire burns out the power to think.

A bridge all winter—keen with gusts,
On whose cold pathways lies the night—
Stony and desolate and dark,
Save round the gas-lamps' flickering light ;
And swept by drifts of icy sleet,
That numb each houseless wretch they meet.

A wintry river, broad and black,
That through dark arches slides along,
Ringed where the gas-lights on it play
With coiling eddies swirling strong,
That far below the dizzy height
Of the dark bridge swim through the night.

A crouching form that through the gloom
Paces its stones a hundred times,
That pausing—glancing keenly round,
The dark high balustrade upclimbs—
A plunge—a shriek—from all its woes
A weary soul hath calm repose.

A long bright suite of stately rooms,
Where to soft music's changeful swell
Keeps time the beat of falling feet,
And all things but of pleasure tell,
Where partner gay of noblest hands
The suicide's forsaker stands.

W. C. BENNETT.

Osborne Place, Blackheath.

THE SMALL SINS OF LONDON.

BY PAUL BELL.

“Would you know why I like London so much?—Why, if the world must consist of so many fools as it does, I choose to take them in the gross, and not made into separate pills, as they are prepared in the Country!”—*Horace Walpole*.

“LONDON with the many sins!”—thus was our Babylon the Great lovingly apostrophised, by that most constant of Babylonians, the genial and quaint *Elia*: every offence having upon “gentle Charles” the effect which “Jess Macfarlane’s” ignorance produced upon the *Celadon* who indited that immortal song in her praise, in which said he,—

“I took it in my head
To write my Love a letter,
But, alas! she cannot read,
And I love her all the better!”

If our metropolis were like one of the celestial cities which Mr. Martin used to design, so fearlessly—think you, sir, we should be half as fond of it as we are? Were Whittington’s town filled with angels, or even with mortals as cherubic as the Pastor of Penscellwood, or Lord George Good-manners, or the Exeter Hall Lion of the Season—or dear Miss Lind, who * is to resuscitate the precarious state of the Drama, (as Mr. Bunn promised to do before her) what *would* become of the Beadles, whose business it is to keep everything in order and who make their livelihood by “arranging” its abuses?—What would Martyrs do for lack of persecution?—or Jokers, with nothing to laugh at?—what the Lord Mayor and the Magistrates, with no criminals to admonish: no young whipper-snappers, who pass themselves off as Dukes, to court young French Ladies who pass themselves off as de Villars-es—no sellers of stale fish nor criers of green-peas at

* I beg to observe, that it is not I, who make this comfortable promise; but a Serious Reviewer, who has just written the Lady’s life: wherein he tells us that no Englishwomen will go to plays because they are wicked, and everybody concerned in them vicious and defiled; and sets up the Swedish young lady as high as Mother Anne among the Shakers—(to state the apotheosis mercifully).

wrong times of the year, when "green" means poison in those who sell, and folly in those who buy—no Managers that jockey their Actors out of half their salaries—no A's, B's, or C's, who give I's, O's, or U's black eyes, by way of a finish to Cremorne or Casino pleasures? Fancy our Household Blues—the Police, turned off, because of such a millennial state of matters!—Fancy our Chadwicks and Southwood Smiths with no more evil odours to hunt into the Limbo of bad smells!—No, sir, the Transatlantic City of the Penguins, which "perfect peace pervades," and whose houses (we happen to know from Americans who may be trusted) are *never* burnt down by mobs, and other like playful, popular excesses are forbidden,—has always appeared to me, in description, a very lifeless place. Let us, then, make much of the Small Sins of London!—such of us, at least, Sir, as can write; or find readers. I propose to myself dealing with them, in this and subsequent papers, in the handsomest manner possible: steering equally clear of that spirit of Excommunication which may befit a * Bennett, but not a Bell—and of that latitudinarianism, which lets everything pass, with Uncle Fozzle's epicurean appeal, "What *does* it matter?"

Let no one be afraid, however, that in opening a Small-Sin-Trade, I am going to follow the fashions of the day—French or English.—I leave to M. Eugene Sue, "The Seven Deadlies," being assured that he will not leave them with the shortest: also, that there will be no lack of zealous translators, who will show them up in every respectable English house, caged in all their ugly nakedness, for our Good Wives and Children to look at!—I leave to such eloquent Coroners as Mr. Baker, with their wonderful knack of moralizing on relationships which never existed, all tipsy miscreants who are thought to have poisoned their mothers—I leave to the detection of the Electrical Telegraph, all persons who elope with goods, money, or Lady Adelas—I leave to the charity of the City Article of the Daily Press, all the omissions of the Bulls and commissions of the Bears—the embezzlements of Mark Lane, and the sharp practices of Threadneedle Street. Let Bailiffs, proper or improper, look to the usurers—the spongers; and those who squeeze the same! I am, once for all, not going to

* I allude to the Reverend Gentleman of Knightsbridge who looks out for Curates on the way to Rome, and who preaches sermons against them, and Papistically excommunicates them, so soon as they know their own minds better than his; and get there. P. B.

excite the slightest prurient interest in the minds of my customers—nor, like *the* Puseyite Novelist, simple Mr. Ernest Singleton, to serve up my friends and others, under initials, asterisks, dashes, and dramatic appellations. Still less, do I promise to be methodical as an almanac, giving the Sin of every month in Season,—as, in *December*, the Christmas Books—*May*, the Royal Academy—*etcetera, etcetera*. I may see it good to glance from people to things : from things to people, for aught I can foretell ; having, like all my brethren who have opened Sin-Shops, great and small, the fullest possible commission—self-granted—for executing justice, whensoever, howsoever, and wheresoever I like : holding with them, that evil-doers have no feelings, and that, by the very act of destroying one nuisance, it is a mathematical impossibility that another can be engendered. For I wish the world to understand that I am one among the many infallible people, who are putting matters to rights ; and that (this is an *aside*, however) I have reason to believe that most of my neighbours are elaborately mistaken in comparison with myself. You will observe, by this, Sir, that considerable developments have taken place since I commenced dealing with the Laureate in your “valuable pages,” for his Railway groans. The Public has chosen to enrol me in the order of Somebodies ; and I feel, in return, as happy and gracious as the Black Princess, found by the African traveller, sitting at the door of her tent, in a pair of top-boots and cocked-hat, (nought beside) who asked complacently, “*whether the Queen of England had inquired for her ?*”

Enough of symphony and sentiment ; the above preamble being merely penned because my Mrs. Bell thinks that otherwise the Rev. Mr. Scrupler's congregation might put it about that I was going to follow the French fashion, and to take liberties with the Ten Commandments. Let us now fall to, on the *Small Sins of London* :—

NO. 1.—THE SMOKE AND FIRE NUISANCE.

Speaking of Mr. Scrupler's flock, and what they may be expected to say, leads me, naturally, to select as the subject of my first homily an offence which many have imagined exclusively confined to provincial towns ; and which others have conceived as extinct with the dark ages (after the fashion of the Dancing Plagues, or the Sweating Sickness) while a third class has held it incompatible with the grave questions, now-a-days, worked

at by every man, with such increasing earnestness. I have been more hurt, since I came to London, Sir, than I find it easy to describe, by the amount of (ahem! it *must* out!) male scandal current among those who should know better. One has been used to fancy the personages of Congreve's delicious "Love for Love" grown obsolete: Sailor Ben the Bull-calf—and Miss Prue, the impudent Hoyden,—and Sir Sampson with his Astrology, (though that be still intelligently perpetuated by the Stationers' Company, not to speak of persons who consulted the late Mr. Varley, the water-colourist, to know what was to happen next)—but *Mr. Tattle* has, unhappily, many descendants; and this not merely in clubs and "chocolate-houses," but in the Inns of Court, in Learned Societies, in literary company, and among men of letters; who ought, I contend, in right of mind, to be the highest gentlemen of the land. And I do think, and must say, that the random manner in which names and reputations are made free with, claims, from time to time, the supervision of Sage or Satirist.

The thing would be of little consequence, were we English not "a reason-ful" people (as a German friend of mine calls them), proud of our long memories; and as if we had not had, time out of mind, broached a proverb, that there never "was smoke without fire:"—one which serves us instead of reason, charity, and I scarce know how many other goodly things besides. It is wondrous to observe the number of old, mouldy, mildewy scandals, which are poked out of pigeon-holes by the Head-shakers, and the Groaners, so soon as any one falls into misfortune. "To be sure! What could have been expected better?" The Luckless Letter of the Alphabet in question (if I were to specify any one, of course Mr. Scrupler, and Miss Le Grand, would at once begin travelling up and down our Row, fixing the Initial upon *somebody*!) had been "talked of ten years ago!" And forthwith, out is rummaged the report, as fresh as a thing of yesterday, with all manner of graces, decorations, ornamental circumstances added; and conjectures metamorphosed by Memory into real occurrences. "People used to say, you know," concludes the speaker, "that it was nothing but malice. But *I* knew better. You *see*, now! Aye! aye! there's never smoke without fire!"—

Those, who, like me, have enjoyed a business education (no bad training, by the way, for a Life of Letters or of Leisure) have had a thousand fearful warnings of the mischief which persons of the

genus Tattle can accomplish. If Fortune hangs by a thread, I am sure, Ruin, as often, depends upon the tip of a Tongue! I always think with a certain strange amazement, of the plight in which a family well known to me, passed a certain winter. The Dealtrys are out of business now, root and branch, so no harm can come of the anecdote. But he was a Merchant with vast connections:—some half hundred of branch houses, at least, in the two Hemispheres being dependent upon his. He had a splendid establishment in our town—and a gay, buxom wife; the sight of whom, as my Mrs. Bell used to say, was enough to inspire confidence, even if no one heard her laugh: and Mrs. Dealtrey was often laughing. For there was not a wrinkle on her skin; never a dark or weary look when she was found by herself in a corner, for Lancashire *Iagos* to note and comment upon. She was never upon the sofa; never remembered to have said a sharp thing to man, maid, or milliner—the last, I take it, a virtue rather uncommon among the Ladies. The Dealtrys passed for being as “rich as Croesus”—and ultimately they proved so. Nevertheless,—’tis true as that I am a Bell,—one day, home to dinner came Mr. Dealtrey—ate heartily as usual—talked about the nothings of the week, with rather more zest than was customary to so devoted a man of Commerce: and, therefore, it will be presumed, surprised in no small degree his lively helpmate, when, on the disappearance of the butler for the last time (the Pair chanced to be dining alone) he informed her that “she was too much of an invalid that winter, either to see company, or to pay visits!”

“An invalid!” almost shouted the merry woman. “La! Dealtrey, dear! don’t be so droll, or I shall be suffocated!”

“Dealtrey, dear,” assured her that he was never less droll in all his life; that the fact was—was *to be*—as he had stated it. He proceeded to acquaint her—her eyes growing round as saucers the while—that, owing to one of those panics, which, alas! I need not *now* describe more closely, his affairs had suddenly and unexpectedly become entangled in a manner to give him the uttermost uneasiness, for the moment. He *hoped* to weather the storm, but was, by no means, certain of so doing; and, in the mean time, the most rigid economy and circumspection were necessary. Not a superfluous farthing must be spent; and, accordingly, Mrs. Dealtrey was to be an invalid, till better times for dining-out and ball-giving came back!

"But, Lord!" was her natural rejoinder, "don't let me stay here, play-acting a part, if that's the case! Let me take a quiet small house at Southport; and send away Wicks, and Higginson, and the under-housemaid, and two or three of the men in the garden. And I shall want no carriage to walk on the sands and pick up shells in, when there's nobody there, Dealtry, dear!"

Dealtry, dear, assured her that Southport and its shells were out of the question. If she winked her eyelids once seldomer than usual, matters were in such a state that people would begin to wonder "What could be the reason for such retrenchment?" and two words on 'Change might finish his business with a vengeance? Why, the departure of Wicks alone, to say nothing of Higginson, and the under-housemaid, and the gardeners, would set tongues loose. No: Mrs. Dealtry must drive out every day, that people might not say she had laid down the carriage; but there must be no more dinners; nor ball-dresses; nor dishes of fish from London; nor claret at seven guineas a dozen! She must be ill, "unless," concluded Dealtry, dear, "you prefer taking up the serious line; and that would not do, those Evangelical folk are such feeders!"

So the fiat had gone forth! and accordingly Mrs. Dealtry was ill of "an internal complaint," and never seen to put foot to the ground among her gossips that live-long winter. 'Twas much as if one had said that "a Peony was pining away of a canker at its heart," so jolly did the sick Lady look throughout the time. But with regard to ailments, one can get anything believed; and the healthy red in her cheeks was voted hectic—and she was declared as far on her way in a dropsical decline. So that when the spring came, and the tightness in Mr. Dealtry's chest ceased, and his helpmate hoisted a new apple-green satin, and announced seven dinner-parties in eleven days, her friends spoke of her recovery as a miracle, especially since she herself has since been used to say "that how she got through that winter she never could tell."

Now, it is not the Dealtrys only—not alone those in business life—whom a tongue may ruin. It is true that when Gossip brings an Old House down, with some hundreds of thousands to pay, that is an operation on the grand scale worth undertaking. But there are lonely persons, to whom character is of quite as much individual consequence; and I wish I were sure that Wanton Idleness spared these as much as it ought. One knows, alas! that women devour women with a ruthless cruelty, which is really enough to make one-half take up Owen Feltham's song—

"I am confirmed in my belief
No woman hath a soul."

Even without the excuse of rivalry, they are implacable, and will strip their dear friends to the bone—fibre by fibre, muscle by muscle—at any by-stander's pleasure. But that *men* should be willing to sit and hear this ; nay, more, should convey ill reports from house to house, with a busy alacrity, argues a vigour in the tribe of Tattle, which appears to me strangely at variance with the practical, serious, yet not unpoetical age we are living in ! We have given up *chapeaux bras*, and riding in sedans with muffs on, and powder and patches, and wearing swords, and haunting anti-chambers for places. We authors have almost forgotten how to write Dedications ! with one or two magnificent exceptions. There are no more highwaymen in Roseberry Topping or Maidenhead Thicket, nor old watchmen bribed by Mohocks, who maltreated Macaronies. What business, then, have we with Scandal ? Is it part and parcel of the strange mania for poisoning which seems re-appearing amongst us ?

Here rise two cries, loud, bitter, and sarcastic. "What ! no more cakes and ale !" shouts one set of people, who cannot distinguish good stories from ill-nature ! and, really meaning no harm, in a sort of obtuse way, would put me down as summarily as Lord John does those who hold that our merry Englanders are past May-pole dances, and bear-baitings, when they want a little recreation ! If your confectionary be proved emetic, and your liquor wormwood, why, I say, as loud as you wish—"no more cakes and ale !" but instead bread and wine !—the staff of Life, and the strengthener of man's heart ! But the other set of malignants (as my Puritan ancestors, the Bells of Bellweathery used to call the Cavaliers) is not quite so easy to be disposed of, for "they can't think what I mean !" "Thank Peace and Goodwill *they* have no acquaintance among such bad people !" and crying "Name ! name !" they call upon me to produce my evidence that such a wicked commodity as Scandal exists in this Arcadian London of theirs !

Gentlemen, I am *not* going to indulge you with a list of cases to dine out upon ; not going to satisfy your appetite by proving your shamelessness ; not going to add the contents of my rag-bag to yours, that you may wear a finer motley ! I am not going to enchant the wicked world, with tales of the children you have bestowed on this maiden actress—of the elopements you have

brewed betwixt widowers frantic with distress at the loss of their wives, and innocent women, whose illicit love, you assure the public, drove the Defunct in jealousy to their graves ! If any reader understands these allusions I am sorry for him, since he must be one of the Small Sinners of London ! But such things have been invented : and circulate every day—Lies invented by vain fools, who choose to pretend that they know the secret history of everybody and everything (people, who have always some Mrs. Harris, who “ has seen the children at Torquay ! ”)—Lies countenanced by men having spites, or rivalries ; who, therefore, do not critically look into any tale laid before them, so it only casts discredit on the proper parties !—Lies concocted to pander to the bad passions of those who, at war with Society, take an unhappy pleasure in avenging themselves upon it, on every possible occasion. Sir, it is not so long since, my Mrs. Bell was whisked up to London *per* Express train, by an unmannerly and gratuitous rumour, that I had been “ compromising ” myself (that is the Pall Mall phrase) by over civility to Miss Fuzzley, the authoress of —. Now my dear wife, it must be owned, has a temper of the quickest ; and though when she reached my door with her trunk, she could assure me, (honestly believing what she said) that the wicked and silly scandal had never given her one instant’s pain ; still, as she could make clear no other reason for so sudden a flight, and as (for her own sake let me whisper) there is no getting her to acquiesce in the age I know myself to be, I am confident (remembering, too, past vivacities on her part), that she started from Halcyon Row in anything rather than a halcyon mood ;—being convinced that there could have been “ no smoke, without fire ” on my part unbecoming to myself and disrespectful to Miss Fuzzley. How this sudden arrival of my helpmate was the means of causing yet another set of charitable rumours no worse founded to bud and blossom, among persons who did not know that I was married, is a matter too tender for me to touch. Enough to say, that I am well aware that the two have been laid into one, so that some six years hence, when it is worth the notice of any rival Bell, or the — *Review*, to crush me, I shall, possibly, see myself held up as a double *Lothario*. This, for the sake of my growing daughters, I deny once for all ! Why, the Miss Le Grands have already written a long-winded letter to my wife, begging her to bring them each a low-priced black satin down with her, “ if it be true that she is coming home alone, and that Mr. Bell is about to set up a Bachelor Establishment in London ! ”

O, surely when we are so busy about sanitary measures of every sort; when our smoke is all to be consumed; and our fires are to make no dust, something ought to be done towards cleansing our private Tongues! God be thanked! our Public Organs of speech are in much healthier order than formerly! our palate is cleaner. Clergymen, instead of reading "John Bull" on the sabbath, with its pleasant innuendos against wicked Whig women ("Tory mischief," as Scott blandly called it), are now busy excommunicating those who go to Rome faster than is orthodox—are fasting, catechising, preaching hour-long sermons against the wicked Catholics; in short, with all their foppery, or rancour, are more Clerically employed. The Sunday paper which followed the "John Bull," devoted to a yet coarser scurrility (these sauces must always be strengthened) with the huge man six foot three, who was the show Editor for the reception of revengeful husbands and fathers, has died, without either an "*Amen*" or a "*Bless us!*"—has, in short, as the German said, "gone and told good-bye to nobody." The third cess-pool of evil report, which was powerful enough in its time to levy "black mail" upon many a foolish and timid person; to send out well-dressed female collectors in well-appointed equipages, to alarm victims marked for persecution with mysterious threats, or suggest "a sovereign remedy" for either smoke or fire, may, perhaps, be still open, but where is its Warden? That was a great evening for our morals, when a person bearing his name was taught in the sight of the Public and the Press of London on the stage of one of its Play-houses, that there are some enormities we will not tolerate—some shapes which shall not come before us—some voices we forbid to poison the air we breathe: that there is a vermin the sight of which is stronger than our considerateness: an infamy which no living power on earth shall persuade us to acquiesce in countenancing! And I hope and trust that what is true and sound is spreading, and will yet so much further spread among us, that the character of the trashy novel literature, which has, in some sort, replaced the literature of Scandal for our folks' reading, will gradually be raised to something better and more wholesome. But, do not let us think, the while, that the False Witness against our neighbours is creeping up the back-stairs into our parlours: that, contemporaneously with the discussions of the great questions which occupy every thinking man, we are still to perpetuate the bad habit of mixing up those small spiteful inquisitions, which were good enough for the Wits in the days of aristocratic insolence,

and bribery, and anti-chambering : but as little belong to our time as their other effeminacies of dress and demeanour. Our young men ought to leave to the *Situps* and the *Waitcells* the cast habits of our old maids !—though Mrs. Abigail *Situp*, it is possible, might now disregard the worn-out finery of scandalous gossip ; and Master *Waitwell* has other things to care about than the pale face of Miss —, when Mr. — was seen to offer his hand to Mrs. —. Above all, seeing that about once a quarter, we are reminded of the happiness it is no more to be living in the days of Chivalry, and told how much more comprehensive and admirable benevolence has replaced the old pact of Knight with Ladye—Sovereign with Subject—Noble with Villain—let us also see that our practice suits such a theory of progress. Let it be considered disgraceful (without taking our example of utter silence from the Turks) in a Man to raise his tongue against a Woman. If we will get rid of duelling, the more need is there that we should be tacitly bound by Honour : not Honour with a Ranelagh-simper on its lips, bowing low over the hand of her we are going to speak lightly of all the way down Piccadilly—not Honour modestly loving to be rallied upon gallant conquests over the frail Fair (one half of which exist alone in Honour's florid imagination)—not Honour breaking down the bridge between the victim and some shelter of retrieval, by telling her shame aloud, with aggravating solemnity and pathos—not Honour alive and awake to perpetuate tales of knavery, falsehood, on mere hear-say evidence—not Honour, whose miserable notion of mirth is malignity—not Honour, seeking its time, place, and person, that it may retaliate slight injuries or other grievances, by the adroit circulation of some damning fact—but Honour such as means Generous Enmity no less than Generous Friendship ; that, whatsoever be its belief in evil, is slow to perpetuate the traditions thereof ; that will keep aloof from the destruction of a character, on the same principle that discourages the Drop as one of the sights of London :—that will protect women by the charity of silence, when it hath nothing better to bestow, nor they deserts claiming kinder usage ; that will not allow evil-speaking to thrive in his presence ! Without our perpetually crusading, or keeping school, there is much which every honourable man may do, in this age of education, towards the sanatory condition of Society ; and WE, as the oracles of Babylon—the people to whom everybody listens—we Literary Men—are bound to be foremost in

discouraging and "doing to death" this small sin. It has cost more heroes and heroines than the Hero of "Much Ado without Nothing," their lives. For alas! in real cases a *Benedict* is not always at hand to kill *Claudio*; nor a Shakespeare, with his magical *elixir vitæ* to restore the victim of slanderous tongues, in order that the curtain may fall on a happy Fifth Act!

RATHER TOO MUCH OF A BENEFIT.

ACTORS' benefits are proverbially no benefits. There is generally more money lost than gained by them. Criardi, a tenor of some repute in 1819 at Her Majesty's Theatre, was asked what sort of a benefit he had had? "Oh! capital. I only lose dirty pound dis year. I lose vorty de last, so I gain den pound dis benefit. *Non che malè!*" But of all the benefits none ever surpassed the one which Williams, of Edinburgh, was advised to take. He is known to this day as Benefit Williams.

The poor fellow, like most actors, was full of ambition. He was confident he only wanted a chance to be a second Kemble. He had long been performing the subordinate characters in genteel comedy. His greatest parts had rarely exceeded three or four lines. He was the "Charles," in all the farces, or the "Frederick, his friend," who has to stand with the hat under his arm, and laugh at the facetious jokes of Scampington, or Alfred Melville, or Sir Lavender Dashwell, or whoever the rattling young fellow of the piece may be; who has to run up ladders and jump through windows, and hide in cupboards, and make such an amusing blackguard of himself before he can press to his fond bosom the "girl of his heart," or succeed in answering that very funny question, "Did you ever send your wife to Camberwell?" Williams was tired of continually saying "Yea" and "No" to the rattle of "his friend," and though he had often tried to make a point of the simple words, "You don't say so," which was the longest line he had ever had to deliver, still, let him make that reply facetious, or sceptical, or humorous, despairing, wild, playful, or indignant, or even, by dint of long study, succeed in conveying a little of all those emotions in the same tone, he never could get the smallest applause, and had never been called before the curtain

once since his name had been Winkins, though in the playbills it was always printed Williams. At last he earned, or begged, or borrowed, as much as 30*l*. It would be sufficient to pay for the expenses of the house for one night, so he would have a benefit. He would play *Charles Surface* "by express desire," of course. He was confident, if he played it only once, that he should make such a sensation that he would have to play it all through the season, and that managers would be rushing from London purposely to see him in "the same scene." However, he had made up his mind to give the preference to Macready, if he liked to give him 20*l*. a week.

Everything was arranged, and the walls were blushing everywhere with the mighty name of "WILLIAMS!" He was pleased, as he strolled about, and saw so many reminiscences in red and blue ink of himself, and stopped every moment to admire the huge advertising carts which were airing his name up and down High-street, though he was rather mortified to hear certain high-bred people inquire, now and then, "Who is this Williams?" and his proud lip would curl in the most kingly derision, as he overheard some fine-dressed gentleman display his ignorance by asking, in the most contemptuous manner, "What is he?" Williams's heart was swelling with the proud consciousness of genius, and he took no notice of these oft-repeated insults, further than to answer them to himself with the following consoling causticism:—"Wait, my fine fellows, till to-morrow morning's papers, and you shall soon know who is *this* Williams?" The poor actor was big with the tremendous ascent he intended that night to make in his career, and his heart was so inflated with hope, vanity, and fear, that it kept rising and falling in his breast like a Nassau balloon, panting to rise and to carry its owner to a greater height than had ever been attained by an actor before.

He was doubtful, however, about his dress. His blue coat, revived for this occasion, was all right, and he had not the smallest fear about the brass buttons, for they had been brightened by himself with soap and water to a state of the most dazzling brilliancy. He was perfectly easy too about his waistcoat, which had been sent home that very morning from the wash, as white as Richardson's ghost. His hat, also, was a bran-new one; and his trousers, a light canary kerseymere, fitted tighter than Charles Matthews'. Everything, so far, was perfect; and he was confident of their joint effect when he should suddenly appear at the

footlights, after the regular, old-established, hop-skip-a-jump-and-a-run entrance, with which all walking gentlemen burst upon the audience, as if they intended to leap over the orchestra into the pit. But he experienced a shooting pain when he came to his boots. He did not feel as strong in them as he could wish. They were at least eighteen months old; they had been patched more than once; the left boot was ventilated at the side, and moreover, the pair were odd ones,—particularly so, for one had a very narrow toe, and the other was as broad in proportion as the boot of a stage-coach. Where could he get a new pair? He had spent all his money in bills, a pair of white kid gloves, advertisements, and bouquets to be thrown to him after the performance,—and who, in cautious Edinburgh, would be foolish enough to give credit to an actor? Ah! he recollected that in the next street there lived a scene-painter of the name of Gordon—a fine, liberal, good-hearted fellow, who had borrowed five shillings of him only the last “Treasury Day.” He would be sure to oblige him, and he could not well say he had not a pair, for Williams recollected he had admired a beautiful pair of polished leather boots that Gordon had worn for the first time, when they dined together two Sundays ago.

The favour was first tried on, and then the boots; and they both went so easily—with such little pulling—that Williams could not thank his friend sufficiently. He walked off with the boots, in order to stretch them for the evening, Gordon accompanying him. Williams was quite proud of his new *chaussure*, and kept litting his heels upon the pavement, and began dilating within himself whether it would be etiquette to perform *Charles Surface* in spurs!—Egad! it would be a new reading, and would attract attention to his beautiful boots. Blinded with the glare of this question, he put his foot into a large puddle. “Oh, my dear fellow, take care,” cried Gordon, “you’ll be spoiling *my* boots!”

“Well, you needn’t tell everybody,” remonstrated Williams, “that they are *your* boots!”

“Yes, that’s very well; but I don’t, exactly, like seeing *my* boots spoilt.”

“There again, you need not bawl out ‘*my* boots’ in that public manner. I don’t want every one to know I’m wearing another person’s boots.”

“Still, my dear fellow, I wish you would recollect they are *my* boots, and would take a little more care with them.”

Here the conversation stopped, when, after a few more steps, Gordon cried out to his companion, "I say, Williams, don't tread so much upon the side—you will certainly split both of *my* boots."

"I wish, as a favour, you would not say *my* boots; you don't know how that lady stared, when she heard you!"

"But come, I ask you, Williams, if, after lending you *my* boots, as I have done, it's pleasant to see them ruined under my very nose, as you are doing?"

"There, that's enough," exclaimed the poor actor, who seemed to be walking in great agony; and the subject dropped again.

They had been calculating how much the house would hold, when a watering-cart came near the pavement, and took all the polish off Williams's left boot.

"On my word, it is too bad!" ejaculated Gordon, loud enough for persons on the Calton Hill to hear him, "there's another of my boots gone—my right boot is all covered with mud, and now the left one is wet through—and it's sure to crack. I'm sure, if the boots were your own, you would not use them so carelessly."

"But, my dear fellow, did you imagine, when you lent them, that I was going to wear them on my hands, like a pair of gloves?"

"I didn't imagine any such d—d ridiculous thing!" answered Gordon, getting quite angry, "and allow me to say, sir, I think a gentleman need not be so very sensitive when he is wearing another person's boots!"

"Come, Gordon, why will you be so provoking? I'm half afraid you do it on purpose. Why will you keep screaming out '*my* boots! *my* boots!' at every corner? Do you want all Edinburgh to know you have lent me a pair?"

"I shall scream out '*MY* boots,' sir, as much as I please, for the boots *are* mine, and if I lent them to you, I didn't lend them to be wilfully spoilt. I know what it will be; when you return me *my* boots, I shan't be able to wear them."

Poor Williams was in a terrible passion, for a small crowd had collected round them, and he was afraid when he came on as *Charles Surface*, that some juvenile God in the Gallery might ask him, "Who stretched another man's boots?" He listened composedly to his friend's grumbling, till at last he broke out:—

"Here, Gordon, I have had enough of your boots. I would sooner walk bare-footed than allow the best man in the world to throw his boots in my face as you have been doing for the last

half-hour. You may have your boots back again. I'm very sorry I ever put my feet into them ; " and he walked back to Gordon's rooms, being reminded at every inch of the way, " that he needn't stamp so much," or " forget, as a gentleman, what was due to a pair of boots which were not his own."

The boots and the friend had been thrown off together, very warmly, and Williams was coming out with his feet reinstated in their own rights, (his boots, I have said, were odd ones) when he met Green, a fellow-member of a Theatrical Club, where Kings, and Lords, and Julius Cæsars, and First and Second Robbers retire, after the performances, to smoke their pipes, and compliment, or abuse, one another upon their respective talents. Williams was writhing under the pressure of Gordon's boots, and told Green that " he had never been so trodden upon before in all his life."

" I would much sooner perform," he exclaimed, theatrically, " with nothing on my bare feet than the original sock and buskin which were worn in the earliest steps of the Drama, than allow a heavy-built fellow like Gordon to walk over me again, as publicly as he has done to-day."

Green was the most good-natured fellow in the world ; he was proud of associating with actors, and was only too happy to render them any little service he could. He had " lots of boots " at home, and begged Williams would come and choose a pair for himself. " You may walk in them where and how you please," he said, in the kindest manner, to Williams, who was busy pulling on a new pair ; " you won't hear me complaining like that surly fellow, Gordon."

The two friends sauntered gaily through the town, Williams bounding so lightly that he seemed to be walking upon India-rubber, and Green laughing more than all Scotland laughs on the most festive occasion, quite happy in the luxurious feeling which good-natured people enjoy in conferring a favour. Williams was full of thanks. " I cannot tell you how much I am indebted to you, Green ; you are a real friend—you can do a kindness, I see, without reminding the person of it every minute in the most humiliating manner."

" What ! I ? Oh, I'm much happier in conferring a favour," stammered Green, " than in receiving one. You can walk as you like, Williams ; don't be afraid of the puddles. Don't you be alarmed because they are my boots. Come, let me see you walk

across the street ; go where the mud is the thickest ; I shan't mind it a bit—not I ! But I can tell you, my dear fellow, you look uncommonly well in *my* boots."

"For pity's sake, my dear Green, don't say '*my* boots.'"

"Don't you be frightened—leave me alone—I only mentioned that to convince you that I am not like that stingy fellow, Gordon. Oh, you can do as you like in *my* boots ; walk over flint stones, if you prefer them. When I lend a pair of boots, I lend them for good—unconditionally."

"I'm aware of that," interposed Williams, trembling from head to foot each time the simple-minded Green touched upon "*my* boots," "but as a kindness—"

"I tell you it's no kindness," interrupted his ingenuous companion ; "I can assure you, my dear Williams, I lend them to you with the greatest pleasure in the world—never mind that gutter—and though they are *my* boots, I beg you will consider, as long as they are on your feet, that they are yours, and not mine."

"But, Green, my boy, don't say '*my* boots' every second. There's no necessity to say '*my* boots' at all. You don't know how it hurts me !"

"Well, there, that's enough ; I'm sure I did not mean to hurt you, and I won't say '*my* boots' again."

"But you are saying it again—"

"Well, I don't mean it, and I apologise most sincerely if I have ever said '*my* boots.'"

"There you are, crying it out once more ; pray scream it at the top of your voice." Williams was red in the face, and his right leg made a convulsive movement upwards as if his boot was searching for some particular spot on which to rest its agitated point. "Are you determined, Green, to insult me, by letting every passer-by know the secret of our respective footing ?"

"No, my dear Williams, nothing can be further from my thoughts. I only wish that you should feel I am not like *that* Gordon, who kept alluding to his boots, as if you were honoured in wearing them ;" (the indignant leg rose a degree higher.) "Now, I'm sure I've lent you my boots with the best impulse in the world—"

Never did words suit the action better, for Williams's leg rose till it had attained a certain altitude level with Green's coat-tail pockets, and the poor unconscious fellow was helped forward by the "very best impulse in the world" that one man ever received

from the aggressive toe of another. "It's a hard thing," a sage philosopher has remarked, "to be kicked at any time;" how much harder then must it not be when the kick is inflicted with your own boot? Good-natured Green felt the severity of the blow; the heavy ingratitude of it completely prostrated him, for he fell back upon the pavement as though the iron of the heel had entered his very soul. As soon as he had recovered his equilibrium, he appealed to the circle which had described itself round them to witness Williams's astounding feat of strength, and asked them, as men, most pathetically, "Whether it was manly, or generous—was it the act of a gentleman—to borrow a pair of boots and then kick with them the very person who had lent them? Such a return, in his opinion, left all other acts of ingratitude far behind it." This was enough for Williams, who returned to the "impulsive" charge more furious than ever, until Green forgot his good nature in the pain he was enduring, and gave him into custody.

The offence was considered to be so savage, that the constable would not take bail. The consequence was, that Williams was locked up all night, and there was no *Charles Surface* in the evening. All the money which was taken at the doors had to be returned, and poor Williams not only lost the 30% he had paid for the use of the house, but had to refund, besides, all the money he had received (mostly from creditors who had taken out their bills in pits and boxes) for the tickets he had previously disposed of. He was fined into the bargain for the assault; was the laughing-stock of the gallery for weeks afterwards; and has never risen higher in his profession than a "Genius of Discord" in a pantomime, or a Third Conspirator in an opera. He consoles himself, however, with the pleasant conviction, which his friends rather encourage than disturb, that he is the best "Charles, his friend," on the British Stage. Never since benefits were first established for the gain of managers and the loss of actors, was there known to be such an awful benefit as that of poor Benefit Williams!

HORACE MAYHEW.

THE DEMOCRACY OF THE PAST AND FUTURE,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AZETH, THE EGYPTIAN."

A TRUER or a wiser saying was never uttered than this : "The mirror of the prophet lies behind him ;" nor was any truth more practically disregarded. Who dreams of the past ?—who now wastes his hours in learning what the dead may tell ? Their wisdom and their poetry, alike, are buried, and none would lift the winding-sheet where it lies ! It is melancholy, this heedless pride of men—believing so unthinkingly as they do, that the past has no lessons for them, that its prophets and its seers, its wise men and its holy, knew nothing applicable to their present state, but that they themselves complete the cycle—their fathers denied all foresight, their children all progress.

These seem strange words in this age ; and for the Progressionists, the latter part of the sentence is untrue. But there are many, among even the best of this class, to whom our proverb text is a foolish word ; many for whom the Future is the only reality—while that which has been, that which is, live not a moment before them. The artist, alone, would trace back his knowledge to its deepest sources now closed ; the poet and the theologian, the man of science and politician, nay, even the philosophers of the present day, have shut up the book of the ancients, and proclaim, aloud, that its leaves speak not to them. They forget that knowledge, ideas, and faith—ay, faith—all springing out of the same necessities and endeavours of humanity,—the only difference between the things of one land and those of another—can be but the difference which the outward has produced. Inequality of education, atmospheric influences, political isolation, or intercourse with foreigners—such as these are the forming causes of dissimilarity. But the ground-work is the same ; as human nature is the same, how unlike soever, and physiologically distinct, be the races.

Thence we may even see a strange likeness between the great men of different countries, and a constant harmony in the great questions of the day. Taking different nations in the same phase

of development, we ever find that teachers of the like truths, and rulers following the like policy, have risen up at the same period, as landmarks for the people to walk by : not at the same period of time, but of civilisation.

The early moral legislator ; he, whose work is order—whose mission is to reduce jarring tribes and armed robbers into brotherhoods—to make, of uncivilised foes, apart in all their interests, one family, whose prosperity depends on their mutual inter-protection—he is the first, after that demigod, whose being is lost in mythic obscurity, and whose name is not known for a hero's, a god's, or an epoch's. The religionist, whose work is with outward symbols, follows on the steps of the primitive moralist and legislative civiliser ; the refiner of the rude arts is next ; the refiner, but not the perfecter. Then, in after generations, come the artisan for the luxurious—the speculative philosopher, whose subtle mind pierces through the thick veil of materiality, wherewith ignorance has clothed its gods—the artist, who learns by heart the first word of nature, beauty ;—the man of letters ; the æsthetic ruler, a Pericles and a Medici ; and, last of all, the spiritualist, the philosopher of the Academe, the cowed visionary of Christendom. Beyond this, decay.

The rough manly elements which kept that growing body in health, and made its component parts symmetrical, have become weakened and enervated, or, at last, are finally lost. And then results the long train of evils, which so sadly stains the page of history. And then men discover that the perfection of humanity cannot subsist without the admixture of the manly nature ;—that to wholly spiritualise and refine—to walk about the world with fair soft hands, speaking gently, and fearing strength as rudeness—is to stand idly by, and watch the growth of the upas tree, which afterwards shall overshadow all, and slay the very men who take refuge beneath it.

The stately eagle dies from the shaft his own wing has feathered ; civilization is destroyed by excess of refinement. Between the Age of Pericles and this nineteenth century, how many years of barbarism intervene ? Yet the sun brightened then upon a seeming perfection. But we, standing in the distance, and calmly reviewing its progress, can watch the seeds of death which it bore within it, as they sprang up to such a harvest of destruction !

It was when men became ashamed of their manhood—when

they looked upon *work* as degradation—that the whole fabric was destroyed. It was when the people would be as the noble, not by virtue, but in their idleness, in their pride, and in their luxury, that they sank so low, and gave up their freedom to become serfs. The reaction is always proportionate to the primal action; and that nation which has risen the highest, sinks down to the deepest level, when once it begins to fall.

And yet some sublime truths were taught that day; and, all unconsciously, the great statesman proclaimed in the Athenian Pnyx prophecies of the remote future, though substituting Athens for the whole world—the Hellenes for all mankind. But he that would have made Greece—which was then the universe to men—one united state; he that would have forgotten the distinctions of the Doric and the Ionic, the Asiatic Greek and the European—then, what Jew and Gentile, the black man and the white, are now—he that would have given the two opposing factions, the Laconian or conservative, the Athenian or progressive, but one political existence—was a man who, living in a larger time and with a wider space—living here and now, would have been the hero of his day, erasing Hellas, and writing the universe in its stead.

But what were the agents Pericles employed? who were his masters, and who his instruments, for, and by whom he laboured so hard for the advancement of his kind? Art, ennobling the ideal of physical beauty, or in the inanimate, or in manhood; a lofty Philosophy which would have destroyed symbolic Religion, which would have substituted an unseen divinity for the gods of flesh and blood, and have taught a pure theism where it found a corrupt idolatry—Commerce, thereby extending interests and sympathies, sowing knowledge with the one hand, and reaping it with the other—fraternising even the unlettered of remote climes—these were the agents which he employed; his masters and his workmen were the People. Not by an autocracy, not by an oligarchy, did Pericles labour, but with the mass; to raise them to the grade of the higher, and to destroy, by education, the distinctions of rank; making the Demos, the people, brethren with the well-born Eupatrid. These were his agents—equality his aim.

His mistake lay in working too much with the Outward—in overleaping the necessary stages, and in seeking to consummate that which was only just begun.

And now, what does our day present to us? Much the same questions as those so deathlessly enshrined, in that fourteenth

century before our era ! But our platform is larger, our struggle more gigantic, our aim higher. It is to make the people the supreme. Nay, not crowned and sceptred kings—nay, not coronetted nobles—nay, not large landed proprietors, nor wealthy merchants ; none of these—it is to make them rulers and governors, and chiefs, each poorest man, but not otherwise than by virtue and education. It is to set before them an Ideal, as did Pericles ; and to bid them work, and never leave off their toil, though death should strike them in the midst until they have attained it. It is to bid them infuse an undying spirit of energy, and of hope, and of endeavour, into the hearts of their sons—that these, too, may leave to the future generations, that richest patrimony of Progression. It is to make them thinkers as well as workers ; true and real men, not shadowy phantoms, nor lifeless parts of a monster engine of state. And when they are true, they will require truth as their food ; and when they are real, they will need realities—casting away the unstable shows of falsehood for the nothings that they are.

And this will be attained ; but otherwise than as the noble Athenian attained his aim in his lifetime—to lose it in the future, when his one guidance was at an end. We have countless guides and rulers. Commerce, history, the press, and above all, that spirit and hope of Progress which is so strong in each thinking heart—these are the masters whose voices must be heard, and whose power is too mighty for us to subdue.

In the histories of the past we read how men made war on things, rather than on principles. Here is the ruin of many a godlike cause ! This is the grand distinction between us and the past ! Men talk of a bloodless and a moral revolution, and it means simply this. The spirit exorcised, then the form dies away, as the fetish is burnt when the worshipper disbelieves its divinity ; as the Grecian symbolism was extinct when the inlying meaning was forgotten.

The French fought for a holy cause ; oh, holiest of all ! for liberty and truth ; the very essence of all practical religion ! But the sword struck too soon ; nay, the very fact that the sword must strike at all was an earnest of the barbaric element, in this, their effort for a more perfect civilisation. It was not the result, but the cause ; not the king, but the ignorance and folly that needed a king ; not the noble, but the pride and the vanity which have created nominal nobility. These were the monsters to be slain.

Those which they attacked were merely simulacra—shades and shapes, which, how often so ever dissolved, take substance again, though it may be in a new form, when the weary Paladin sleeps, content with what he has done. The French people would be kings. But how? Not by superiority of virtue; not by freedom from vanity, superstition, and falsehood; not by becoming more divine than their fellows; more true than the dynasties they deposed; but by being the same or lower; by placing many in the room of one royal puppet; by viewing grandeur as it seems, and not as it is.

Brute force was the means employed. Constraint of the one, the liberty of the other. The forbidding of all religious rites, their freedom from superstition. And with all this the truth became falsehood; men knelt to a lie. Their democracy was a shadow, pale and lifeless, but steeped to the garment's edge in poison, that left a blistering trail upon the fainting form of Liberty, to sear and disfigure her in the eyes of men. And Louis-Philippe is the result of a contest, which satisfied itself by warring on names, not things; on embodiments, not principles. The Frenchman shouted when the axe severed the fair throat of the haughty Austrian; but the spirit of tyranny was not enshrined in that hapless queen!—it was flourishing in each heart that doomed her death; in every soul that brought not love to the work of regeneration; in all who bared the sword when the schoolroom was deserted.

Education is the spell-word that breaks the magic tablet, dissolves the enchantment, and lets the captive free. Education, not by art and ideality alone,—beautiful, and glorious, and God-assimilating as these may be,—but by truth. And if too strong and startling for a sudden, then learnt by a gradual revelation. Ay! Education, in the joint truths of science and spirituality; the truths which connect the broken circle; which comprehend all; seeing in each mythic emblem the intention of which it was the shrine; the reality of which it was the symbol; and rejecting that veiling emblem when it can embrace the hidden truth unopposed—this is the wand of power!

It is not a fond fancy, fit only for the dreamer to foster; it is not a base wish, hid in the demagogue's heart, and tricked out in the trappings of a false philanthropy; it is not an Utopian vision, that never can be realised; it is a truth, solemn, deep, holy, and everlasting, that of a pure democracy. It is proclaimed in the

harmony of nature ; it is proclaimed in the restless striving of man after an ideal higher than himself ; it is known by his adoption, first, of a vain lie, a false symbol, poorly expressive of that most gigantic thought which cannot yet find a fit utterance ; it is known by the after-rejection of that symbol, when he has gained so much more knowledge and power of speech, that he feels its vanity, and knows it not to be the thing signified ; it is proved by the history of the Past, and by the yearnings of the Future ; it is prophesied of in the unconscious signs of the times ; in the churchman's zeal for forgotten discipline ; in the dissenter's search for the spirit and meaning of that formal discipline ; in the dissolution of party bonds, and in the giant strides of intellect ; in the advancement of Science, and the promulgation of its facts ; in all that characterises this age of ours, are the words of the Future clearly written. And these speak of a time when the Many shall be equal to the Few ; when the Demos shall outstature the Eupatrid.

Pericles pastured his flock upon lands too rich for them. They became surfeited ; and then they died of satiety. The art which he gave them ought to be the result, not the means ; one, of many modes, by which perfection is expressed. The Roman mistook luxury for civilisation, and he, too, failed in his work : the Frenchman hewed down a purple tyranny, and set up, in its stead, one more demoralised. All have failed ; for all mistook causes and effects ; all strove to abolish principles, by casting down their forms ; all thought that when the altar was destroyed, the belief in the God would perish too ; all worked without a practical education having rendered men fit, because intelligent agents. They have failed, and we are still striving. Let the mirror of the prophetic past warn us, if we trench upon the pitfalls where they fell, and point out the path, mistaken and forgotten, which they deserted for one of danger and destruction !

And the time will come, oh ! never doubt its advent ! Only let men be true to themselves—only let them seek the reality, regardless of the vain show—only let the substance, and not the shadow, be their aim ; and then, in truth, will come that day, when the wish of Pericles shall be fulfilled—when people shall educate themselves until they are rulers—when a nation shall so far attain its ideal, as to need nothing of the purple and the tinsel which one time was the idol of its thought. Kings were the brave men, set on high as leaders of the rest. But when the law is king, why should the people worship a lifeless shade ? Nobles

were the best warriors chosen to be as patterns to the army ;—when each man is best, when each private in the great army of the educated, needs no other pattern than the ideal in his own soul—when the *people have become noble*—why, then, the empty name ? It is a lie ; away with it from the face of the earth.

And thus by Education, freedom of thought, extension and largeness of belief—by Science as the real, and Spiritualism as the true, of life—by giving its worthy place to humanity, and by belief in the doctrine of good, men shall, indeed, “become as gods, knowing good and evil.”

THE TWO BOATMEN.

A RIVER-SIDE STORY.

IN the early days of spring, when the beach of our river-side village was quite busy with preparations for summer—when the impure odours of the ebb-tide were lost in the more healthful ones of pitch and tar—when you might have fancied the gipsy-fires in the shady angle of the wood lane had been removed to the brink of high water mark, where the same “burnt spots” were seen—when the hammer moved faster than men’s tongues, and the new plank, the fresh coat of paint, and the repairs of sculls, and oars, absorbed all the care of the anxious boatmen who emulated each other in renewing and beautifying the little craft that through the sunshine of the coming months was to win them their bread for winter—in the midst of all this occupation, when the very idlers ran to and fro with the steaming brush, between the operators and the bubbling and vapouring pitch-kettle, there would be Jem Fleming, looking on while others worked, his hands in his pockets, or only drawn out of them to feed his pipe, or to give his old straw hat an additional slant, so as to prevent the broad stare of the strengthening sunshine from incommoding his stolid, half-shut eyes. No one would suppose, who saw him with his rounded shoulders leaning against the pier of the landing-place, or any other support at hand, that he had any interest beyond that of a spectator, in what was going forward, that in fact he was a waterman himself, with a stout boat going to wreck for want of

the attentions his compeers bestowed on theirs—and without any other means of a livelihood, except the earnings of his wife, and the gratuitous contributions of his old father and mother. But Jem was one of those persons, who, while there is any one else to help them, take no thought for the morrow, nor even for the wants of the day, (except just so much as would pay his public-house score, and this simply because there happened to be but one in the village, and he could only obtain a certain amount of credit.) The period I allude to, was the breaking up of a long, and severe winter, during which the river had been so constantly frozen, that the most indefatigable of the boatmen had seldom been able to ply; and as for Fleming, urging that the damage his boat would sustain through the ice would out-balance the worth of his labour, he threw the cost of his support upon the untiring efforts of his wife and parents; drew up the Black-eyed Susan out of the ranks of the other craft, and by means of oaths and hard usage, dragged forth, in addition to his maintenance, sufficient subsidies for porter and tobacco. In this way he had got over the winter with considerable comfort to himself, and as the fine weather returned, felt no revival of a desire to work; on the contrary, the expostulations of his friends, and the example of his neighbours, had as yet proved equally unavailing in setting him to the task of launching and repairing his boat.

The elder Flemings, were quiet, worthy people, as much respected in the village, as their son was disliked. The old man had been a foreman at one of the Royal Arsenals, and had saved from his salary a sum sufficient (with the pension to which his services had entitled him) to place him and his wife above want: but the conduct of their son, and his ceaseless demands, were frequent sources of anxiety and impoverishment. To add to its bitterness, he was their only child, and it was probably their mistaken indulgence of him in youth, that had induced his thorough selfishness of character, and indifference to them now. Nor were they the only victims of his brutal disposition, and evil habits, his wife and family, as a matter of course, more intimately suffered from them; daily martyrs to that worst tyranny (in whatever sphere of life it exists), the tyranny of a domestic despot.

The calling of a waterman had been Jem Fleming's choice, out of some half-dozen trades to which he had been successively put on trial, and though the one least in accordance with his parents' wishes, they forbore to oppose his decision, and did all they could

to make his condition as promising as possible ; so that upon taking up his freedom, few young men in his station had better prospects. His wife, for he had married immediately after this event, was a pretty, good-tempered, industrious girl ; blinded by her affection for him to all the defects of his disposition and character, and dreaming, as all women do who love overmuch, that once hers, he would become everything she could desire. His parents furnished part of their house for him, and gave him his boat, which was one of the best that could be built ; and thus, without any of those cares that young couples have generally to encounter, young Fleming and his wife began housekeeping. The very circumstance of having his path thus cleared, left him without the necessity of exertion, and to one of his inert temperament, necessity is the only stimulus.

While an apprentice, the law had held a salutary check over him, but once independent of its restraint, he yielded to habits of intemperance, which, if not the offspring of idleness, is so nearly related to it, that they cannot exist apart. Instead of being at his post when passengers offered, he was sure to be either in the yard, or tap-room of the public house, listlessly looking on at a game of skittles, or running up another item to his score at the bar ; so that those persons who, out of respect to the father, had felt every inclination to assist the son, soon learned the folly of depending on a man of this description where the tide or steam-boats were concerned, and gave up calling at his house or enquiring after him when in need of a waterman. Often upon these occasions, you would see the poor old man hunting him up, and by dint of entreaties, endeavouring to get him to attend to his business—carrying down the oars for him, mopping out his boat, and seeing that she did not ground, or beat against the causeway, from the careless way in which she was left—but it was all in vain, his attention and civility could not blind people to the other's brutality and neglect ; for his manner daily became more coarse and disrespectful, and his love of drink so gross, that when he did make his appearance, his saddened looks, and irregular steps, betrayed a state of demi-drunkenness, with which few persons would willingly hazard their safety. Under these circumstances, if he did not get a fare in the early part of the day, it was almost a matter of certainty that he would not afterwards, but this mattered little to him ; if even his unhappy wife had failed to earn it for him, he was sure of finding a dinner at his father and mother's,

to which, in spite of his worthless and ungrateful conduct, he was ever welcome.

Those who knew nothing of his character before his marriage, and were unacquainted with that of his wife, would have made no scruple of attributing his sottish habits to some home cause or another—perchance, the want of those very comforts that with a wilful blindness he neglected, for the more congenial fellowship of beings senseless and debased as himself, and who had gradually led him into the deepest slough of low-lived dissipation; but, by others, the progress of his vice was easily traced, from the stealthy dram of the apprentice, to the unlimited potations of a master-man. The notion amongst men of his class and calling, of keeping out the cold by a morning cup, had in his case (as in many others,) encouraged the practice into a *want*, a *custom*, from which there was no breaking away; and a predilection for drink had grown out of it—strengthened by the temptations his occupation gave rise to.

Every one knows, that before the Temperance Mission had struck at the root of those usages, that a bargain in humble life was not considered valid, unless drink passed between the makers of it; neither could a man meet a friend, or acknowledge a favour, without their pledging each other in this moral poison. In all classes, friendship was tested by strong drink—and the recipients doubtless rated its degree in an ascending state, from porter to punch-royal—so that where the inclination existed, there was no end of opportunities for its encouragement. It was in this way that Fleming had habituated himself to excess, and the crisis at which it first distinctly evidenced itself, was not much to be wondered at, considering that his marriage, his freedom, and his new boat, had all furnished him with occasions for treating and being treated—a system which he could not abstain from, when these motives had passed away.

In the mean time, there were occasionally glimpses in his mind of better things, a consciousness of his parents' sacrifices for him—of his wife's affection, and of the comparative advantages of his lot—which, however, instead of fostering a feeling of reformation, hardened his sullen temper to moroseness, and induced him to drink deeper, in the endeavour to obliterate such impressions. Meanwhile, his boat rotted piecemeal, for want of repairs and paint—her sails mildewed, from being put away wet—her mast sprung—her oars splintered—in fact, it was altogether a wreck, and this,

in the course of a few years. Nor was his own appearance any better cared for : his clothes were whole, for his poor wife kept them so, sitting up at night, after many a hard day's work, in order to make them last as long, and look as decent as possible ; but the cleanly look, the upright figure, the energy of motion, that can set off the humblest habiliments, were all wanting in Jem Fleming, whose bloated features, and sloven air, but too well confirmed his evil reputation ; then, as if to revel in repulsiveness, his ordinary conversation was made up of curses and abuse ; and his find-fault accents, the moment he overstept the threshold of his home, brought with them an inspiration of despair. No one who looked at the thrifty cottage, with its sun-burnt brick face peeping through the vine-boughs (which, loving best the southern gable, did but half overspread it)—its white door-step and cleanly floor—its well-kept decent furniture, and the air of neatness visible throughout its arrangements, could have imagined any man so insensible to his own comfort, as to forsake its cheerful hearth for the reeking atmosphere, confusion, and uncleanness of a tap-room ; but the flower-odours of his home had something of reproach in their sweetness—a memory of boyhood about them—of Sunday walks with his *then* young mother—of wood paths, with the blue haze of the wild hyacinth in the shade, and primrose flowers on the banks above them. Faugh ! these were sickly thoughts for scents to breed, while those of the public-house—the bouquet of dead liquor, tobacco, and sawdust—had the effect of stupifying such reflections : *ergo*, he loved it best. In the same way, amidst sounds less coarse than he was there accustomed to, the voice of his own conscience would have made itself heard, and he loved rather to remain morally deaf than to listen to its accusations. Yet his old mother ceased not her prayers, nor his wife her kindnesses, mutually impressed with the hope that he would one day alter, and repay them for their present misery ; but time passed on, and except to harden him in his course, produced no apparent variation.

The spring passed, as I have said, without his making an effort to put his boat in order, or to retrieve the loss of time the previous winter months had occasioned ; he got as far as the purchase of paint—nay, even to mixing it—and once or twice, had had the boat turned over, with the view of launching her, but the tide was not high enough, or he fancied rain would come. In short, anything to put off a necessary exertion ; till at length the summer

grass (for she had been drawn up in one of the marshes) grew high around her ; and there she remained, as close a copy of her sluggish owner, as anything inanimate could be, for when not at his favourite haunt in the inn-yard, he was sure to be lying, face downwards, on the cool turf beside her, sleeping off in this wise the fumes of his previous potations.

Yes, the summer was with us, the summer with its long days, and warm bright skies, and the holiday-making that is not (say what you will), wholly extinguished amongst us : fair-carts were on the move—one-horse epitomes of Richardson and Wombwell, wending their way to village wakes, the sight-seers of which were modest in their expectations as these vendors of wonders and wild beasts in their articles of display. But it was the river that gave most signs of the festal spirit abroad : steam-boats crowded to the very paddle-boxes, and above them, with bands of music on board—and flags flying, awnings fluttering, and parasols variegated and abundant as a summer morning's crop of mushrooms in Siberia, rushed to and fro, landing at salient points along the shore ; stray bars of "Strauss," or the fag ends of the "Royal Irish ;" while yachts of all descriptions, from those privileged to sport the cross of the *Squadron*, to the ill-appointed pleasure-boat hired for the day's cruise, or the adventurous punt of some stripling amateur, covered the bosom of the Thames, till it looked as full of aquatic life and motion as a farm-yard pond in summer time. Cricket matches on shore, and boat races on the river, were of daily occurrence, and inspired by the prevailing spirit of emulation and competition, certain gentlemen in the neighbourhood proposed a rowing match between our watermen and those of an adjoining village, the prize to be a first-wherry, with a purse of five pounds to the second boat. The circumstance was so new, the prizes so important, that for a fortnight previous nothing was talked of or thought about but the impending match ; and even Fleming was for the time roused into animation, and considering that as an apprentice he had proved himself the crack oarsman of the place, something like a pride in his own power sprang up for the occasion, and he set about in earnest to remove his boat, determined to enter himself a candidate for the race. It was within a day or two of the affair, half the village girls were busied in trimming jackets and caps with the colours of the respective champions, or in putting together the little fanciful flags that were to decorate their boats. Not a

waterman's wife or daughter but had some such preparation on hand ; and two or three who were neither one nor the other were observed to be about the same employment.

" Now I wish for your sake," said a young girl who had just finished binding with blue ribbon the neck and sleeves of a Guernsey jacket, " that George may be the winner."

" Oh ! Susan, I cannot tell you how much I wish it too," replied her companion, looking up from the little field of silk of the same colour, on which she was transferring the multiform cross of the Union.

" Why, everybody says he is sure to do so," continued the other, " for no one in the place rows like him but Jem Fleming ; and since his boat has fallen to pieces, there is nobody he need fear to pull against."

" Aye, but then Jem may row in somebody else's boat," rejoined her friend, " and then there will be as little chance for him as ever."

" Oh ! somehow, I fancy that Summers will win," said Susan, in a confident tone ; " I am sure every one hopes he will do so ; and if good behaviour and dutiful conduct to his mother merits good fortune, you know he can't fail."

" I know he is very deserving," said May Jones, with a heightened colour, and a brighter lustre in her brown eyes, though they were cast down more intently than ever on her work ; " but then, Susan, good conduct does not always insure worldly success, or else poor Mary Fleming would have met with a very different husband from the one she has got ; she sets a pattern to everybody, in kindness of heart and cleanliness and industry ; see how she persevered through the last winter ; how she works now, and how affectionate she is to the old people and her children, though she has had enough to make her despair of ever doing any good for herself or them, and to turn the sweetest disposition in the world to bitterness. I often grieve for her, when I see that terrible man go reeling home ; it seems as if his being there spoiled all the sweetness and neatness of the place, and even made her less respectable when he is near her."

" To be sure he does," said Susan ; " that is why I think if I was in her place I would leave him ; she might easily get a good situation, and keep herself, without half the hard work she is obliged to do now, without benefiting by it."

" What ! leave her young children and his infirm father and

mother," inquired May, "or even him? Has she not sworn to love and cherish him?—taken him for better or worse? No, no, Susan, she would be less worthy of our regard if she could do so."

"Well, I don't know what you think," continued the other, "but I am sure I could never put up with his ill-temper and bad usage; nor would I work to find him the means of going to the public-house; nor you either, if you had such a husband."

"We none of us know what we should do till we are tried," said May gently, "and I trust I may never be so proved; but I think that under any circumstances, a wife should be the last person to despair of her husband's amendment, or to give up the endeavour at it; and who knows but that after all, Mary Fleming's affection and forbearance may overcome his unkindly nature, and bring about his reform."

"'Tis a long lane that has no turning," replied the other, oracularly, "but I fear there is little hope of his reform; it makes one quite angry to think of all the advantages he has thrown away; his house rent free; a boat of his own; and the help of the best manager and most industrious woman in the village. Just think of the difference in his prospects when he took up his freedom, and my cousin George's, and see how oppositely they are situated now. George had to work for his mother, to support her and her family, though but a boy to Jem Fleming; and for all that he has saved a little money towards buying a boat, so that when his brother has served his time he may give up his father's for the benefit of the widow. Ah! May, such a son, all the old women say, will make a good husband; and I am the more anxious that he may win the prize, because he has told me that as soon as he gets a boat of his own he has made up his mind to marry."

May Jones said nothing, but appeared more absorbed than ever in finishing the flag. The news of what had befallen Jem Fleming's boat was perfectly correct. Upon endeavouring to remove her, she was found to be so rotten that she fell to pieces under the attempt; and instead of being rowed at the race, was absolutely carried home piece-meal, to be broken up for firing, the only use to which her timbers could be applied. Her owner got drunk with the produce of a portion of them, while his old father, who had expended nearly twenty pounds of his hard earnings in her purchase, bitterly lamented the wilful recklessness that had

occasioned its loss. Meanwhile the match came off, and Fleming having no boat of his own, rowed in that of a neighbour.

The excitement in our village was great, and as is usual in all cases of contest, party spirit ran high. So well was Jem Fleming's skill and strength appreciated, when he chose to exert them, that though the neighbours' best wishes went with the blue (Young Summers' colour), their judgment seemed to point out the boat in which his rival oarsman rowed as the winner; and anxiously, indeed, did the friends and acquaintances of either party await the issue.

On dashed the boats, both taking the lead of their opponents, the men straining every muscle, setting strength against strength, while their respective steersmen seemed to give an additional impetus to the boats' motion by their own bending with each stroke of the oar to the very gunwale. Now then *Blue* shot ahead, and then two or three stalwart strokes on the part of her adversary, brought them again abreast of each other; they were within an oar's space in rounding the winning boat, but in this manœuvre Young Summers once more got the start of his competitor, and kept it, winning the race by about the boat's length, and running her on shore amidst the cheers and congratulations of old and young. The only one who had not a word of praise or profession of joy for him, was May Jones, who, the moment she had witnessed his success, stole from the crowd to his mother's cottage, and when he entered, pale and exhausted from excitement and fatigue, threw herself into his arms and burst into tears—but these tears expressed more perfect pleasure than any language could have described, and were translated into tenderest welcomes by her lover. The second boat was that in which Jim Fleming rowed, and the purse was immediately shared among her crew. No two men could offer a stronger contrast than Fleming and George Summers: the latter, as we have shown, had been the support of his mother and her family, since his father's death, which had happened in the first year of his apprenticeship, and he had continued to allow her nearly the whole of his earnings up to the present time; clean, civil, industrious, and sober, he was ever in request; his boat was not only the best kept and smartest, but his carefulness made people think they were safer in her than in any other; and so careful was he of the comfort of his passengers, that no one ever feared getting wet by spray or shower when with him: he had always a wrapper or cloak at their disposal, which was more than was to be found in the boats of his compeers; then he did not

mind a little extra trouble in carrying the luggage, or in keeping a look-out for the steam-boats when the party was not quite sure by which of them he should return. In fact, these little traits of superior civility and attention, joined to the praiseworthiness of his conduct to his widowed mother, made quite a strong feeling in his behalf, which, as a matter of course, created no little jealousy on the part of his fellow-watermen. His courtship with May Jones had been of some standing; but to marry, without possessing a boat of his own, was out of the question, and it therefore seemed little less than a miracle, this sudden attainment of his desire; his brother was now out of his time and able to take his place in his mother's boat, so that no further obstacle offered itself to their union, and that evening found himself and Mary the most grateful and happiest of beings.

The excitement which the race had occasioned, did not subside till a late hour that night; by which time, the money won by the second boat was nearly all in the pocket of the public-house keeper. Laughter, shouts, and snatches of songs, continued deep in the night to startle its stillness, and intimate to the more circumspect inhabitants, the hours at which their revelling neighbours retired; but towards the early morning, sounds that were none of these were heard in the village street, a passing to and fro of hurried footsteps—always the same—and tones of great concern and inquiry. One or two slipped out of bed to ascertain its meaning, when a group, consisting of an old and young woman, with a white-headed man and a little child, might be perceived congregated together as if in conference; their looks were haggard and full of distress, and they seemed not to know what was the next thing to be done in whatever they had in hand. They had returned from the inn yard, and after a moment's consultation were about to retrace their steps towards the water-side, when a lattice in Summers' cottage opened, and the young waterman appeared at it.

"George," exclaimed both women, lifting their swollen eyes at the sound, "can you tell us anything of Jim? He has not been home all night; we have been across to Elmly, and he is not there, nor in the stable or the loft at the public-house. When did you see him last?"

"I was not in the street after ten o'clock last night," said Summers. "I then heard some one say, that Fleming and the rest of the boat's crew, were in the tap-room; perhaps he was a little overcome and laid down somewhere in the yard, or he may be at Elmly, though you didn't happen to find him."

"Oh! no, no!" muttered the old woman, "something has happened; he never stayed out all night, and Toney Grey says he left the public-house before eleven, and said he should go down and look after his partner's boat, for there was a strong breeze blowing."

"Oh, don't fret yourselves," interrupted George, "his doing that wouldn't bring him to harm; bless you, he knew every inch of the wharf and causeway too well to venture where there was any danger."

So saying he disappeared from the window, and was presently beside the group in the street. Everywhere this anxious party proceeded, even to the dock and causeway, where the old mother's thoughts, with a terrible presentiment of his fate, involuntarily sought for him; but the tide was still in, and besides the neighbours whispered that if such an accident had befallen him, his body was, in all probability, swept down the river to the sea, and would never more be found. The old man, the child and the wife, coined new hopes as fast as those which had preceded them vanished; but the keen sympathies of a mother's heart beat in the withered, grief-stricken frame of the aged woman, and were not to be deluded by speculations—she *felt* herself childless—and sitting down beside the beech, continued to watch the receding waves which momentarily laid bare a greater portion of it. No entreaties could prevail on her to leave the spot, even when a dark mass beneath the waters, showed to the quick eyes of the boatmen, the outline of a human form; they lifted the swollen corpse, and with a cry that long afterwards rang in the ears of the spectators, the wretched mother ran forward to receive it.

"My boy, Jem! My poor boy, Jem!" was all she could articulate, while her frantic kisses fell upon the distorted brow, and lips, and cheek, which death had made as saintly and pure as when she nourished him an infant at her bosom. But I will not dwell upon the scene; few who saw the sheeted form borne by upon the shoulders of his comrades, but recognised, unknown to themselves, the truth of the aphorism—"Conduct is Fate!"—But for the baleful vice that had crushed his energies, brutalised his disposition, and rendered him the punishment of his family, he might have been, at this moment, surrounded by all the respect and comfort that have fallen to the lot of his sober rival George Summers—instead of having left upon his memory the living reproach of a widowed woman and her orphans, better off as such, than in the lifetime of a husband and father.

C. W.

VANITY IN DEATH.

It was early in the month of December in the year 1806, that a company of comedians visited the small town of A ——— in Norfolk ; and as their finances were at the lowest possible ebb, and their costume (unfortunately for them) in a very ancient and unsatisfactory condition, they found it difficult to obtain the rental of any place wherein to erect their temporary theatre : both the Town-hall, and the Head Inn club-room being peremptorily refused, unless the impossibility was first complied with, of depositing a week's rent in advance.

Some days of vital consequence to the poor troop were consequently lost, and they would have had to quit the inhospitable town in a worse condition than they had entered it—and, Heaven knows, it hardly admitted being made more forlorn—had not the kindness of Squire Thornton, who considerably gave them the use of his large barn, saved them from such a calamity, and afforded them the means of at least endeavouring to benefit their condition.

The company consisted of seven men and four women, with a pretty fair average of children, under the management of a widower named Benson. This individual though considerably advanced in years, and with features deeply indented with care and privations, had yet in his manner, bearing, and conversation an indelible stamp of gentleman : and though disguised in worn and threadbare habiliments, and crushed with suffering and disappointment, there was a soft and pleasing melody in his voice that at once bespoke attention, and evinced in its mild utterance, integrity of soul and inherent gentility of blood.

With the vanity so remarkable in professionals, but by no means peculiar to the stage, Benson did not consider himself yet too old to enact the lover and the hero ; and, to prove his versatility of talent, frequently on the same evening assumed both the cothurnus and the sock, or *Gloucester* in the play and the *Lying Valet* in the farce.

The weather, for the first week of their residence at A ———, had been unusually severe, cold and stormy ; and though they

billed the town and neighbourhood with the most indefatigable pains, and displayed their pieces under the most novel and attractive appellations, they either dismissed, every other night, or played to a few scattered shillings, barely sufficient to cover the expenses of lighting; and, although Shakespeare was announced under the titles of "The Bloody Tyrant; or, the Battle of Bosworth:" "The Pound of Flesh; or, the Inexorable Jew!" and similar phrases, he failed to draw the apathetic lieges from their warm fire-sides; and the poor players were left to their empty barn and cheerless fate.

It was on a bitter cold night in the beginning of their second week, that, under the auspices of the resident surgeon of the town, a group of eight or ten individuals were induced to visit in a body this obscure and neglected temple of Thespis.

Some four or five shivering wretches, who formed the audience, sat huddled together for warmth on one of the back seats, with the collars of their coats pulled over their ears, and their hands buried in their capacious pockets, or rolled up in their brown smock frocks.

As the party entered, the novelty of so overwhelming a rush at the door, produced a look of vague astonishment in the five persons collected, and a gaze of incredulous wonder from the individual who took the money, and who, roused from his previous employment of lighting three candles cut into six, that formed the foot-lights, stared at the inundation of ten human beings at once, as on one of nature's rarest phenomena. If the effect in front was great, behind the scenes it was magical, and if possible more bewildering, as far as the spectators might judge from the number of times that a slit in the green curtain was drawn aside, and the frequency that a bright eye was observed to peer through, scanning and numbering the persons with a curiosity, long, intense and searching, as if doubting the reality of sense, and the evidence of their conviction.

It is unnecessary to describe the performance: the entertainment was of the usual order of such exhibitions forty years ago, when represented by strolling players: our business is with the last scene—man's last scene, a tragedy beyond the criticism of human pen, too grave for censure, too ghastly for presuming levity.

The play was *Othello*, and had proceeded to the scene where the Moor seizes *Iago*, and exclaims, "Villain, be sure you prove

my love a whore ! ” when, at the words, “ eternal soul ! ” the actor’s utterance failed, his head fell on his chest, and, reeling back, the manager sank down upon the stage in a fit of apoplexy, from physical debility and animal inanition ; the excitement of the part was too much for the enfeebled body and exhausted mind, and the poor player fell lifeless on the boards of the barn stage.

To the last farthing had this poor man shared the nightly receipts among his ill-fed, but uncomplaining company ; had made the straw his bed, the barn his home, and for nearly two days had never tasted food. The surgeon who had brought so large an acquisition to the audience, was by the actor’s side in a moment ; it was not necessary to inquire the cause—calamity had written it in his face. To procure blankets and remove his patient to a warm bed in the adjoining workhouse was the work of but a few minutes ; and there, with the attention of a friend, more than the duty of an official, did Mr. Kightly administer all that prudence suggested or humanity could dictate, to alleviate his condition, but the animal powers had sunk too low to be easily, or at once roused again to action or the due fulfilment of their functions ; and though he lived and breathed, the tongue was fettered and the faculties bound up, and thus between life and death, so nicely balanced, it was sometimes hard to tell which predominated ; poor Benson lay for eight-and-forty hours, oblivious to the world or to the ministering hand that strove with soothing care to pluck him back to consciousness and life.

The workhouse clock was just striking eleven, on the second evening after the admission of Benson into that refuge of the destitute, and calamity’s last home, as Mr. Kightly stooped his head to pass under the low lintel of the split and gaping door, that formed the entrance to the raftered garret, from whose bare beams festoons and broad meshes of cobwebs, covered with flock and dust, laced and intersected the open ceiling, hanging in many places in ragged waving threads far into the cheerless tenement.

On a stump bedstead, two of whose broken limbs were supported on bricks, and which had been pushed into one of the remote corners of the uneven attic, lay the sick man : a coarse brown sheet, a dingy blanket, and a woollen drugget of some obsolete colour formed a corresponding covering to the chaff mattress and unsightly couch of the invalid. A small wood fire burnt ruddy on

the bricked hearth, beside which, on a three-legged stool, leaning her elbows on her knees and spreading the shrivelled palms of her bony hands close over the warm glow, sat an old woman of extreme age, whose skin, tanned and corrugated by years and weather into a thousand wrinkles, gave her a repulsive and disgusting cast of ugliness, while she rocked her body to and fro on the low seat, every now and then pausing to draw closer over her sharp shoulders an old petticoat that she had thrown round her neck, to keep off the cutting wind, that through the split door found its way to her rheumatic joints.

Upon a cross-beam above her head, on which rested the brick-work of the chimney, and served for mantel-piece, stood a farthing-candle burning in a tall black tin candlestick, and beside it a graduated medicine-bottle, an iron spoon, and a cracked tea-cup : a quart stone jug, containing a warm caudle of gruelled beer, spirits, and spice, stood beside the hot embers, out of which the crone from time to time, as she checked her oscillating motion, took frequent sips ; smacking her withered lips, and muttering pleasurable commendation as the invigorating liquor cheered her chill blood. Occasionally, she would direct inquisitive glances at the mute patient, who on his back lay vacantly inspecting the drear chamber, and the revolting harridan, who, like a night raven, croaked bodingly of his end, to observe if he noticed the unwarranted use she made of his restorative.

“ Oh, it is comforting, warm and comforting ! ” she muttered to herself, as, taking another and more copious imbibition of the inviting beverage, she wiped her lips with the back of her skinny hand, and replaced the jug in the genial embers. “ Warm, soft, and strong : the doctor made it himself : he ’s a rare cook : — warm to the heart : all the good things is kept to the last, ” she proceeded, taking another mouthful of the tempting compound. “ Good, good, fine—fine, ah ! it ’s always the way in a workhus, to give the poor souls when they are hungry, scraps and scrapings ; and when your taste is gone, and a poor body would die a-peace and quietness, they mocks ye with rich soups, nice meats, jellies, and comforting corjuals, and wine. Oho ! wine ! to choke us with its strength, when we is too weak and past enjoymint of it. Ay, ay, gruel when you ’ve teeth, and crusts when there ’s noothin’ but stumps to chomp with. Oh, they ’re a spiteful lot them oviseers : all spite, spite, to mock at poor folk. Oho, Bess Stubbs was the old gal that took um in ! Oh, she diddled um rarely ! Oh,

that war as good as play-acting, he, he, he!" and the old hag laughed as she thought of the trick she had assisted in playing.

"Yes, yes, that was fun," she continued, getting vivacious under her frequent appeals to the spiced caudle. "Bess shammed herself a-dying, stopp'd her breath, so that you couldn't feel no pulshes, and stomps her feet an ans in cold water to make believe it war natural coldness. Well, the doctor's 'sistance comes, and feels her wristes and her temples, and then he feels her feet, and last on all he puts his hand on her heart; and, says he to the Gov'nor—why, says he, 'The 'oman's a-dying o' starvation; she must a' meat, and wine, and corjuals immejuntly,' says he. Then up comes I, and says I, and Sukey Griggs—says we, 'Poor critter! it's the blessed truth; her stimnick car'nt abide the nasty cheese and workus wittles.' 'Nobody axed you to put your bar in,' cries the Gov'nor, as wissious as a cat; but the long and the short on't was, she got all the nice things; and Suke and me must her, and didn't we go snacks, that's all. Oh, what a week on't we had: it was reg'lar living in clover. It did us a power o' good. Ah! but it didn't last; it didn't last!" she exclaimed, with a deep regretful sigh at the remembrance of past moments of bliss.

"One day, the head doctor comes in himself; and after looking a long time very hard at Bess, and reading over the 'sistance's book, 'Why,' says he to Bess, says he, who pertended to be werry hill, and lay as whist as a mouse—'why, you himposter, git up this instant moment,' says he; 'git up, you shamming huzzy; and you, you audacious women,' says he, turning round to Suke and me, 'away wigh you, and help the other women to do washing—go, git you gone immejuntly!' So our play was all nocked on the head; but hadn't we a brave week of it fust, o-he, ho-o!" and the shrivelled beldam laughed hoarsely at the reminiscence, as, stretching out her hand, she drew the half-emptied jug to her lap and raised the cool side of the vessel to her thin lips: but at that moment the grating door, as it scraped over the rough uneven floor, attracted her attention, and, turning her head, with the lifted mug in her hand, in the direction of the entrance, beheld, to her surprise and confusion, the figure of the doctor as he stooped under the low doorway. Amazed at so late and unusual a visit, she rose hastily, and throwing off her shoulders the ragged petticoat, made an awkward and hasty curtsey, and began mumbling a lame apology about not bringing a light, when the surgeon interrupted her by inquiring after the condition of the patient.

"Lor' bless you, sir," stammered the nurse, "he gits worserer, though I gives him his corjual quite reg'lar every quarter an hour, as you ordered me, and was jist a-goin' to give him t'other dose when you comed in. I was that identical hinstant a-blowing of it; a fear it should scald the poor dear critter's blessed sufferin' throat, as patientes' mouths is always unkimmon tender, poor dear soul! the Lord help him, poor old gentleman!"

Without making a reply, Mr. Kightly took the jug from the woman's hand, and, filling a cup of the restorative, approached the bed, and raising the sick man's head upon his arm poured the beverage down his throat, as the nurse, taking down the attenuated candle from the chimney, snuffed it with her fingers, and having trimmed the wick with a pin from the loose waist of her gown, followed the doctor to the bed with the light.

"Come, my good sir, I see you are now conscious," observed the surgeon, after a brief survey of his patient's features, as he gently laid the player's head on the pillow. "Your pulse improves. I'm glad to find you so much rallied: be of good heart. Has he spoken, nurse?" he inquired, addressing the old woman.

"Lor bless you! no, sir. Poor critter, he arn't no power to speak, though he swallows the corjual just like a famishing babby."

"Thank God! and your kindness," faintly muttered the patient, "I have recovered the use of speech: and would desire a few moments' conversation with you, if the late hour will warrant the indulgence."

"Well, I never, lorks!" ejaculated the old woman, in well-feigned amazement and real surprise, as she heard the dying man articulate, and with some evident alarm at his request of the doctor, lest he should be tempted in her absence to divulge the number of times she had mistaken the identity of the patient, and administered the restorative to the attendant in mistake for the invalid. "Lorks o' mercy, jist to see him speak now, and him purtendin' to be nigh most dead."

"Certainly," replied Kightly, answering the player's request; "but do not distress yourself too much to-night; another time"——

"Now or never, sir," he feebly rejoined.

"Well, as you wish it, I will certainly comply. Nurse, go to the kitchen till I call you. See that the broth and toast I ordered is made ready—go!" cried the surgeon, as he observed the woman's reluctance to quit the spot; "do as I order you—go."

With marked ill-will the beldam put down the light on the stool on which she had been sitting, and hobbled slowly to the door, and having passed through and closed the entrance, listened for a few moments through the chinks ; but the bed was so far removed, and the patient's voice so weak, that, acute as her sense of hearing was, she was unable to catch a syllable of the muttered conference ; and, in despair of either satisfying her curiosity or overhearing the report of her own transgressions, and feeling the sharp wind that rushed up the open staircase invade her limbs through the scanty vestures that covered them, she made a virtue of necessity, and with indistinct grumblings descended to the stone kitchen, to execute the commission intrusted to her performance.

"Sir !" cried the poor actor, when left alone with his physician, in a faint tremulous voice, that gradually acquired strength as he proceeded ; stimulated to the full exertion of utterance by the deep sense of gratitude he felt for the generous kindness shown to him in his last hours, by one in whom the habitude to distress, and familiar acquaintance with death and misery, too frequently checks or kills the finer feelings of man's nature. And the sinking player felt anxious ere he died, to show what yet was left of gentleman about him, by a courteous thanks for solicitude to one so out-at-elbows with the world, so low in the estate of men's opinions, as a strolling player, contemned even amid paupers, and in a parish workhouse.

"You have been kind to me," he continued, as Kightly took a seat on a broken chair by the head of his bed ; "for, though I've not possessed the faculty of speech, my observation since I entered this abode has never left me. You have been kind to me, and I am so far in the arrears of worldly things, that I have only common thanks to render in return, or show my sense of gratitude."

"Had you more to give, it would be misapplied. I but perform my duty," replied the surgeon. "I am a contractor for mankind's calamities ; and your distress was numbered in the probability. I am paid for what I do."

"True, for your time and skill, but not for your humanity ; there is but one Board doctor who audits such accounts, and that's above the reach of overseers—God, sir, God, the president and the judge." And the patient spoke with a fervour and feeling that surprised and gratified his hearer, as he noted the flush on his pale cheek, attesting that he felt the truth of what he said. "Tell me not of duty ; it is the veil, the cold, stern form, the noble

heart with sensitive modesty shields its benevolence beneath. No, sir, 'tis not prescribed attention, or the luxuries your authority summoned to my long-fasting palate ; this you may cloak in duty ; but 'twas the kindly word, the assiduous care to see fulfilled your mandates ; the sympathy of eye and tone of voice, the human kindliness of uncontaminated nature. This, doctor, stands not in your rules or dietary ; you are not paid for this ; you are not desired to show it ; humanity is not a needed qualification for parochial uses. It is not, sir, the cup of water given, that the Great Teacher praised ; the virtue of the gift is in the manner of the heart that tenders it."

"I should have thought," replied Kightly, "long knowledge of the world, such as your shifting life, precarious living, and unsteady calling must have taught you, would have made you less positive in the actual reality of any disinterested good in man."

"Oh! far otherwise," rejoined Benson. "There is a living, uncorrupted stream in the world's bosom, of pure benevolence the multitude have little knowledge of ; and, though rocks and barren wastes abound, there are rich fields, green spots, sweet oases on the earth, that outweigh, if not exceed, the sterile, hard, close-hearted many. Oh, sir, there's much sweet charity in life, much modest excellence the mass never dream of ; there are thousands of Goldsmith's beggar-hating philanthropists, men whose weakness is to be thought by others systematic, cold, and hard, but who in secret nourish a heart, 'open as day to melting charity.' And as for women, blessings on them, pure charity in their souls is with chastity twin-born ; a female miser is a prodigy."

"It is gratifying to hear a man, so low in his estate, speak so cheerfully of our natures ; these are sentiments not often heard within a parish workhouse."

"It is the vice of ignorance alone, to covet what it has not got, but sees in others, and take the alms benevolence bestows more as a right from its degree than compliment to their own importunate necessity. To such the act that portions millions for the suffering poor is deemed a property, and not the offspring of a nation's bounty. But I am faint ; once more accept my heartfelt thanks, the gratitude of a dying man."

"Nay, not so," replied the surgeon encouragingly ; "not so. I've let you talk too long ; I must prohibit further conference for to-night at least ; to-morrow——"

"To-morrow!" interrupted the sick man, with a wan smile, as

he mournfully shook his head. "No ; for me no to-morrow will ever come—my course is run."

"Nourishment and rest will achieve miracles."

"Not for me sir—it is too late, too late."

"Be of better heart ; I shall yet see you assume the buskin again, hear your voice upon the stage, though in Squire Thornton's barn—cheer up, we'll get a bespeak for your benefit."

"The benefit and patronage, kind sir, will be in my parish-coffin."

"Not so ; you deceive yourself ; the house shall yet ring to your praise—you shall be again applauded to the echo."

"Ha !" exclaimed the actor, as a sudden thought crossed his mind, and the harmless pride of the idea flushed his wasted features, and for a moment brightened his faded eye : "Ha ! well remembered : where is my coat ?" he continued, as he felt over the bed, and drew from the foot of it his brown and threadbare garment. "Oh, here it is !——no doctor, no, it is impossible ; I feel my end is come ; all honour to your skill, but I am convinced it is so, come to the last hour. There is a prescience in the bosom of the dying man, planted by Heaven's wisdom for his admonition, a fore-shadowing of the dread event, that quite eludes the practice or research of shrewdest faculties. I feel, I know, the hand of death is on me. Nay, 'tis useless, sir, to test my pulse," he proceeded, as the surgeon, impressed by the deliberate tenor of his words, laid his hand on the patient's wrist, while Benson drew from the capacious pocket of his coat, a roll of papers, written with a broad margin, like the cast parts of a play. "If you could lay your finger on my soul, and note the weak flutterings there, how momentarily the fainting spirit lags, and dulls, and flickers, like the expiring candle, then would you understand what I alone have sense and knowledge of—I am dying, doctor—dying fast," he concluded faintly, as he sank lower in the bed, on which he had partly raised himself.

Kightly observed the change, which was too evident to be mistaken, and hurrying across the room, poured out a stimulant from the bottle on the chimney beam, and returning to the bed, assisted the patient, till he had drank the reviving potion ; then, resuming his seat, felt his pulse, and inquired in a kindly voice—

"Is there any friend that you would wish to see ; any office I can do for you : any wish, compatible with my ability, I can hereafter perform : anything in these papers you wish attended to ?"

"Yes, I remember," faintly murmured the dying man, opening his eyes and gazing round with awakened consciousness. "I had almost let it escape me—yes, yes!" and with difficulty raising himself on his elbow, he added: "No, I thank you, I have no time left to see any one; they have been here already—and, poor creatures, my only friends save you, sir, are doubtless in their sleep, cheating sharp appetite. Sleep is the only opiate to a craving stomach; no, nothing, thank you. God help them, and grant them better business!" Then, with a sudden flush and an earnest interest, he resumed, as his eye reverted to the document in his hand:—"The only earthly thing I have to give, of any consequence, is this. I pray you to accept it. These pages are the emanations of deep thought, years of deliberate study, the result of a lifetime's contemplation: take it, sir, and read it. Heaven knows I am loth, here on my death-bed, to say one harsh word of my poor brotherhood, but—but I would not bequeath this manuscript to them; all my scenery, wardrobe, properties, I freely leave to them, for their general good—pray, tell them so; but this—no, no, jealousy, sir, jealousy is the bane of us all; they would adopt the readings as their own, and not give even my memory the benefit and honour of the first conception; no, I rather present it to you, who will in private estimate the poor offering. It is the digest of my experience, and a commentary on the bard's chief character, *Gloucester*—my great part, sir, my *chef d'œuvre*, the one I made exclusively my own. You will find all my great hits, my workings up, my bye-play, laughs and sneers, the business with the glove, the action of each scene, my fight, dress, everything; with copious annotations on the whole piece. It is a compendium, sir, of unknown value to a man of parts and learning—you'll find it quite a treasure."

And the dying actor's eyes dilated, his cheeks glowed, and his words were delivered with a force and rapidity, in strange contrast to his emaciated appearance, as in his last moments the ruling passion of his life was evincing itself in the harmless egotism of his own perfection; forgetting that his hapless state, starved condition, and pauper-couch, formed a palpable negative to his asserted excellence; and that his whole life of unsuccessful struggle, and unrewarded labour, was a flat refutation to his implied talent and opiniated ability.

"No, I could not let them have it," he resumed, after a moment's breathing. "Everything else—but not this. Dodridge

strove to rob me of it, before he left us to join the—the—ay! the Buckston company. No, no, I give it all, wholly, solely, to you. They would have pillaged me of my ideas—filched from me my master-piece of acting, and drawn down the applause that was only due to me—me, who digested all—conceived the whole. No! no! no!” and, exhausted with his effort and the long discourse, Benson closed his eyes and sank back speechless on his hard pallet, as he placed the roll of papers in the surgeon’s hand.

Depositing in his coat the voluminous manuscript, and bending a compassionate look on the vain old man, who, in the extremity of death could thus expatiate on the brief triumph of his strutting hour, Kightly with gentle solicitude covered the exposed chest of the attenuated pauper in the scanty bed-clothes, and rising, proceeded to the door, to call up the nurse and give such directions as the sinking condition of his patient required, before retiring for the night to the sanctuary of his own abode; but, turning round as he reached the door, to take a parting look at the miserable object of his care, he was surprised to see the gaunt figure of the player sitting erect in bed. His spare chest and bony shoulders, from which the tattered vesture of a shirt had fallen off, revealed the starting ribs, that, like circling hoops, protruded harshly from beneath the tight discoloured skin; his eyes were open, and appeared from the deep hollow sockets in which they were set, of an unnatural size and brightness; the few filaments of his scanty hair were glued with the death-sweat in patches on his head and brow; his mouth was gaping, and the tremulous jaw and blue lips gave a dark and cavern aspect to the wasted and paralytic muscles that encompassed the cavity; stretching out his long shrivelled arm and bony fingers, he faintly beckoned the surgeon to return. Kightly, obeying the mute sign, reclosed the door, and returning to the bed, resumed his former seat, inquiring in a soothing voice, what further he required.

“Come nearer, good sir—near—near—er, close—put down your ear—listen,” cried the patient in a faint tremulous whisper, waving with his thin hand for the other to approach closer, and placing one hand on his shoulder and the other on his arm, as he leant over the bed to accommodate his position to the surgeon’s ear, he added: “Stay a moment and see the end—I am now dying—gasping on the verge of life and death—Mark!—this is the end of all—Life’s last act is on Nature’s last scene—and I—the expiring hero of my own brief play—speaking his death epilogue—you, the thin

audience to my bankrupt benefit, sit, hearing the actor's moral period. The prompter's bell summons the slow descending curtain of the world—fold after fold it drops, even as the portals of my eyes, heavy and dark, falls on my earthly vision—" Then, laying his hand on his companion's arm, to arouse all his attention, muttered, "The manuscript!" and after an instant's pause, concluded, as a faint smile of confidence lit up his hollow features, giving them for a moment a radiant aspect: "There is a world elsewhere!"

The last brief sentence was given with so much more energy than his previous utterance, that Kightly remained for a short time in expectation that he would resume his theme, but feeling the pressure on his shoulder increase, he looked quickly round, and perceived by the fallen jaw and the cold pallor of the face, that his poor patient had, in that brief extract, shaken off this mortal coil.

Gently laying down the wasted body of the dead player, who, despite his irregular life, his contemned profession, and degraded person, had died with a quotation on his lips a churchman might have envied, and drawing the coarse sheet over the stiffening features, he turned from the bed, saying, as he left the melancholy scene:

"God have mercy on thee! thy busy, troublous act is closed indeed; thy griefs, thy cares, thy little jealousies are over; thy hunger, cold, and thirst is done with; thy weariness of limb, thy sickening of the heart is past, thy momentary triumphs, thy glimpse of happiness, thy life-weary pilgrimage, is annulled for ever. Poor Yorick! fare thee well! God help thy suffering, merry, and enduring tribe, for they can pluck from festering care the very soul of true philosophy—cheerful contentment."

And with a mournful step and sorrowing countenance, Kightly withdrew from the room of death, and summoning to their pleasurable and revolting duty the privileged crones of the house, to perform mortality's last decencies, the surgeon descended from the low attic, and quitted for the night the mansion of the unfortunate—the theatre of his skill and practice.

W. H. H.

GALLERIES OF ART FOR THE PEOPLE.

UNQUESTIONABLY, for some years past, there has been in this country a growing fondness for the Fine Arts. Of this we see many proofs around us; but of the impulse in this direction which the public taste has received, it is difficult to separate the causes and effects. We observe both reciprocally, in the increased number of annual exhibitions of paintings and water-colour drawings—in the establishment of Art Unions—in the introduction of illustrated newspapers, and the growing practice of adding pictorial embellishment to books—in the variety of new inventions for multiplying copies of designs—in the appointment of a Government Commission for the promotion of Fine Art—in the greater attention bestowed upon the designs of ornamental manufactures—in the formation of societies for preserving and investigating the works of the sculptors, architects, and painters of the mediæval times.

But whether the advance of taste has quite kept pace with the progressing fondness for Art, is at least doubtful. In some departments of design—chiefly in those which are exercised in connection with the mechanical processes of manufactures—it may have done so; it has not, we think, in all. And the reason that it should not is obvious: the public has not the opportunity of becoming familiarised with sufficient examples of high excellence by which to form or guide its taste. We do not intend to enter upon the much-disputed questions of what constitutes “High Art” “or Low Art,” or of what are the relative merits of the old and of the modern masters. Enough for our purpose the admission, which by all will readily be made, that Art has its degrees of excellence, and that with its higher ones the people at large have not extensive means of making themselves familiar. Our object is to consider what might be done to extend their acquaintance with what, that is truly admirable, has been accomplished in its several departments; and the determination of the standard by which the grades of merit should be measured forms no necessary part of this question.

Art, probably, is not destined ever to flourish in this country with all the vigour which it attained in Southern Europe. It does

not seem native to our climate, which is too cold for sculpture, and too dull for painting. But it may be cultivated, though exotic, and with care may be to some extent naturalised. As a people we are made up of too many elements—have too wide a diversity of powers—wholly to fail in anything to which we apply with earnestness; and in the matter of Art the country which has produced a Reynolds and a Flaxman need not despond. Though we cannot congratulate ourselves upon our advance in painting since the time of Sir Joshua, of Gainsborough, and Wilson, the retrograde movement has ceased, and for some years there has been a steady advance. As we have stated, we cannot consider that it has kept pace with the progress of the public sympathies in the direction of Art; but it has commenced, and wants only such aids and appliances as may certainly be, to a considerable extent, afforded, to increase its rate of forward movement.

Taste cannot be fitly cultivated except by the study of what is best in that which has hitherto been effected. It cannot be formed by precept. And to pursue that study it is necessary that examples be before us. Without them records are of no avail; criticism can convey no distinct ideas. The arts of design are not “unteachable, untaught.” There are those, indeed, who hold that a national school in painting or in sculpture should grow up by a principle of self-development, and without extraneous aids; and some, applying a similar axiom to the individual labourers in the fields of invention, think that originality and independence are only to be looked for in the efforts of self-taught and unaided genius. There are no doubt orders of genius which are most advantageously developed in an unadvanced age. But genius “flames in the forehead” of its period, whatever that period may be. It moves in the van of the army of men’s minds; and to place itself there must pass among the ranks. Homer may have had no models—may have made no formal study of poetry; but he was acquainted with the songs of the bards that had gone before him, and familiar with the knowledge of his time.

The fear that originality or vigour should be lost in any department of mental activity by an extensive acquaintance with precedent efforts, is utterly without ground. The instinct of imitation is indeed strong in the minds of most. But the elements of thought are alike in all; and it is only from the varying proportions in which they are combined that originality results. Those whom we notice as imitators are persons of limited knowledge or

of narrow sympathies. To be acquainted with many models, and to imitate them all, is where that genius exists which can introduce fresh materials from its own resources, and combine all into harmonious unity, not to resemble others, but to create with judgment, decision, and facility. Of course we speak here of imitation not as a deliberate object, but as an unconscious process—the mere application of collected stores, without consideration of the separate sources from which they have been gradually drawn together.

Whatever may be the case with purely mental processes, no one will question the importance in regard to mechanical ones—of learning what others have been able to accomplish, and the means by which they have done so; and in the practice of the Fine Arts there is so much that is mechanical, that this applies to them in its full force. Manipulation must be studied in the works of others, however independent we might wish to be in the matter of design. To have devoted exclusive attention to a single model, whether for the conceptions realised, or the means by which this is effected, is to have risked falling into the manner of another—becoming an imitator. But to have examined extensively the most diverse originals is to be prepared with abundant resources for the easy development of one's own idiosyncracies of fancy, thought, and feeling.

The practice of Art, then, would be facilitated and improved, by increasing the opportunities possessed by students of familiarising themselves with what has hitherto been done. Those opportunities, in London, are not great; and in the provinces, to persons of narrow pecuniary means, they are extremely limited. From the provinces, it must be remembered, our artists are chiefly drafted, and from among such as fall within that category. By the same means improved taste would be diffused among the public, and demand stimulating supply, and supply producing fastidiousness, the spirit of progress would be fairly awakened, and put in possession of its fullest energies.

It has long been a subject of complaint, or of regret, that in this country there are few exhibitions of any kind, whether of objects of Art or of Science, which are open to the public free of expense. Of the former class there are but two of any considerable importance that are easily and to all accessible. We have a National Gallery, containing a choice, though but a small collection of pictures; and we have a gallery of sculpture at the British

Museum, wherein are found some of the beautiful idealisms which the genius of the Greeks bequeathed to all time, in marble. Hampton Court, too, may be seen after a fashion, and the Dulwich Gallery more satisfactorily, by those that have leisure and means to visit them. But the opportunities possessed by the people of London, of familiarising themselves with works of classic excellence, whether of the pencil or the chisel, are almost limited to these. A gallery of engravings our metropolis does not boast; and we are not aware of any provincial town where a collection of works in any department of Fine Art is open to the public gratis. The case is different abroad. In Italy the people live in an atmosphere of Art. Her greatest painters and sculptors were nurtured in such an atmosphere. They were familiarised with what was excellent in their respective professions, even from the cradle. The tendencies of the mind are determined in early youth. Its growth is modified by the food then supplied; and the natural diversities of its individual types are harmonised by surrounding circumstances of place and period. Therefore it was that in Art the Italians eventually attained to so great excellence. The same, in a much more limited degree, is true of Spain, of some parts of Germany, of the Netherlands, of France. But in England taste is acquired as we learn a foreign language—by the formal study of our riper years: it does not come to us, like our vernacular, by a process unconsciously gone through.

This was, however, yet more eminently the case

“In our young years, when George the Third was king;”

and when the woodcuts of Mavor's spelling-book, the ornamental borders of “Christmas pieces,” and the caricatures in the shop windows, very different in their artistic character from those of *Punch*, were the principal works of Art that gladdened youthful eyes. Our children, indeed, are brought up in a world of woodcuts and lithography, of an order greatly superior to what belonged to those days: and for this reason, independently of others, it may be expected that they shall advance beyond their fathers in respect to taste in Art: but we must furnish them with other facilities before considerable results can be expected.

What we would propose, in furtherance of this object, is the establishment, not in London only, but in the provinces, of Galleries of Art for the people. We are not so visionary as to believe that it would be practicable to form collections of high-class paintings

for this purpose ; and still less that the temples of Greece and palaces of Italy can supply Apollos and Venuses for our Liverpools and Birminghams. But let us at least have what we may have cheaply and easily, and in its kind truly excellent.

Half a loaf—it is unfortunate *this* proverb should be musty—is better than no bread : and where it is impossible to have paintings and sculpture, there might yet be formed galleries of engravings and choice casts. Nay, to us it appears extraordinary, that in those places where the greatest facilities exist for the public to make themselves acquainted with Art in its highest departments, so little attention has been given to afford the subsidiary aids that may be derived from such sources. Engraving indeed, as an independent art, is well worthy of study for its own sake ; and as illustrative of painting, there can be no gallery so rich that it should scorn the service this is capable of rendering.

Our National Gallery possesses but four works that bear the name of Raffael : for the cost of one of them we might have a series of the best prints from his designs, with frames and exhibition room complete. And who but would wish an opportunity of forming a more extensive acquaintance with the designs of Raffael than the National Gallery, Hampton Court, and Mr. Colnaghi's window can afford ? It is true that his works may be studied at the Print Room of the British Museum : but the trouble of getting admission, the delay in obtaining the engravings, and the inconvenient situation of the building itself, virtually exclude the mass of the intelligent public from the advantages of such an institution.

It would seem that the very facility with which galleries of the kind we advocate might be formed, has been the impediment to their introduction. It would seem to have been thought that works which might be procured at so small a comparative expense, were too insignificant to be allowed a draw upon "the pocket of the nation." It may indeed have been considered, that to arrange an extensive collection would require a building on a scale of expense out of all proportion to the objects to be exhibited. But it is not held beneath the dignity of the nation's pocket to purchase high-class engravings, even at fancy prices, for the purpose of storing them away in portfolios of the British Museum ; and, though we are far from disapproving this investment of the public money, we think the more advantage the people can derive from their expenditure the better. It is very agreeable to know, that at no other cost than that of trouble and time, we may inspect our

property in the great Bloomsbury building ; though of a large proportion of the public even this is not true. But it would be much more agreeable to have our purchases framed and hung up where we could examine them at any leisure moment, without preliminary ceremony or delay. And, as well-framed engravings are as safe under glass as in portfolios, it might be well if a selection of the very best prints in the Museum were made for this purpose ; so that, being themselves admirable works of Art, as well as representations of admirable works in another department of Art, they should be submitted to the inspection of "the million," instead of being reserved for that of the occasional visitor.

If the example were set in the metropolis, of the formation of a gallery of engravings, we doubt not it would soon be followed in many provincial towns. Not to revert to the more important objects we have already considered, what honest burgher, in a country town, when visited by a friend from another part of the country, but would be glad of some "show-place," to which he might cheaply introduce his guest, and gently drop him there during the hours of business ? And what friend from afar but would be glad of any aid to help him over some of the slow hours of a provincial town ? Should this paper meet the eye of any obese alderman who may be anxious to purchase to himself, at the cost of a few thousands, an enduring fame in his native city, we assure him, that he could not more surely, or more sensibly accomplish his object, than by presenting to his townsmen a gallery of engravings, rich in its illustrations of Raffael and Corregio.

We will not here consider what rules might be advisable, to guide in the choice and arrangement of subjects for a purpose like this. No doubt, if galleries of the kind became common, they would differ widely from one another in the degrees of prominence given to particular departments, according to the particular tastes of those who governed the selections.

In some committees there might be an overbalancing influence in favour of Italian, in some of German or Flemish, in some, perhaps, of English Art. Some might more willingly collect the works of an early, some of a later period. In this collection, we should find a preponderance of historical subjects ; in that, of landscapes ; in a third of portraiture. The illustration of the art of engraving might be the leading object in one case ; of one or more schools of painting in another. And the dissimilarity between individual collections would add greatly to their aggregate

value. A *national* gallery of engravings should, however, serve at once as a commentary on the Art itself, possessing the best specimens of every period and school; and as a supplement to the picture gallery, serving to extend our acquaintance with the designs, at least, of some of those great artists, of whose paintings we can at best possess but a very small number of specimens.

Although, unquestionably, to form anything worthy to be considered a national collection, would require a large space for hanging the prints, this might possibly be obtained more easily and at less expense than at first appears. The same attention with regard to the amount and direction of the light required for pictures, would not be necessary; and a building in stories might therefore be available: but of course the most convenient form of structure would be one of a single story lighted from above. A floor over stores or offices might be used; or, as but little height would be wanted, and as the most desirable light would be from above, it might be formed in a Square or Park without much detracting from the openness of the situation; it might even be partially sunk in the ground. In this, however, we speak only of what would be practicable: not of what would be desirable, or probably requisite.

Possibly space might be found for the purpose in the British Museum. In one respect, that would be the most eligible place: the Gallery and Print Room would thus be kept in connection. At Paris there is a gallery of engravings in the Bibliothèque Royale. But it is questionable whether sufficient space could be afforded in the Great Russell-street establishment; as we believe the enlarged building will not be too extensive for its various collections. Another appropriate site would be the National Gallery. That is not indeed at present sufficiently capacious even for our small collection of pictures; but upon this account it is desirable that it should be enlarged without delay. This might be done by the removal of the workhouse behind it, an institution for which a hundred sites as eligible might be found; and if the space so gained were not sufficient, an extension might be obtained by throwing a covered way across Panton-street (?), at a height sufficient to allow of the passage of waggon's beneath, and appropriating a portion of the ground on the north side, which is now occupied by tenements of very little value.

As the subject is one connected with that we have under

consideration, we will take this opportunity of uttering our protest against the removal of the National Collection of Pictures from its present location. An equally eligible situation it would be almost impossible to find. It has been proposed to remove it, in order to give more space to the annual exhibitions. Now the annual exhibitions have only been held in that building upon sufferance; and it is not right that they should be allowed to oust the rightful tenants. The annual exhibitions are open for three months in the year; and as money is paid for admission, those who go, go with *malice prepense*, and with the intention of staying so many hours as they may find necessary in order to make themselves sufficiently acquainted with the contents of the several rooms. A very great majority of the visitants go but once in the season; and few attend more than two or three times. Persons go either from a real desire to observe the products of British art or British industry, or because the exhibition is one of the fashionable lounges—one of the things that must be “done.” To either class it is a matter of little importance whether the exhibition-rooms are at Charing-cross or at Pimlico, at Westminster or in the Regent’s Park. A day is devoted to the visit, and any of these localities is easily reached as a part of the day’s business. We believe that the removal of this exhibition a mile further to the west or north would make very little difference in the number of shillings received for admissions.

But to have the National Gallery in a situation easily accessible at all times to the largest number of the citizens, is a matter of much more importance. The great value of this institution is, that the admittance being free, persons can pay frequent visits, and familiarise themselves with the admirable works it contains, in a manner they could not were they able only to visit it at long intervals. It is a place to which a spare ten minutes may at any time be well devoted: and the locality it now occupies is one easily to be reached from all directions, sufficiently free from the denser smoke of the city, marked out from the open place before it, for a National monument of some kind, and affording facilities for the indefinite extension of the building,—a matter of high importance.

Galleries of casts might effect for sculpture what engravings would do for painting. It is true, that the best casts form but very inadequate representatives of Greek marbles; but they are better than drawings; and verbal descriptions are only valuable in connexion with some such aids to the imagination.

The Royal Academy, we believe, is in possession of a good collection of casts. A few of them stand in the hall of the National Gallery; but the greater number are not open to public view. No doubt without being so they the better subserve the purposes of study to the pupils; and it cannot therefore be expected that the Academy should yield them up to the inspection of the public. We should, however, provide ourselves with another set for the metropolis; being careful, as far as practicable, to obtain copies of all the most celebrated Greek originals; and every large provincial town should have likewise its gallery of casts.

Such collections as we have spoken of would be advantageous alike to the professional student, the amateur, and "the people." Our direct object is to obtain a rational means of amusement and instruction for the last. For them we think galleries of *paintings* might be formed, which, if not altogether such as would satisfy the most highly cultivated tastes, would yet tend to the improvement of their own. A good nucleus for one such gathering might be found in some of the best of the cartoons and pictures exhibited in 1846-7 at Westminster Hall. The artists would, no doubt; be glad to realise anything by their large canvasses, a hope which must have forsaken the unsuccessful candidates as soon as the prizes were awarded. The labour expended in the preparation of works for the competition there, ought not to be wholly lost. Some asylum should be provided for pieces possessing very considerable merit, but which, from their large size, are unfit for any ordinary room, or studio. If no more were given for these than the value of the canvass, it would yet be a benefit to many of the painters; and they might be permitted to redeem their pictures at the same cost, should they be able to dispose of them to more advantage. They would thus gain an opportunity at least of bringing their works before the public, and the chance of finding purchasers. If means admitted, a more liberal course might be pursued; and some pictures might be purchased from time to time, with a view to the formation of a permanent collection. But for the object in view it is not important that the collection should be permanent; and occasional changes of a part, at least, would even be desirable. Were several of such galleries formed, either in the metropolis or in provincial towns, they might sometimes make exchanges with each other.

• For galleries of this order no expensive building would be

required. Space and light would be the grand requisites. The experiment might be tried in hired rooms, or temporary structures. The means to make it need not be large, and might be raised by subscription, or by the proceeds of a monster exhibition, got up for the purpose; though the object would be one worthy of a parliamentary grant. Admissions to the gallery itself might be charged for, as was the case at Westminster, for a month or two after its opening. Once fairly established, a collection thus drawn together would be rapidly enlarged by presentations and bequests; and artists might be allowed, under certain restrictions, to deposit works without resigning their property in them. In this manner it would combine the character of a public collection and a painters' bazaar; of a National Gallery, and an Academy Exhibition.

Provincial towns, whilst aiming at the same object on this complex plan, should keep in view particularly the development and encouragement of native talent. They should make it a part of their design, to form, gradually, permanent galleries of the best works of their own painters; and thus that strong feeling of emulation would be excited, which is the surest guide to worthy achievement. There are few of our large towns but might open creditable exhibitions, could they bring a selection of the best works of their native or adopted artists. To give a single instance, Bristol,—a town, by the way, which has been more distinguished for the production than the support of talent, though perhaps rather unfairly rated for its neglect of Chatterton, Bird, and Savage,—Bristol was the birthplace of Lawrence, Pyne, Müller, the two Fripps, and Jackson, as likewise of the sculptor Bailey: it was the adopted home of Bird: Danby we believe was born there; it was there at least that he formed his style, and achieved his first honours: Johnstone, a young artist who would have earned abundant distinction had he lived, but who died and left no name beyond his native city, was born there: and among those of its artists, who are only beginning to make themselves known in London, are West, whose sketches of Welsh river scenery have attracted much attention; Dighton, whose powerful picture of Stonehenge, or rather composition from Stonehenge, with a stormy sky, could not have been passed without notice at the last Westminster exhibition; Branwhite, Hewett, and the younger Müller. And in this enumeration, we should not omit to mention Blackwood's "Sketcher;" and

amateur possessing the highest artistic abilities, and most refined feeling ; one who, whether working with the pencil or pen, can give valuable lessons to the professors of the Art.

The club system as yet is but imperfectly developed. It began with mercantile and scientific associations. Then it took a luxurious form among those classes who stood least in need of the advantages to be commanded by the union of pecuniary means. The establishment of the Whittington greatly extended its benefits. It offers now, in its various forms, cheap dining-rooms, cheap drawing-rooms, cheap smoking-rooms, cheap billiard-rooms ; it extends to the middle classes some of the luxuries that before belonged only to the palaces of the wealthy. The principle of union has more to accomplish. It may give us halls of sculpture and picture galleries. It may extend its benefits in one form and another, to the lower and wider circles of society. And when the rich exert themselves to give to the poor advantages, which the latter could not else command, they are forming bonds of union between the two classes, such as the temper of the times renders it every way desirable to establish. To make a people contented, the first grand requisite is to supply them with food : but the next is to furnish them with amusement.

SIGMA.

A CHAPTER ON CONSOLATION.

PHILOLOGISTS have defined consolation to be, in some measure, an alleviation of misery—the imparting of comfort under circumstances of distress ; but the innermost signification of the word is scarcely expressed by the definition. It is a sympathy that has become incarnate ; and in its new existence in the trials of life, it is exposed to all the difficulties and abuses to which poor human nature is liable.

The power of giving consolation implies a mental collectedness over the person who receives it ; the consoler and the consoled are thus the Mentor and Telemachus in the book of grief. In the very insolence of a superiority that has been the gift of circumstances we realise a portion of the fearful truth of Rochefoucauld's maxim, "*Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis, nous trouvons quelque chose qui ne nous déplaît pas ;*" we dare to point to Hope

with her uplifted finger, and boldly show the path to the resting-place of sorrow.

There are few men who do not consider consolation as a necessary appendage to friendship, a worldly humanised virtue, which, like charity, may be called into action, or omitted altogether, as it best suits the inclination. Let one man say to another, "I have lost all that I possessed in the world. My pilgrimage must begin again." Ere the friend reply, let him draw aside the veil of outward feeling, and search his heart. He is grieved; perhaps not deeply, but vexatiously. His friend may have had the opportunity of placing within his reach the higher pleasures of society, and his hospitality has robbed him of many dull and languid hours; but now his table can no longer be spread for his enjoyment; there are few among his old associates who will not shrink from an intimacy with a man of fallen fortunes. Does not *he* even feel a strange reluctance, a secret chill, a presentiment of embarrassment, and estrangement as he grasps his hand? It is by-play of every day acting, though he may feel how unworthy the character is that he assumes; but if, without one selfish glance of retrospection, one careful inquiry into the dark future, he can take that friend's hand within his own, and can say to him, honestly and truly, "Hope for better things; it is an ordeal which will show more clearly your faith and energy: God speed you on your way!"—then the spirit that is tried meets his gratefully and confidently, and his words are remembered for a life-time.

How many well-meaning persons appear to have a scent for the grief-stricken! They hasten to pour upon them their treasured maxims with the dignity of a philosopher. It is seldom that these conventional consolers remember, that it is not every degree of grief that consolation can approach: it may bend over the brink of the well, but it cannot reach the water; for until

"— the strong hours

Conquer him,"

the ear of the sufferer is closed to the voice that gives it utterance. There is a patronage too about this species of consolation. They would do well to recollect that, in its contact with the world, the spirit is bruised but not broken. Grief, privation, or misconstruction may bend it for a while, but they will not tie down its indomitable nature: a hasty touch may uncoil the spring, and its elasticity will be restored.

Reader, in the heavy hour that calls to you to administer consolation, remember this : he that requires your succour is your comrade in the combat with trial and sorrow—stronger enemies than cuirass ever shielded in days of old. His lips are parched with thirst ; he asks you not for water, yet there is a mute petition in his eye that shall not pass unanswered. For the sake of the brother who shared your cup in childhood, stretch forth your gourd to his lips. Time has witnessed faithfully that we never yet robbed ourselves in giving aid to another whose need was true. Speak to him, then, in faith, in hope, in truth ; and the feelings which these words embody so feebly, shall be renewed a hundred-fold.

A. P.

OUR CITIES OF THE PLAGUE.

It will sometimes happen that a strong man, sound in every portion of his frame, except only in one small spot of one vital organ, is prostrated by the disease of that one spot, racked with pain, wasted with sickness, and his whole existence embittered.

So it will sometimes happen in a state. Some one vital portion, neglected and deranged, will poison and thwart the action of all the rest, and render null and void the best efforts of legislation.

“How can we hope ! what can be expected ! To what end are our struggles !” So say our philanthropists and patriots. “Reforms are won ; the schoolmaster is abroad ; grand discoveries are made in science ; we have cheap literature and cheap bread ; food for the mind, food for the body. To what end is it all ? Crime increases ; pauperism increases ; a sickly population multiplies. Twenty-five millions yearly are spent on gin. Nearly as much more on tobacco and beer. The people—the masses—are no better off than before the Reform Bill was passed. The upper classes are weighed down with rates and taxes. It is all in vain.”

Did any man or any set of men ever try to originate great thoughts, or pursue an energetic course of action, while suffering under some wasting and enervating disease ; and while, at the same time, surrounded by dirt, noise, confusing numbers, without privacy, comfort, or quiet ? If such an attempt was ever made,

it was never successful. Under these influences the guiding mind would be deadened, the spirit could not aspire, the languid frame would sink listless.

But this case, supposed for one man or a few men, is now and has been for ages the condition of the great bulk of the people. That, under their circumstances, so many men of intellect and power belong to their class, and have stepped out from it; and that so many who remain among them are sound thinkers and energetic doers, is wonderful. To use a Scripture expression, we may say of them, "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint." They are crowded into narrow precincts; pent up amid noise, confusion, and dirt. The light of heaven is obscured in their narrow dwellings; the free air is poisoned by noxious exhalations. They become old twenty years before their time. They die at a period that measures scarcely half that of their wealthy brothers.

"How can this be?" inquires the casual observer. "We see your great towns, your rows of buildings, your scores of streets, your miles of suburbs. Your people must be well lodged, well circumstanced. Here are undeniable evidences of it."

It is scarcely possible to realise the facts under these appearances, but it is no less certain. These are the habitations of other classes, but none of them are appropriated to the people. The swarming multitudes who man the ships, and work in the wharfs, and toil in the workshops and the factories, who lay the railroads, and build the houses, and cultivate the ground—they who are emphatically called the millions, because they so greatly outnumber the other classes, inhabit none of these localities you have observed. The smallest, the least convenient of these, would afford room and appliances for four families belonging to the labouring class. Such a house as is required for one man of moderate influence contains space enough for twenty of them, and more comforts and conveniences than are shared among twenty. They live, thus crowded together, in lanes wedged in between the streets that you traverse; in bye places and waste corners; in alleys without thoroughfares; in courts, the entrances to which you pass without seeing them. And these places, which, because they are thus crowded with life, are (for this is the condition of our being) replete with refuse matter of the most offensive kind, are without any of the contrivances which civilisation has applied to the clearing away of these disgusting conditions of life. Instead

of a tenfold supply of water to wash them away, there is none ; instead of a tenfold supply of air for so many human beings, there is none that is not vitiated. All that is impure is retained there, in those bubbling, reeking poison-pits, called cesspools, or slowly crawls out along open gutters. The men who have worked hard all day, and go homewards to such places as these, stop by the way—too many of them—at the gin-palaces blazing with light, and before they enter their wretched homes, where their pale wives and sickly children are waiting for them, are besotted, or their blood fevered, and after a short period their bodies sink the easier, by reaction, under the infection of typhus or some other deadly disease, and their families become paupers. What *can* such men do ? How can they improve or advance ? For them civilisation has done nothing. For them science and art have never been applied to the domestic comforts of life. The rushes on the floor, which our warm carpets have supplanted, would still be luxury to them. For want of leisure and peace, they know nothing of the discoveries of science, nor the creations of genius. For them there has been no Newton, and no Shakspeare. Nay, as recent investigations too fully proved, to many of them Christ has never spoken His words of love and power. Their children, in many instances, it was found, had never heard His name.

The better state, the improved condition of the upper classes with which this is all compared, is itself a very imperfect one, in all relating to the laws of health ; so much so, that the duration of life is, even under the best circumstances, shortened beyond what we can probably imagine at present. Even the Queen's palace is surrounded with malaria ; and under the widest and grandest streets, there is collected, by the erroneous form of the sewers and the want of water, a noisome stream, generating poison, which escapes through the gratings by the pavement, and enters through the drains into the houses.* The consequences are—the nearly universal dyspepsia, the manifold diseases of children, and the occasional epidemics which alarm the whole population. To the latter inflictions, doubtless, the occasional escape of poisonous exhalations from the crowded localities of the poor contribute. For all these inflictions, the family physician is called in, medicines and diet are ordered, and change of air, or a visit to the sea-side, prescribed.

* So the last report of the Sanitary Commissioners tells us.
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But observe the consequences to the working man. In walking along some thoroughfare, you may occasionally observe in an open workshop, a man at some mechanical operation—perhaps, a turner at his lathe. You are attracted by his clever mode of finishing up his work, and stand looking on. You are sorry to see him so pale and listless in appearance. Presently, you have a sensation of sickness, and become conscious of a disgusting odour which proceeds from a gully-hole just behind. You hurry off, perhaps visiting a chemist's by the way, to banish your nausea by some stimulant. But what becomes of the workman? After his day's monotonous occupation, during which he constantly breathes the noisome stench which drove you away, he sets off to go home to something still worse, still more poisonous. If he too feels a stimulant necessary to excite his sickened stomach, and if he becomes a gin drinker, can you wonder? For him there can be no dieting, no course of medicine, nor the sea-side for his family. A month after, you pass that way and do not see him. He is in his grave—in the corner of the churchyard appropriated to paupers, and his widow and children are in the Union Workhouse. What heart, what time, what capacity could that man, or such as he, have, to take advantage of the opening opportunities of the age? With what reason can you expect, that while such things last, crime, or pauperism, or drunkenness, will diminish.

It is because we feel that the want of efficient sanitary arrangements is at the foundation of these great evils of our population, that we look upon the measures which are about to be introduced as the beginning of a reform, the consequences of which will be great beyond calculation, and that we watch the proceedings of Government on this subject with anxious interest. They have begun firmly and well. Let every well-wisher to his country strengthen their hands to go on well; to introduce a good measure, and to appoint the right men to carry it into operation. The men, whose unwearied labours of more than ten years have at length succeeded in fixing the Legislature to this work, deserve the lasting gratitude of their country, and will be remembered with honour and reverence in generations to come. When Dr. Southwood Smith, standing outside the doors of the houses, because within the air was dangerous to breathe, wrote down on the spot literal descriptions of what he saw in Lamb's Fields and the courts and lanes of Bethnal Green and Whitechapel, and thus improved to the utmost the opportunity which Mr. Chadwick (in the Poor-Law

Commission) threw into his hands—that earnest desire to effect a change, which then inspired him, was fraught with consequences which will stretch onward beyond his life into future times. When he then, by the simple truth of those descriptions—a truth stronger and more pitiful than any fiction, moved the heads of the Church and the members of the Government to inquiry, and created an impression on the country which has grown into a strong public opinion, he then began a course which will work vast and beneficial reformations. When he has since, supported by a band of zealous co-operators in his own and other professions, devoted time, risked health, and sacrificed fortune to this cause, he has devoted himself to a cause important at the present time, of growing importance in the time to come. Some may regard it with distaste, because it provides only for the lowest necessities of our being ; but it is of moment exactly because it begins so low that it takes up social life at its foundations. It is a reform which must be effected before any other can be effectual. To what end is cheap bread, if life languishes and goes out at half its term ? To what end is mental culture, if the dizzy brain cannot receive an impression ? To what end is spiritual teaching, if the soul is debased by the surrounding outrages of all decency, below the animals ?

The power that lies dormant in the people may be compared to a fettered giant. This reform will infuse into him strength to burst his chains. Their regeneration must begin from within, and be worked by themselves. Their chief enemies are their own intemperance and improvidence. When they are relieved from the debilitating, demoralising influences of a continual atmosphere of miasma, when they once feel the sound mind in the sound body, they will rise from their low condition ; and while good men sit at home and theorise on “ what can be done for the working-class,” the great working-class will have already begun, by gradual but firm steps, to advance towards its true position in the social fabric.

FESTUS.

BY HEPWORTH DIXON.

THE intellectual world is full of anarchy. A multitude of mysteries—true, partly true, &c., entirely false—are accredited as revelation. Philosophy is opposed to philosophy; science is marshalled against science; religion is arrayed against religion. From the highest department of human knowledge to the lowest, there is no unity, no absolute co-ordination, no centre, no soul. This is a many-ideal age. Experiment and induction are universal, but divergent. The iconoclast, the creator, the distractor, and the constructor, the negative and the affirmative mind, are simultaneously at work. It is an era of trial and transition—of difficulty and solution. The history of the past is being again renewed—time-hallowed names questioned—acknowledged axioms re-scrutinised. The better fruits of the sceptical spirit are now ripening. A nobler, purer truth, springs from the once too prevalent unbelief. The tyranny of worn-out thought was shaken by the sarcasm and the sneer of the great sceptics; and the one-idea fairly dethroned, the old faith returned, while the new-found freedom of investigation remained. At this day they are found in unison: the most daring thinkers are distinguished by the greatest faith, and the humblest hearts are joined with the most audacious heads. Everything is questioned, nothing taken on trust. Men have learnt to respect tradition, and to know the value of criticism even when applied to the most universally established formulæ. The elementary principles of all the leading sciences of life have been heretofore regarded as few in number, and those easily discernible, like the self-evident propositions in mathematics: they are now discovered to be far otherwise, to be numerous, most recondite, and complicate. These elementary principles are now undergoing such verification as is possible. Every theory is being put to the proof—every idea to the ordeal. At no period in the world's history were there ever so many conflicting political constitutions, so many adverse moralities, so many antagonistic views of social life, so many contested sciences, so many contending philosophers, and so many controverted creeds,

dominant, as at this moment. It is a period of great intellectual restlessness, of irregular endeavour, and of returning faith,—of that faith which is the sacramental element in the heroic—not absolutely of work, perhaps, but nevertheless rich in the promise of great deeds to come.

This anarchical aspect of our era is reflected in all the loftiest poetry to which it has given birth. From Wordsworth to Bayley it is perpetually shadowed forth. It has been warmly disputed whether, or not, the initiative in human affairs belongs to the poet; whether like a still lake he only mirrors the changes in an intellectual condition, or possesses an independent and originating faculty? A scientifically constituted mind would deny the latter as logically inconsequential according to any method of inductive reasoning. The poet, however, transcends the ordinary logic of science; the law of a part is not necessarily the law of the whole. Poetry involves and includes science in its highest form—philosophy: therefore does the poet not submit to be judged by inadequate canons. The only jury that can judge him truly must be impanelled from his peers, and they have over and over again decided that to the poetic mission is assigned the creative and originating powers. The non-idealist may demur at this mode of settling the question; but it is clearly evident that *he* is not competent to sit in judgment. The ministry of the poet, like that of the prophet, can only be self-accredited. The powers of either can be only verified in their works; and to comprehend and interpret those works required kindred capacities. Where these are wanting, the oracles of inspiration are unintelligible—its prophecies loom darkly and dimly in the distance like the shadows of a departed world. To deny the initiative to poetry, is to mistake radically its mission and method. Unlike ordinary science, poetry is intuitive, not inductive; its mode of discovery is synthetic, not analytic; it arrives at truth by concretion, not by dissection. With this difference dividing poetry from mere science, the logic of the latter is obviously inapplicable to the former. The creative are evidently a loftier range of faculties than the merely decomposing. Seneca and Mandeville could analyse human character, and lay bare human motives—especially of the ignobler kind—with consummate dexterity, but it required the immortal genius of a Homer and a Shakspeare to embody the no less immortal lineaments of Hector and of Hamlet. The poetic mind infinitely transcends the critical: Schlegel could write profoundly

on the characters of the bard of Avon ; could he have conceived Iago ? Poetry is doubtlessly the highest and most permanent expression of human thought ; and its sphere comprehends and surrounds the minor orbs of the particular sciences, as those of the superior planets do the inferior. To compare one with the other, or to judge of one by the established logic of the other, is to commit a mischievous solecism.

As before intimated, the grandest poetry of the age embodies this intellectual restlessness—this yearning but unsatisfied spirit—this struggle for a loftier and more spiritual life ;—and, ever and anon gives promise of the brilliant future that is dawning on the world. Poetry has been busy with the great problems of the age ; its solutions have been various, yet all instructive. At the very dawn of the century, the giant intellect of Germany sat down to solve the mystery of life, but he was too premature. The cold and unbelieving Göthe was, moreover, too much mixed up with the world and its affairs ; too mindful of that eternal *Von* ; too much a statesman, and too great a sceptic, to resolve the mystery. Faust, has, however, a value of its own, mental and historical. It images an epoch ; not a grand, but still important epoch. It is a reflex of the universal selfishness ; hard, consequential, logical, intellectual selfishness. What are its lessons ? Doubt ; philosophical doubt : morally ? Indifference ; the non-fortitude of the stoic : cosmically ? Fatalism. The noblest efforts rendered abortive ; the most generous instincts of our nature made the ministers of ill ; beneficence frustrated ; pleasure discovered to be a cheat, faith a mockery, happiness a dream ; these are the moralities of Faust. And thus the keen, cold intellect of the Baron Von Göthe, found the elixir of life in insensibility. The whole art and mystery of existence consisted in knowing how to bear ; to laugh, or sneer at the world, and keep yourself comfortable ; in a word, in selfish-equanimity.

This philosophy was a natural product of the time. As the incarnation of the worldly instincts, it is perhaps natural to all times ; and therefore do the worldly-wise still smile on the Baron Von Göthe ; and with a sage shake of the head, and a knowing pucker of the brow, declare that he understood mankind. Yes, yes, he understood the worse portion of it. He described the world he was in contact with,—the time, the men ; the petty intrigue, the gigantic tyranny, the flunkey-meanness, and the splendid vice ; the political wrongs, the moral laxity, the mental

scepticism, the universal selfishness that prevailed in Europe at the commencement of the nineteenth century.

Later on, but still long before these chaotic elements had settled down, the more fervid and impassioned spirit of Byron rushed into the arena, and, in *Cain* and *Manfred*, gave his solution of the mystery of life. I should have said expressed his burning desire for a solution, for he actually solves nothing, though his grand and melancholy scepticism is full of suggestive power. His unbelief is never fixed, definite, logical, like that of his German rival; but wavering, mournful, involuntary. He is religious, but without a formula of faith; moral, but without a system. He found no relief in doubt. To his impassioned nature, indifference could not be all-sufficing; and his yearning, now mournful, now tender, now elevated, all breathe of hope; and from his very melancholy, the meditative spirit may extract the elements of a confiding faith.

This unsettled aspect of the intellectual life of our present century was the symbol of advance. *Manfred* and *Cain* are historical as well as *Faust*. The empire of the dark spirit of scepticism was then invaded, and a progress towards a brighter phase of things commenced.

The most recent emanation from "the source divine" that attempts to wrestle with the great enigmas of mortal being, is *Festus*, one of the most original and audacious poems in any language. Its machinery consists of men and spirits; and the changes of mental condition are represented, as in all supernal literature, by individual agents endowed with preternatural powers. Such conditions the poetical reader is, however, prepared to grant, as the practice of the great masters from Homer downwards has familiarised him to the use of spiritual things personified. The action of the story differs little from those of *Faustus*, *Cain*, and *Faust*. Lucifer obtains permission to tempt the soul of *Festus* to its ruin; and knowing the guiding tendencies of his mind, succeeds by offering him knowledge, pleasure, power, in luring him on to sin. The Tempter carries him through Space, Hell, and Heaven, and gives him to see and know the grandeur of the Infinite. When Knowledge is sated with excess, he fascinates him with love and beauty. That too palls, and he has yet boundless desires unsatisfied. Then the Tempter gives him wealth; and finally, as his last gift, bestows on him the kingdoms of the earth. The monarch of the world is yet unsatisfied; and with a soul still yearning for the Infinite, to

which it feels akin, witnesses without remorse the final end—the world burnt up—the firmament melted away with fervent heat—and, with quenchless and immortal longings in his soul, expires upon creation's funeral pile. This is a grand conception, but not original. The originality of the poem is in the treatment of the story. It is no mean proof of the writer's genius, that he has given a new interest, a fresh vitality, to a subject so frequently and so magnificently treated. *Paradise Lost*, *Cain*, and *Faust* excite, but daunt emulation. Comparison with these sublime productions is unavoidable; by that comparison must he be judged, and by that judgment must he stand or fall. My present object with the poem is not however critical, but moral; its literary demerits have been frequently—though not adequately—discussed; let us hastily glance at its philosophy. *Festus* is a poem of life—of the deep and inward life of a great human spirit. It is the history and mental autobiography of a soul endowed with gigantic powers and commensurate passions, which, thrown into an era of chaotic systems and ever-revolutionary thoughts, wanders wildly in search of light; and in its misery questions daringly concerning the mysteries of its being. These interrogations are earnest and solemn; sometimes high, startling, awful. With daring hand the veil is rent aside, and what the common eye and mind had deemed the unapproachable, laid bare. In this *Festus* is but a type of our present intellectual condition, and especially of that of the young. All thinking minds are in a revolutionary state. Vast changes are impending; new elements of power are starting up with great rapidity around us; a new cycle casts its shadow on the dial of our thoughts. Each new discovery is a revelation of other and grander discoveries yet to be made. Great problems—social and moral, mental and cosmical—press forward for solution. Intellect is at work upon them. New conditions of life have arisen—the progress of discovery is perpetually revolutionary—difficulties have sprung up, and we have gone to seek from tradition, a remedy for that which has had no parallel in the past. We have interrogated history, but the oracle was silent. We have asked from philosophy what she is incompetent to teach: her answers availed not. They were too attenuated for mind; too conventional for morals. We have not yet convinced ourselves that new diseases may require new remedies. There is yet too much respect for tradition entertained in high places—in those cold mountain regions of society to

which the genial warmth of the vernal sun ascends the last. But the inquiring spirit now abroad is too earnest to be frightened from its pursuit of truth ; too intelligent to be imposed upon by the once omnipotent dogmatism of authorised ignorance. Like the Portuguese mariners, who feared to trust at first the unerring compass, our hereditary fears embarrass us ; but we too will speedily learn to track the illimitable ocean of life with safety. To dare is half the deed. Give rein to free thought and free investigation. To the profane, everything is profane ; to the holy, everything is holy.

The aim of Festus is to exhibit the Ministry of Evil in the world ; to show that sin, and its inseparable attendant, suffering, are instruments in the hands of the Omnipotent, and form a part of that stern but salutary discipline, by means of which humanity is redeemed from its fallen condition. This design is worked out with much more power than art. The morality is insinuated, rather than obtruded ; and more consecutiveness, as well as subordination of parts to the effect and whole, are wanting to perfect the poem.

We are introduced to the hero, who is musing, thus—

“ This is to be a mortal and immortal !
To live within a circle ! All things unto me
Show their dark sides : somewhere there must be light . . .
Oh ! I feel like a seed in the cold earth,
Quickening at heart, and pining for the air
My spirit is on edge : I can endure
Nought that has not the honied sting of sin,
That soothing fret that makes the young untired,
Longing to be beforehand with their nature,
In dreams and loneliness cry : They die to live
No matter, we are immortal ! How I wish
I could love men ! for, amid life’s quests,
There seems but worthy one—to do men good.
It matters not how long we live, but how.” . . .

To the yearner Lucifer suddenly appears—

“ Who art thou, pray ! ” .

The answer contains a startling assertion. He replies sardonically :—

“ Thou know’st me well. Though stranger to thine eye,
I am not to thine heart ! ”

Lucifer is the embodied principle of evil—not as it is commonly conceived, an element absolutely hostile to good, but as a correlative,

as an antithesis, or still more philosophically, as an antagonism. The difference between hostility and antagonism is well understood by logicians. Hostility may signify irreconcilable conflict; antagonism cannot. It means simply opposition, as the centripetal and centrifugal force oppose and neutralise each other. The two blocks of granite, that falling against each other compose the goblin arch, press in different directions, but so that the one supports the other; and the greater the weight of the blocks, the firmer and safer will be the arch. Such is the antagonism of good and evil.

In Bayley's Spirit of Evil, there is nothing human. It is not a bold, bad man, like Marlow's; nor a proud defying one, like Milton's; nor a sneering, sarcastic one, like Göthe's. It is, perhaps, more finely conceived than any of these. It is the incarnation of a principle—Lucifer, and moral evil, as it exists in the world, are, with Bayley, logical equivalents. Personify evil, and you have the devil. It is the destiny of this dark spirit to perform a ministry that militates against itself—a ministry that out of sin brings forth holiness; from doubt, faith; from death, immortality. Though ignorant of the final consummation of things, the genius of evil has a preternatural instinct that its work is all abortive. And this is the punishment of evil—an everlasting negation. Though monarch of Hell, he feels he is a vassal to a higher power, whose mandate he would disobey but cannot. This is pre-eminently a philosophical creation. Describing himself, the spirit says:—

"It is not for me to know the end of evil,
The arrow knoweth not his end and aim,
And I keep rushing, raining along,
Like a great river, rich with dead men's souls.
For if I knew, I might rejoice; and that
To me by nature is forbidden. I know
Nor joy nor sorrow; but a changeless tone
Of sadness, like the night-winds, is the strain
Of what I have of feeling. I am not
As other spirits, but a solitude,
Even to myself."

A solemn and consoling truth is here developed. Sin is in truth a solitude. There can be no true fellowship in guilt; the good alone are friends. Everything about this evil spirit suggests one grand idea—evil is not eternal. It is limited in power, limited in knowledge, limited in endurance. Nothing seems permanent about it: decay, and ultimate annihilation, are written upon its

brow. This seems to be the author's belief, though it is not expressed definitely ; indeed, it is involved in his very conception of the nature of evil. It is a temporary agency used for a temporary purpose ; and like any other instrument, when its office is performed, to be set aside. Its necessity as a discipline in the present constitution of things is, however, strongly maintained. Speaking of the soul, it is said :—

“ God fitted it for good ; and evil is
Good in another form we are not skilled in.”

This is the revelation, if it may be accepted as such, which the poem involves—that sin chastens, but does not destroy. Great natures require stern discipline. Their faculties and propensities are all on a large scale. They have no peccadillos. Their virtues and their faults are alike imposing. The sins that little souls dabble in daintily, they plunge into headlong. Their very greatness, their powerful tendencies to good, cause them to sin greatly ; the fall of the pendulum must be equal to the rise, the block of the arch must be equipoised. The sufferings they endure are only in proportion to their strength ; nay, from those sufferings springs that strength. Such is the orbit described by Festus ; but in all his errors he never loses confidence in virtue and in truth ; in all his wanderings, his faith in Providence remains unshaken, and by that faith he is redeemed. He traverses that path so well described by St. Paul, in a passage that contains a system of moral philosophy at once profound and practical. “ *Tribulation worketh patience ; patience, experience ; and experience, hope.*” With St. Paul too, the groundwork of an active and heroic faith is suffering : perhaps this passage may be said to involve the whole morality of Festus. When earth has failed to satisfy the yearning spirit that needs a larger sphere, on the very brink of the great chasm which separates the living world from that which is beyond, he thus communed with himself :—

“ My mission is accomplished in this world !
I go into another, where all souls
Begin again, or take up life from whence
Death broke it at. I cannot think there will be
Like disproportion there, betwixt our powers
And will, as here : if not, I shall be happy.
I feel no bounds. I cannot think, but thought
On thought springs up, illimitably, round,
As a great forest sows itself ! but here,
There is nor ground, nor light enough to live.

Could I, I would be everywhere at once,
 Like the sea ; for I feel as if I could
 Spread out my spirit o'er the endless world,
 And act at all points.—I am bound to one."

As a work of art, Festus ranks below Faust, and even Cain ; but as a poem of life, takes precedence : while these poems state problems, Festus solves them. Göthe's philosophy ends in indifference, Byron's in uncertainty, Bayley's in belief. Göthe's morality is barren, it is inapplicable, none but the great can use it—the greatly stoical or the greatly stupid ; for free and generous natures, the acting and exalting spirits of the time, it has no attractions. That of Byron, though less heartless, less withering, is equally unsatisfactory ; though more sympathetic, it is little more fruitful. Bayley, in the spirit of a more catholic end, makes Faith—in the holier life, and grander destinies of the future world—the cardinal principle of his morality, the conserving and redeeming element in man.

New Books.

A PRACTICAL WORK ON THE MANAGEMENT OF SMALL FARMS. By Fergus O'Connor, Esq., Barrister-at-law. 6th edition. Manchester, 1847.

To estimate the utility of this work by the number of editions it has already attained, would perhaps be to take a pretty just criterion of it. It is written in a style somewhat rambling and diffuse, with touches of *naïveté* and *bonhomie* that sometimes remind us of Cobbet, and although, as might be expected, with the temper of an enthusiast, it brings out the author's case with sufficient clearness, and in all its amplitude. His plan of practical rural economy having been so long before the public, and repeated in so many journals, relieves us from the necessity of entering into any detailed account of it. It is sufficient to state, that it consists in purchasing up estates by means of a subscribed capital, and of afterwards allotting them to the individual subscribers in spaces of four acres, to be held in perpetuity for the payment of a yearly quit rent of four pounds. The practicability and social advantages of this scheme are set forth at great length, and, with the exception of a short chapter on primogeniture, which is very cursorily treated of, compose the staple of the volume.

Without derogating from his plan of making his work thoroughly practical, or lessening the value of his own pacific experiment of the allotment system, we conceive that the author might have greatly

strengthened his views by recurring to the experience of history, and to the examples furnished by other countries, both in ancient and modern times. We now propose shortly to supply what appears to be the great desideratum in this treatise.

We profess a great veneration for the Bible, and yet in no respect have we in this country more deviated from the spirit of its institutions than in what regards the distribution of the soil. When the Jews made a conquest of the land of Canaan, they marked out properties of moderate size for each person, and although the accumulation of property could not be prevented, a check was imposed on this evil by the institution of the jubilee, which, at the end of every fiftieth year, re-imposed the old division, when the lots reverted to the families to whom they originally belonged; and the heaviest and direst curses were levelled against those who should remove land-marks.

"This law (says a French jurist, M. Partoret, in his 'History of the Laws') was considered useful, in order to maintain property in moderate portions: its object was to put down that inordinate desire of property, which in gratifying the avarice of a certain number, augmented in the same degree the indigence and necessities of others, and which engenders vanity, disdain, leads to a neglect of labour, and to the destruction of virtuous habits. Although all the ambitious passions were in arms against this law, and strove to abolish it, it endured down to the sack of the sanctuary."

In the primitive times of Rome, and under the law of the Twelve Tables, which ordained an equal division in families, the properties were generally small, and the social condition of the masses comfortable. But this law having been changed by the influence of the Patricians, the land became concentrated in their hands, and was chiefly cultivated by the slaves whom they made in their conquests. Small farms almost entirely disappeared; cultivation fell off, and Italy, so naturally fertile, drew its principal supplies of corn from Africa and Sicily. This evil had come to such a height in the time of Pliny, that he denounced large estates as having effected the ruin of Italy as well as the provinces (*Latifunda perdidere Italiam et jam vero provincias*). Various unsuccessful attempts were made to restore the old Roman husbandry, of which the last and most decisive was that of the Emperor Justinian, whose Institutes placed property on a new basis, by destroying the law of primogeniture, and admitting all the members of a family without distinction of age or sex to an equal share of the paternal inheritance. This law was revived in all the trading republics of Italy that arose during the middle ages, and largely contributed to their prosperity and splendour. In modern Italy, with few exceptions, it is still in operation, and its beneficial effects on agriculture and the general well-being of the people have been well pointed out by Sismondi in his "View of Tuscan Agriculture." The late Dr. Arnold, in a letter from Florence in 1826, thus expresses himself on the subject:—

"I have long had a suspicion that Cobbet's complaints of the degradation and sufferings of the poor in England contained much truth, though uttered

by him in the worst possible spirit. It is certain that the peasantry here (in Tuscany, where the French law of succession exists) are much more generally the proprietors of their land than with us, and I believe them to be much more independent and in easier circumstances. This is, I believe, the grand reason why so many of the attempts at revolution have failed in these countries. A revolution would benefit the lawyers, the savans, the merchants, bankers, and shopkeepers; but I do not see what the labouring classes would gain by it; for them the work has been done already in the destruction of the feudal nobility and the great men; and in my opinion this blessing is enough to compensate the evils of the French revolution; for the good endures, while the effects of the massacres and devastations are fast passing away."

It is above all surprising that Mr. O'Connor should have avoided referring to France, with its law of equal succession, its small properties and farms, as a great practical illustration of the soundness of his ideas. Here he would have found materials so ample for his purpose, that the difficulty would have been how to work them up. We shall supply him with a few extracts, which he may perhaps incorporate with others in his next edition.

The latest *aperçu* of French agriculture is found in an "Encyclopædia of France" (*Patria*), which we noticed some months ago:—

"But the fallen dynasty being suspected of the design of re-establishing the aristocracy of the soil, found itself hampered in carrying out measures which would have been favourable to agriculture. Since the Revolution of 1830, a greater freedom of action has been acquired, and it is since then it has made the most rapid advances. Its progress has been such since 1789, *that its produce has increased 40 per cent.* The greater share in this increase is attributable to the subdivision of the soil among a greater number of persons who cultivate it, if not with greater science, at least with more energy and a stricter regard to economy; to the sale of the properties of emigrants; to the reclamation of waste lands; to the more general cultivation of potatoes, brought [about] chiefly by the influence of Parmentier; to the introduction of artificial grasses; to the improvements in the breed of live stock, and the rearing of domestic animals; to the great increase in merinos; and finally, to the exertions made by scientific agriculturists, especially Mathieu de Bombasle, to propagate sound agricultural doctrines. *At the present day the onward movement of agriculture continues to take place on all points of the territory, and is perhaps more rapid than in any other country.*"

M. Bombasle, the author referred to, who may, from the number and utility of his writings on French agriculture, be styled the Sir John Sinclair of France, states in his "Agricultural Annals of Rouville"—

"It is an undoubted fact, that in nine-twentieths of France the lands cultivated with the greatest care, and the most successfully, are those which belong to small proprietors, who labour them themselves. If we survey the cantons of the kingdom where the art of agriculture is in the most

forward state, and the greatest produce is obtained, such as Flanders and Alsace; if, passing the French frontiers, we observe the contiguous continental states, which can furnish the examples of a rich and prosperous husbandry, such as the best cultivated parts of Belgium, the Palatinate of the Rhine or Switzerland, we find them invariably to be the countries whose farming is practised on a small or middling scale."

M. Guichard, in a work published in Paris in 1842, bears testimony to the same effect in a long chapter, from which we have only space for a short extract:—

"It would be easy to prove that under the influence of the system of small properties, carried out to its extreme limits, the soil of France is capable of nourishing ten times the number of inhabitants that it supports at present. We are entitled to believe, that in England, as in France, small properties would, under a system of entire freedom, gain ground over large estates. The English Aristocracy, however, look upon entails and primogeniture as the last and strongest bulwark of their power and existence. They are sensible that if things were left to their natural course, the superiority of small properties would be established. The very policy which they pursue, proves the inferiority of the present system, and shows that under a more free and equitable one, they would be unable to sustain a competition with small proprietors."

Lest it should be said that the French writers are biased in favour of their system, we shall refer to the "Notes of a Traveller. By S. Laing, Esq." In that work, the writer, speaking of the law of equal division in successions in operation in France, which the "Edinburgh Review" of 1823 (article "French Law of Succession") predicted would turn that country into a "*great pauper warren*," says,—

"France owes her present prosperity and rising industry to this very system of subdivision of property, which allows no man to live in idleness, and no capital to be employed without a view to its reproduction, and places that great instrument of industry and well-being in the hands of all classes. The same area of arable ground, according to Dupin, feeds now a population greater by eight millions, and certainly in greater abundance and comfort, than under the former system of succession. In this view, the comparison between the old feudal construction of society in France, and the new, under the present law of succession, resolves itself into this result,—that one-third more people are supported under the new, in greater abundance and comfort, from the same extent of arable land. . . . Minute labour on small portions of arable land gives evidently, on equal soils and climates, a superior productiveness where these small portions belong in property, as in Flanders, Holland, Friesland, and Ditchmarsh in Holstein, to the farmer. It is not pretended, by our agricultural writers, that our large farmers, even in Berwickshire, Roxburghshire, or the Lothians, approach to the garden-like cultivation, attention to manures, drainage, and clear state of land, or in productiveness from a small space of soil not originally rich, which distinguish the small farmers of Flanders and their system."

One of the best tests of the superiority of one system of farming over

another, is to be found in the rates of rent which they are found to yield. Let our author turn to Sir John Sinclair's Statistical Account of Scotland, and the experience of the people of that part of the island, and he will find that the detached portions of ground, measuring a few acres each, which there get the name of *acred land*, and are devoted to the rearing of corn and the ordinary green crops, lying about Edinburgh and all the other towns of Scotland, bring two or three times higher rents than the large and most fertile farms in the country districts. The higher rate at which land in the purely agricultural districts of France is leased over that in England, is noticed by Sismondi, in his "New Principles of Practical Economy," and was proved before a committee of the House of Lords, in the session of 1846, formed for inquiring into the state of conveyancing, and the want of registers for land rights for England. Their lordships, struck with the fact, were, in their wisdom, pleased to ascribe it to the cheap conveyancing and perfect system of registration in France, without keeping in view that it was chiefly owing to the law of succession creating a free trade in the soil, and to the greater competition for land thence arising. The Lords' Report, however, contains valuable information, especially considering the source from which it comes; and we advise Mr. O'Connor to dig into it before he again goes to the press.

We were disposed to have cited, in support of our author's views, from a recent French work, of which an English translation has lately appeared, being a treatise "*On large and small Farms*, and their influence on the Social Economy; including a view of the progress of the division of the soil in France since 1815, by H. Passy, Peer of France," had we not resolved to review it soon in a separate article. We are, however, surprised at his having omitted to notice several valuable writings on the subject in question by his kinsman, General Arthur O'Connor, who has now been nearly half a century settled in France, and is the owner of a large estate, which, we believe, formerly belonged to his father-in-law, the late Marquis de Condorcet. We have occasion to know that General O'Connor has devoted the latter years of his life to the composition of a systematic work on the state of property in France, and which is likely soon to appear.

In a second notice of Mr. O'Connor's work we shall examine the chapter in which he treats of primogeniture, and the state of property in the United States of America.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S

SHILLING MAGAZINE.

TWIDDLETHUMB TOWN.*

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

STRONG DRINK FOR THE JOURNEY.—AN UPWARD LOOK AT THE
HILL OF JUSTICE.—HOW THE WIG-DOVES BREED IN TWIDDLE-
THUMB.

THE veteran Bloodbubble—he passed us, good sir, while your eyes were eating up the jackasses, eating them seasoned with our savoury discourse—sits cross-legged upon yonder gun-carridge. There, sir; straighter than your nose before you. For an hour and more has he sat there in misty meditation, cogitating nothing. His oakum match, lighted to touch forty-two pounders into passing eloquence, smoulders at his side: smoulders with ashes upon its head, and fire destructive in its heart; even, perchance, as cardinal or abbot may in his day have played his penitence.

The rusty soldier shifts his legs, and turns a blank cheek towards the castle, a little restless for the signal he could not see, were it given. And now again he hugs his arms about him, and draws his breath as though he took another hearty pull of the cup presented to him. Ha, sir; what a goblet! It is set around with diamonds from the mines of Eden; it is carved by angelic hands, and filled at the Eternal Fount of goodness. It is the Cup of Patience. Resolve to take it, and though you scoop your pauper hand into the brook, you drink from out the chalice.

* Continued from page 17, Vol. VII.

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H

Patience is the strongest of strong drinks—for it kills the giant Despair. And sweet it is to think there is no beggar so beggared who may not entertain his cup-bearer. Beautiful Hebes—dove-eyed, and clothed in woven light!—who, unseen, minister to the widow and fatherless; who fill the strengthening cup for stumbling want; who glide through prison bars, and solacing the patriot with the draught, put hopeful music even in the clanking of his chains.

Delicious drink! And there have been men who, thinking so, have got so drunk upon patience, that the sweet intoxication has endured for their lives. Unlike the vinous drunkard, the knocks and bumps they suffer in the tipping, they never feel. Therefore, doubly beautiful is the cup of patience, for there is no remorseful morrow at the bottom.

And then, the magic of the drink! What eyes and ears it gives a man! How bright and how elastic it makes the spirit! When the fruitful dews of wine are singing in the brain, that seems to break into a purple light, reflecting all things gloriously; and when Briareus only wants a hundred pockets, that he may use all his hands at once, tossing up gold and jewels for all men—why, it may be, the next moment brings the doubtful thought; the wine rejoices no longer, but stuns; and the all-helping giant lies a snoring carcase.

But the draughts from the cup of patience! They really take the masks and coverings from things; and sharpening the sight with futurity, and quickening the ears with sense above the crash and discord of the world, make the drinker prophet. The deeper his draughts, the keener his eye, the more delicate his ear. Beneath the jewelled crown he sees the naked skull; hollow-eyed, it stares upon him final companionship. The trumpets bray, and he thinks of the note that in common file shall call up king and beggar. And so—whatever be his lot—he strengthens himself with patience, making his heart-strings of immortal proof. And thus he takes his place, and plays his part: his reproof of pride, a smile; his rebuke of wrong, a sigh.

It is not for us to say whether the reader has partaken of the cup we have offered him, or at the first taste has passed it. This, however, we *do* know, Old Bloodbubble has taken such a deep-pull of the cordial, that he is now fast asleep. Let him sleep. A light-footed page will, no doubt, wake the veteran—when the

duchess shall think proper—with the news that the house of De Bobs has a son, or a daughter ; or, it may be, both ; for when women resolve to be donors, who shall limit their gifts ? Therefore, let us trust to the page to awaken the veteran with the news, which he will communicate to the guns ; and they—open-mouthed gossips—will tell all Twiddlethumb the story in thundering monosyllables.

This way, to the left.

Is not this very beautiful ? This green hill is called the Lady's Pincushion. No girl in Twiddlethumb is married who does not first—But no : we bite our tongue, and beg your pardon. The custom will be told, when we come to marriage. And at present, we are merely killing time—the only game that we free-born Britons may shoot without a license—until the Duchess De Bobs causes it to be duly signified to the guns, that her baby having squealed, they may roar their loudest.

We will descend the hill, if you please. It is a little steep. But here, sir ; grasp this goose-quill with us. Real goose, we assure you ; and *not* plucked from the wing of a harpy, as Muslinmouth man-milliner, to the crown—that is to the Duchess—has cruelly declared. There, sir ; now look at your hand : the quill has not stung it, or withered it, or blistered it, or poisoned it. Therefore, we hope, when we come to difficult places that you cannot comfortably get over you will trust to the quill again.

For the sake of your pocket, sir ; for the sake of your sweet peace of mind, avoid that stile. It is a very pretty path, is it not, that winds and winds up the opposite hill ? But you know not the dangers that beset the road ; you know not the sort of fellow who lives at the top. In the memory of no living Twiddlethumber, has a townsman travelled that path. But we have heard enough, to tell you something of its terrors.

The legend goes that ages since, at the top of that hill, Justice had, what we should call a beautiful country seat. (She has never been herself since she came to her town-house). And the path to it was so pleasant ! It was strait as a man could see ; with no ins and outs ; but we say it again, strait : strait as a tightened riband. Well, when the Twiddlethumbers disagreed, they easily travelled the road ; told their story, and had their remedy. By degrees, however, the road to Justice before so strait, was made to wind and wind ; and, of course, no short cut was

allowed. It was painted up in very large letters, that people, under the very heaviest penalty, were to keep off the grass.

How the roads became so crooked the Twiddlethumbers could not, for a long time, discover. At last they found out that certain men worked at night to crook and twist the road, to make it longer : and so vigorously, so constantly at night did they labour, that the road once so strait, was turned and twisted into all sorts of knots ; the slip-knot being the most frequent. Well, the poor Twiddlethumber—not being allowed, mind you, to go upon the grass—setting out for Justice, would walk and walk, and walk all day, and never be able to reach the top of the hill. Whereupon, after a time, a set of men sprang up who called themselves Guides to the House of Justice. They seemed to the Twiddlethumbers to talk a strange tongue : but then the simple creatures were made to believe that the wisdom of the guides was so great it could not be confined in the common language of Twiddlethumb. And thus, the less they understood of the words, the finer they believed them.

Trusting to these guides the Twiddlethumbers thought no part of the path difficult. And they were all the more confident in their footsteps, for that the guides gave them leading-strings ; made of curiously twisted horse-hair. Thus helped, the Twiddlethumbers continued to travel the winding, involved path, that led to Justice. Poor things ! Many of them, absent for a long time on the tortuous journey, when returned to their houses, had their doors shut in their faces. They were not known. So emaciated, so altered, that the wives of their bosoms slapped their faces ; and the children they had left at their breasts, hung at their skirts, and kicked their shins for frightening mother. How was this ? Why, thus.

Justice, before so simple in her household, began to keep a very numerous retinue ; her treasurer was called Korsts. Nobody exactly knows his birth. But, it is said, his father was called Ink ; and his mother Sheepskin : and, certainly, a thriving son they got between them. Well, this Korsts would have so much money before he opened the door of Justice, that many of the travellers when arrived at the threshold, could not afford to enter. And if they managed to get in, they came away so lean, so harried—sometimes broken-hearted !—that men in time feared the path to Justice as the road to beggary.

. And at length the road—that is, the road with the horse-hair

leading-strings—ceased to be travelled. The Twiddlethumbers chose among them—the office still flourishes—a certain body of grave and worthy townsmen whose care it is, at cheapest cost, to get at Justice by the straightest path.

And if any Twiddlethumber, regardless of this court, desires to walk the old winding, slip-knot path, he is taken to the museum where is preserved the bony outline of the last Twiddlethumber who, setting out for Justice, a hale and hearty man, was sent back to his friends—who would not receive him—sent back by Korsts, a naked skeleton.

Besides the worthy souls appointed, at cheapest price, to make straight all crooked differences among the Twiddlethumbers, there is a wise, good man, dwelling at yonder lodge, who sits three hours a day at his porch, to listen and give counsel to men who quarrel. This excellent man knows all the doubled, winding paths that lead to the top of the hill: but three hours a day does he bestow gratis to dissuade men from the labyrinth. Even as doctors physic the poor for nothing, so does this good, this law-learned man bestow his counsel free of charge. Hence, in Twiddlethumb, physician and lawyer hold equal rank. Body and mind have both their benefactors. And therefore it is not to be thought a matter of accident, or mere frolic of chance, that the wig of this good man—this parchment peace-maker—should have been carried from his chamber—borne away, in the claws of two turtle-doves—to yonder hazel-coppice, and inhabited, season after season, by the nesting pair. The turtle-doves reared in that wig are not to be counted; yet are they known to the Twiddlethumbers beyond all other doves or pigeons by their soft, sweet, loveable coo. Our ring-dove is a pretty bird enough; but of no more account than the sootiest house-sparrow to the wig-dove of Twiddlethumb. The townsfolk reverence it, as we respect the robin. Much more: indeed so much, that it is a high crime to kill it; a crime so easily committed, as the bird, beyond all other doves, is tame and confiding. It is much to be lamented that the Twiddlethumb wig-dove cannot be made to breed with us. But we suppose our air is too cold and cutting. Though after this, the fullest description of the bird hitherto made known, it would not in a little while surprise us, to learn that many worthy gentlemen had left their windows open, and their wigs unboxed, to give the fairest chance to the experiment.

SAILING BY CLOAK TO THE ISLE OF JACKS.—WITH SOME ACCOUNT
OF THE CAPTIVITY OF THE FEMALE SLAVES OF THE ISLAND.

AND now we are at the water-side. Do you perceive yonder island, diamond-shaped? It is very low at the edges upon the water, but rises into table-land, covered with green sward. That, sir, is the Isle of Jacks. "Hallo,—boat!" And here, at the word, comes the boy who in yonder skiff shall carry us within eye-shot of the place, where we may see the inhabitants; for it is not permitted to any craft to run ashore; lest the people banished to the island, should seize the boat, and put to sea.

A pretty boy, is he not? He is the son of a widow, a very fair and very wise woman, living round yonder point. Her husband was descended from a long line of captains—for the post was, for generations, held by the family—commanding the Duke de Bobs' sailing-yacht.

It will be no news to you to be told that certain families have, for an age or so, been sent into the world with certain marks and gifts. One family bears away a particular nose from all the other families of the earth—another bears the patent of a certain pair of lips. Another has the whitest hand and the lightest finger. Now the family—whereof the head was ever the reigning Duke's sailing-captain—had an especial gift, whereby to recommend its chief. This boy, the sole-surviving of the line, inherits the quality that made his ancestors famous; but as the present Duke de Bobs cannot abide the water—the state sailing-yacht, put out of commission, and drawn high and dry, has been given to the widow and her son for a place of habitation.

We are in the boat. And now, sir, observe the boy. The skiff, you perceive, has neither sail nor oar; and yet the boy inheriting the first gift of his race, will carry the craft where you will, by means of his cloak—an extraordinary garment; for the wearer has but to shift it, now to the one shoulder, now to the other, and, let the wind blow as it will, he makes it fair wind to him, sailing where he lists. Look at him! How complacently he sits trimming his garment; and how the skiff skims along, the water seething and singing as the bark cuts through it! Well, sir, this cloak has been in the boy's family time out of mind, and until the present day has ever been a fortune to the wearer, making him,

by virtue of its marvellous quality, the court pilot and captain. But, as we have said, the present Duke de Bobs has forsworn the sea; and the poor boy, denied the favour of the court, is compelled to turn his cloak at the lowest price for humble passengers, no richer than ourselves.

Certainly,—you are right. That anxious glance of yours at yonder black cloud—no bigger than a raven's wing—betokens a coming hurricane. Let it blow. The boy will put on his storm-jacket, and defy it. A jacket of patches, in which every wind, from every point of the compass, is carefully sewed up: this garment the boy also inherits from his ancestors, some of whom, when the world was yet in its teens, intermarried with certain of the Lapland nobility; the patched jacket coming of the female side.

And now—for the cloud is melting into the blue—we are pleasantly approaching the Isle of Jacks; for the wind, a delicious breeze, sits full in the back of the boy's cloak, adroitly trimmed to catch every gust of it. Poor lad! That cloak, cut into shrouds and sold piecemeal in some places, would make the boy a golden fortune. How many a man would give all his substance to purchase even as much of the web as would make him a garter! But, alas! there are no such cloaks—not a remnant of them—to be had in our dull world; and if there were, we question if men would be found with grace sufficient to properly carry them.

The boy has shifted his cloak, and we now sail along the island. Take this telescope. The beach has a dull and gusty look. You would think it the shore of Styx. Listen: how the pebbles chink and rattle, stirred by the waters. They are not pebbles. They are gold, and silver, and copper coin; worthless metal to the forlorn islanders, banished hither for the fraud of avarice. For you must know that the Isle of Jacks is a penal settlement for female offenders who, from all parts of the world—but especially from the most civilised corners—are condemned for a few hundred years to dwell here, the slaves of four masters. The history of one captive may serve for the rest. The culprits live in continual dread; for they inhabit paste-board huts, so loosely, so ticklishly put together, that every wind that blows scares the tenants with the horrid apprehension that they will be buried beneath a heap of ruins. But as we have said, take the history of one offender as a sample of the story of all.

Do you see yonder woman crossing a bridge; the bridge itself shaped like a cribbage-board; with large holes in it? She carries

a child : of course : all the captives carry children in the Isle of Jacks. You may observe how gingerly the woman walks, as though she feared to drop through one of the many holes with which the bridge is pierced ; drop into the brook beneath. That woman was—but no ; even at this time we will spare the feelings of an honourable family, whose griffins at the present hour bear so very smug and confident look in the Peerage. We will not disclose the offender's name : but, as a terrible moral warning to all people in her station, we hesitate not to declare that that offender was Maid-of-honour to Queen Anne. Poor thing ! There is a very handsome monument to her memory in the village church of Ruff-cum-Tucker. Alas ! how little do her descendants dream that their hooped and powdered great-great-grandmother is at this moment nursing little Jacks of Clubs for future card-tables.

However, let us proceed with her tragic history. The young lady was one night engaged at cards at St. James's Palace. By some means, the Jack of Clubs had crept to her bosom ; and she was rudely challenged by another maid—her opponent at the game—with harbouring the absent card. It may be believed that a Maid-of-honour, so accused, was a kindled flame. Her eyes would have withered any other but a female rival ; for tender women stand the fire of women, and are never hurt by it ; whilst braggart man is often smitten into ashes by the sudden flash. Our maid barbed her tongue with all sorts of stinging syllables, vowing—with the Jack at her heaving breast—that she knew nothing of his whereabouts. A gentleman would have bowed a once, and been convinced : but sister woman is not so easily cozened by her own sex. At last, our maid, taunted to desperation, clenched her little fist, and bringing it down with force upon the mahogany—(Cupid gasped, and felt his own heart bruised as that little hand smote and was smitten by the unyielding wood)—cried with a shriek that “if she knew anything about the Jack of Clubs, she wished she might have the Jack for her husband !” With this terrible aspiration, all affected satisfaction at the least ; and our maid kept a snow-white reputation, marrying only a year after, either the Gold or Silver Stick of Queen Anne's court : a nobleman next to the Queen, and of course very far from a knave.

(We fear that, despite our first caution, the name of the rosy sinner is discoverable by the heralds. What then ? They are men of honour ; and have an unfailing recipe for taking spots out of ermine.)

The maid, it is true, married and clung to the stick aforesaid ; but the Jack of Clubs was in no way to be cheated : for when the woman died she became his wife, in this Island of Jacks, wherein the Jack of Clubs and his three brethren have equal rule. And if when abroad, their children are generally opposing one another, —their fathers seem for such reason, to be all the closer friends here in their island home. And so they govern their hundreds of wives ; for they have no fewer number, all of them supplied in the persons of women who during mortal life have fobbed and cheated, or wasted the money of their husbands, or the time of their families, at cards.

And what is worse for the poor creatures—the card-players doomed to the Isle of Jacks—their children are continually torn from them ; spirited away ; sent into the common world, stretched by some wicked magic upon pasteboard, to tempt other sinners. There is not, throughout the whole world, a single Jack—whether turned up in palace or pot-house—that was not born in this island ; the child of one of the King Jacks who rule the place ; and who thus cruelly incorporate their own flesh and blood in pasteboard. But what will not even human creatures do, who give all their hearts and all their souls to cards ? Nevertheless, sir, you must own it is hard upon the poor females. Turn your glass a little this way. There are half-a-dozen women, all wives of the Jack of Diamonds. Each of them has three or four little Jacks at her apron, and each with two in her arms. And they have borne and nursed the little knaves ; and have suffered their heart-strings to wind and wind about them, and yet they know not one hour from the next when they may not be deprived of their offspring. And what is worse, —the poor creatures are now nimbly alive to the mischief that their children will inflict upon the world when sent into it. Why, sir, it is a frequent matter—albeit all unknown to the sufferer in the common world—for a great-great-grandson at a London Club to be ruined by the knave, the son by her second marriage—if, indeed, it is permitted to call it so—of his great-great-grandmother in the Isle of Jacks. And this the wretched women know ; and so their sufferings as mothers deprived of their children are made worse by the remorse they feel to furnish their flesh and blood by descent, with temptation that trips them into the pit of ruin.

And now, sir, you may probably guess wherefore the beach is heaped with gold, and silver, and even copper coin. It is, that the poor women may be teased to see about them the worthlessness

of that, which, out of very idleness for the most part, they played and cheated for when upon the earth.

It would amaze you to know the real names and dignities of women who, in your world, have shone like stars, and have reigned like goddesses and queens, and who are now living in worse than simple bondage in this Isle of Jacks,—the slaves and mistresses of the poor tyrants, who rule the place, and who, with—so to speak—their own flesh and blood, people an earth with instruments of mischief. We have told you, that every Jack of every pack of cards is born on this island; and when his heels are paid for, as they often are, in the tap-room, how little is it thought that he may have—on the mother's side at least—the brightest royal paint about him.

Where the kings and queens, who, with Jacks and aces, make up the court of cards—where they are made, we have not, we confess it, yet discovered. But we doubt not that their birth is equally strange with that of the children of the Isle of Jacks. And then—for of this we thought not of before—and then it must beat even the natural love of a mother, to love those baby knaves; squint-eyed, square-cheeked, bold-faced varlets, with after all, such ingenuous looks, that they look all the mischief that is within them.

And now, sir, we have sailed round the island—for we are not permitted to land, and for ourselves, we would not if we might,—and the boy, trimming his cloak, sails for Twiddlethumb. Meanwhile, think of the Isle of Jacks; and remembering the hard condition of the females captive there, with their frequent travail and their frequent loss, confess that the sins of the gamester may come down with increased mischief upon succeeding generations.

THE TWENTY-FIVE CLUB ADMITS A NEW MEMBER.—AN ACCOUNT OF THE SOLEMNITY, AND THE OBLIGATIONS IMPOSED UPON THE CANDIDATE.

“Boy, shift your cloak, if you please, and steer for Honeybee Bay. A good lad.” Now it bares upon us. With what open arms the shore stands before us! And you perceive with what gentle undulations its green bosom rises from the water. This place is, perhaps, the most delicious spot of all Twiddlethumb. Here the water is ever bright and rippling; the wind fresh and

nimble—never boisterous or keen. Here every day myriads of flowers open their eyes, and breathe their sweetness to the sun ; and here they pass away like dew exhaled, leaving no leaf decayed, no blossom withered to tell a tale of death. And upon the shore are beautiful shells, red-lipped as Venus, and voiced with wondrous singing. Place one of them to your ear, and its voice will call up in your breast all the long mute music of your early days, when life dreamt not of hope, the present was so full of happiness. The shell will sing to you sweet familiar sounds of the past blended with tones that harmonise, and yet are richer, sweeter, deeper, than the air departed ; as though some higher spirit caught the dying strain, continuing it in more melodious volume.

And now the boat skims in between the sharp-edged stones—like a sea-bird to its cleft—and the craft still in deep water, we tread the causeway built in lucky sport by the Tritons, when, by moonlight and roaring laughter, they hurled the fragments at one another. How ripe and rich with colour—with hues that warm the heart—is this pillar of rock ; the world's almanac, with ages in it, printed after ages ; Time, solemn in the granite of a dead world, yet wearing on his sunny brow the flowers of the morning.

And now, sir, sit down ; for we must question you before we climb the hill. To-day, of all days, is the great festival of the Twenty-five Club. As a stranger to Twiddlethumb, you may be permitted to witness the festivity. For, be it known to you, that the Club contains only a chosen number of townspeople : a few of the Club, tried and purified, ere they are permitted to join the body. The Duke himself has been rejected : wealth and station supplying no pass-words of admission. And yet there are but two questions—though they may be made, like a vine, to shoot out into branches innumerable—two questions to be satisfied, and the candidate is admitted to the fullest honours of the fraternity. The two questions are these :—

“ Are you older than five-and-twenty ? ”

“ Will you ever, forgetful of what you owe to yourself, and to the beauty, and benevolence, and everlasting spirit of nature,—will you ever, wantonly, ignobly, and most foolishly consent to become more than five-and-twenty,—even though your face should be wrinkled like wind-blown water, your hair white as the surging sea ? ”

Now, sir, these seem easy questions to answer : but deeply

considered, they require a strong, an earnest, aye and happy man, to reply to them with a bold, conscientious yes. And let us not speak only of men, but of women. Poor souls! It is much to be doubted whether the queries are not even more difficult to them to respond to assuringly. Yet taken literally, certainly not. And for this good reason.

Eve it is well-known was sixteen years old when she was awakened at the side of her husband. Sixteen years old, say ancient writers; and that so boldly, that they must have seen Eve's register written on the lilies of Paradise. Now women—who have nine times out of ten more curious rabbinical learning than the mean envy of our sex will allow to them—women, inheriting the privilege from their first parent believe that, after a certain time, they have a just right to let their first sixteen years go for nothing: and so they sink the preliminary sixteen with a smile, counting with mother Eve their seventeenth as their first real birth-day. And they are right. For it deducts from your woman of five-and-forty all that she cares to lose, giving her a fair start with Eve, and pegging her back to full-blown nine-and-twenty. And indeed, it is impossible that any really charming woman should be a day older.

Hark! there! the music. The flutes, and the tambourines, and the fiddles. Hush! Do you hear the chorus? The voices are thin, and sharp, and shake a little, but there is rejoicing heart in all of them. And now, we have no time to talk the preface we intended; for a new candidate is to be elected into the club and—for ourselves, we have long been an honorary member—and we must lose no moment if we would not lose the ceremony.

And climbing the ascent, we wound along paths skirted and hung with sweet-smelling shrubs and flowers, orange-trees and heliotropes, and the friendly honeysuckle, sweet type of amity, clinging that it may comfort with its sweetness—and jasmine, with starry eyes shining through sober green.—And as we walked, the herbs crushed by our feet sighed forth their odorous breath, returning good for injury.

At length we came into an open space; and you, sir, being close at our side all the time, you remember the verdant living temple of holly, and laurel, and cedar, and all the shrubs and trees that dare the winter with unfading leaves still green beneath, though piled and heaped with snow. At the foot of a

cedar, chief pillar of the temple, a fountain leapt from the earth, and ran adown the mount ; but still it ran perpetually bright, perpetually young, until it mingled with the universal sea.

As we entered upon the level ground, the procession, winding downwards, approached us. There were some fifty men, and about five-and-twenty women. To take their faces, and turn them to the light, and cogitate deeply upon the lines marked upon them by Time, there was not a face that would have passed for a day younger than forty, (though be it known, we do not always trust to the seeming marks of Time, knowing that, like an unjust tapster, he is now and then apt to score double). Again, there were other faces, embrowned by sixty harvest-times at least. All the men and women were clothed in drapery of gayest colours ; and all carried flowers in their hands, and wore chaplets of amaranths about their heads.

Four men carried in a litter of palm-leaves the new candidate for the Twenty-Five Club. To speak arithmetically, he was sixty years old at least ; but spiritually—and you cannot hamper spirit with figures, remember that, sir, and defy addition—spiritually he was, as his examination afterwards proved, no more than five-and-twenty : and at five-and-twenty he vowed to stay.

The neophyte was dressed in a sky-blue robe, with a garland of ivy about his snow-white head. When he arose from the litter, it was to be observed that he limped with an old sciatica—nevertheless, with its fangs in his nerves, he would only be five-and-twenty.

The President of the Club—he was always elected President who had been longest five-and-twenty—put the two questions rehearsed above to the candidate, and was satisfactorily answered ; the tambourines, and the flutes, and the fiddles sounding blithe accompaniment as the yes was uttered.

And then two of the club, bearing in separate baskets, fruits and flowers ; and a third carrying in a crystal cup water from the leaping fountain, approached the candidate ; and then the President addressing him in a pleasant voice, said these words :

“ You promise—and especially promise from this day—never to grow a day older than the days that make five-and-twenty years, the only reasonable time of life of man ?

“ This you promise, that your eyes may still behold the same beauty in the stars ? That your heart may still beat with the rising sun, and melt when he is setting in his tent of glory ?

"This you promise, that you may have eyes and ears for the world of beauty and gladness that encompasses you ; no beauty fading, no sound of gladness growing dumb ?

"By the ever-springing loveliness of flowers—by the ever-sounding music of the birds—by the rivers and fountains—by harvest-time, and by the season of fruits ; you promise to remain spiritually fixed at five-and-twenty ? "

"I promise," said the candidate. And as he spoke, he laid his hands upon the fruits and flowers, and emptied the crystal goblet to solemnise the compact.

"Be ever stedfast, and be ever five-and-twenty," said the President. "The eyes fail : the back bows, the hair is whitened ; youth departs from every joint and every organ—but the heart, if the owner wills it—the heart is ever young."

It must be confessed, sir, a great privilege this to be of the fraternity of the Twenty-five Club. And is it not a pity that, with so many millions of men upon the earth, there are so few—such is the perverseness of the human animal—eligible to the brotherhood ?

HOW THE TWIDDLETHUMBERS CELEBRATE THEIR FORTIETH AND EIGHTIETH BIRTH-DAYS. — AND OF THE GUESTS ON SUCH FESTIVALS.

AND now, sir, as you have beheld this most pleasant ceremony, we will leave the Club to enjoy its constitutional good humour ; for—we have kept the secret until now, to enjoy the pleasure of the surprise—we have an invitation for you. There is a feast, a birth-day feast, afoot ; and as our friend, you will find cup and trencher and hearty welcome at the board. To-day, sir, Maximus Mouse, a sort of magistrate of Twiddlethumb, celebrates one of the two birth-days—called the Birth-days of the Ghosts—held in great solemnity among the town's folk. Two birth-days, sir ; and they fall when the man reaches the top of the hill of life—forty ; and again when he has descended the other side, should he indeed get so low as four-score.

Half-an-hour's walk, and we arrive at Mouse-Hall. In a few minutes, and you catch it shining through the trees : a hospitable beacon on a round, green mount. Your nose, sharpened by the fresh air, may even here smell the odours of the good cheer

wafted from the hall and kitchen. Yes : they are not to be mistaken—they come thicker and thicker upon us. Unseen envoys from chine and pasty and unstopped flask, to coax travellers by the nose to come and eat and drink ! Mend your pace, sir : very good. For here is Mouse Hall.

Folks in their best attire, and wearing their most satisfied looks, stream in at the door. That man—with a mild, grave face—drest in black, is Maximus Mouse. Poor fellow ! He is about to entertain a strange sort of guests ; and now and then, a wan and anxious smile pulling at the corners of his mouth, betrays his inward trouble. No man throughout Twiddlethumb is more respected than Maximus Mouse : and yet—punctilious creature !—he may at this moment accuse himself of many self-known shortcomings that make him blush for the good opinion he has stolen for himself from the easiness of his fellow-townsmen. We do not boldly aver that it is so. Nevertheless, it may be so. For who shall say, when applauding shouts break in thunder about some human idol ; who shall say, that a voice, a thin hissing voice of self-reproach, does not turn to burning mockery the idolatry of the worshippers ?

Maximus still stands at the door-way—it is the custom of Twiddlethumb—and greets every visitor. Let us push for the door-step.

We told you that, as our friend, the master of the Hall would give you hearty welcome, and you have had it. The reception room is fairly crammed. Hush ! That, sir, is the dinner-bell. And now, we must fall in with the procession, to escort the host to the banquet. Such is the fashion at such times. Let us keep close, side by side.

The host has entered the banquetting-room ; and now, you perceive, that venerable man—he is the eldest of the guests—locks the door from the outside, and puts the key in his pocket. And now, you see that all the guests prepare to leave the house. Take our arm, and when we have reached the road, we will duly answer your looks of questioning wonder. Here we are. Now you shall be satisfied.

Maximus Mouse is to-day forty years old, and is at the present moment entertaining nine-and-thirty guests. Unbidden guests ; who whether he would or not, seat themselves at his board this day, and look—aye, sir, there it is, who shall say how they look—upon the feast-giver ?

For these nine-and-thirty guests, are the ghosts of the nine-and-

thirty birth-days of the host : the birth-days ~~pass~~ past into the sepulchre of time, but rendered up for this day's awful festival—meeting their fortieth brother. At this moment, sir, Maximus Mouse is set about by all the shadows of his departed years.

On his right hand, innocent and beautiful, sits and smiles the Ghost of his First Year : the spectre of the Twentieth faces him from the bottom of the table, and the shade of the Thirty-Ninth shoulders him close on the left. Is not this a solemn array of guests ?

We know not how Maximus may meet the ghosts. Let us hope that, albeit, he may look sorrowfully, sheepishly, in the faces of some few, he may smile, and with cheerful looks, acknowledge the recollections of the greater number. We may not judge him for himself ; but we may ponder on the solemnity of such a gathering.

Look at the host—the man of forty. With what regretful love, with what wondering tenderness, he gazes at the babe at his right hand, the Twelvemonth Self. And that was he ! And then his eye passes rapidly adown the file, saddening as it glances ! And then he turns again to that bud of life upon his right, and sighs and smiles. And so along the table, watching that opening bud, unclosing in the Second, Third, Fourth, Sixth, Eighth, enlarging guest. And at the Ninth or Tenth again he pauses ; for one of them may be the early time-mark between the happy thoughtlessness of childhood, and the sudden shadow of too early care. And the Eleventh Shadow—even the Eleventh—is pinched and thin, and worn ; it has a look of early knowledge taught by sordid teachers. And the look deepens and darkens from neighbour to neighbour. But the Eighteenth Ghost has a look of wisdom that defies the gathered experience of all mankind. It knows everything, and has never cared to study for it. The knowledge has come to it unsought, unasked, like the colour of its hair, the tint of its skin. And so, the Eighteenth Ghost, erect, and with crossed arms, head aloof, and lifted nostril, sits armed mailed proof in its own conceit. The host—the man of Forty—shakes his head, perhaps lightly laughs, and still—still glances down the table. The Nineteenth, Twentieth Ghost differ little from their Eighteenth neighbour ; though—to scan them closer—the look may be a little less assured.

Twenty-One sits, dilated, with a flush of triumph on its brow. Though close to Twenty, in very truth, how far distant ! And yet in Twenty-One, the host remembers things that Twenty-Two,

and Twenty-Three, and Twenty-Four, sits the less easily, and look the less airily for the acting.

And there is Twenty-Five ! The host starts as he gazes on the year : a year blackened with falsehood—clouded with tears—and guilty of a brokenheart, broken from too much trusting. The host groans, and with his hand clasping his brow, would shut out the sight, the recollection of that worse than felon year. But it cannot be. He must look down and up the table. He must, with a fixed eye, look upon the face of every dead year—every spectre guest.

And the deed of Twenty-Five, though it shadowed not his immediate neighbours, was acknowledged by the host, darkening, at intervals, the following years ; even to the nine-and-thirtieth.

And thus the host looks in the face of every guest ; and, as it may be, takes remorse or comfort from the dark or cheerful aspect of his passing table companions.

And it is strange to think how sometimes the years on one side of the board may frown and scowl at the opposite guests, so much have the sad-looking ones endured from the folly, the idleness, the perverseness of their foregone brethren. Were they not guests, they would surely sometimes fall to buffets.

You will allow, sir, that this sort of birth-day at this moment celebrated by Maximus Mouse—(may he have the heart and the good conscience to crush a cup with every one of his company, even from left to right)—is a more solemn festival than any known in our frivolous and forgetful society. There, sir, men celebrate their birth-days as only so many victories over Time, with not a recollection of the many good and gentle hopes and thoughts they may have wounded or destroyed in the battle. Now, in Twiddlethumb—twice at least in a man's life, if he live the years, he is compelled to celebrate the return of his natal hour in the most solemn company that man, by memory, can evoke from the past—that is, face to face, and eye to eye, with the ghosts of his birth-days.

How few of us, sir,—were the guests all willing to come—would be in haste to send down invitation cards to their dwelling place, the World of Shades ! How few would ask to banquet with us the Ghosts of our Birth-Days !

OH WEARY THOUGHTS BE STILL!

Oh weary, weary thoughts, be still !

Oh life—why should life be
A thing for only vain regrets
And bitterness to me !

For love to give or to withhold,
Is all our power above—

Oh fate, why did we ever meet,
Why ever did we love !

If love were sin, to sin or no
Was all beyond our will ;

Alas, why should my life be grief !
Oh weary thoughts be still !

A hard, hard lot I know is mine,
Of work, and want, and scorn ;

And yet with what a gladness all
With him I could have borne !

With him, what fate had I not shared,
Content, that life had given !

With him, with what of pain and want
Had I not tearless striven !

Oh why should love, so blessing some,
My days with misery fill !

Alas, why should I long to die !
Oh weary thoughts be still !

Who say not all the wealth of Earth
Can happiness impart ?

Alas, how little do they know
How want can break a heart ?

How want has stood 'twixt sundered lives,
Lives parted through the shame,

That station wedding poverty
Had linked unto its name.

Oh God, what different life were mine,
If it had been thy will,
My lot with his had equal been !
Oh weary thoughts be still !

Another with his love is blessed,—
I am another's now ;
Between us is for evermore,
A double holy vow ;
But years must deeper changes bring
Than change of state or name,
Ere, early love and thoughts forgot,
Our hearts are not the same :
Alas, the feelings of the past
Our lives must ever fill ;
Oh would—oh would I could forget !
Oh weary thoughts be still !

I know—I know, to think of him
As once I thought is sin,
But all in vain I strive my mind
From its old thoughts to win ;
His treasured words—his low fond tones
My eyes with tears will dim ;
My thoughts by day—my dreams by night
Will fill themselves with him :
And what we were, and what we are,
Comes back, do all I will ;
Alas, why did I ever live !
Oh weary thoughts be still !

There's love within my husband's looks,
That I with joy should see ;
Alas, it brings another face,
That once looked love on me ;
And tears will even dim my gaze
Upon my baby's face,
As not a look I see it wear
That there I'd thought to trace.
Oh why should thus the joys of life
With grief mine only fill !
Alas, why did I ever live !
Oh weary thoughts be still !

Oh men ! oh men ! God never willed,
 That lives that nature meant
 To bless each other's days, by you
 Asunder should be rent ;
 A deadly sin he surely holds
 The worldly thoughts that part,
 For chance of birth or chance of wealth,
 A heart from any heart.
 World, world, thou crossest God, his Earth
 With broken hearts to fill ;
 Alas, how blessed might ours have been !
 Oh weary thoughts be still !

Osborne Place, Blackheath.

W. C. BENNETT.

EDITOR-HUNTING IN PRUSSIA,

BY AN EX-CONDUCTOR OF A PRUSSIAN NEWSPAPER.

"THAT sort of thing makes one repent the time lost in the study of your philosophical language !" said the Englishman, throwing down a German paper, which he had been reading for the last half-hour. "I beg your pardon for the remark, but I will frankly own to you that I am sick of your ruins and disgusted with your countrymen !"

There was so much sincerity in the tone of voice with which this sweeping censure was pronounced that I felt nettled. "Indeed ?" said I—"and pray what did you learn German for ?"

"I was misled by Mr. Bulwer, who calls you a *thinking* nation. He must be more sharp-sighted than I am, for, to the best of my knowledge, you are a chatting nation, but not a thinking one. I wonder now, for instance, what thoughts Mr. Bulwer, or anybody else, whoever he be, could find in this miserable piece of printed blotting-paper, which you call the 'Cologne Gazette ?'"

"Perhaps it is an uninteresting number," said I. "Such things will happen, you know."

"No, sir !" said the Englishman. "I have been in this country above half-a-year, and poisoned my breakfast with reading this same 'Cologne Gazette' every morning, but I cannot say that I

found any one number of greater interest than this, flat as it is. I have read your Berlin papers, and your Frankfort papers too, and they are still worse. And I say, sir, that the Press in your country is in a miserable condition."

"Suppose it is. Why should that circumstance disgust you with the people? I dare say, they would have better papers if they could get them."

"It is because they cannot get them, that I feel disgusted with the people. I mean no offence to you, but I say, sir, that it is perfectly disgraceful for any nation to crawl along with such a gossiping, humbugging Press as yours is. It is the people who make the Press. A newspaper is written by a score of thousands of individuals. It tells them, every morning, what they think and what they do. That is the case in our country. You may take up any paper in a London Club and it will at once inform you of what is going forward in thought and action. Now look at yours, you are thinking nothing and you are doing nothing. You are a fanciful people, sir. You are too fond of unmeaning phraseology."

I had more than one reason to be displeased with the tone of my steam-boat acquaintance, for such was the Englishman who spoke so harshly of my countrymen and their newspapers, and that too immediately after we had settled what the author of "Headlong Hall" calls the "meteorological preliminaries." The above conversation took place on a night-steamer which runs between the town of Düsseldorf and Cologne, and the turn which it took came the more home to me, from the fact of my being just on my way to exchange the editorship of one German paper for that of another. If my interlocutor could have possibly been aware of this fact, I would have been entitled to have considered his remarks as outrageously personal. But that was impossible. The Englishman, who abused our Press, struck me as a man of an enlightened and cultivated mind, and the quiet and unostentatious way with which he adopted many continental customs; for instance, the smoking his cigar in the smoking-room of the vessel, showed that his remarks resulted from conviction and not from that grumbling prejudice, which makes many English travellers so disagreeable.

A steam voyage from Düsseldorf to Cologne is terribly tedious. There is nothing in view but low banks and an endless succession of flat monotonous plains. But even had there been something more to see it would have been of no use, for the night was dark

and a drizzling rain was drenching all those who ventured to walk on deck. The weather and the darkness nailed me to the spot and forced me to listen to the arguments of my new acquaintance, who proceeded with a kind of dry sententious enthusiasm.

"Look at your papers and tell me, if you please, one single instance in which any one question, political, financial, social, or religious, is treated of in a fair, candid, straightforward manner. There is a latitudinarianism in all your articles, which is quite revolting. You seem completely ignorant of what is passing in your country, or indeed in almost any country in Europe, and you write long-winded papers about the Caffres and the Bushmen, of whom you cannot know anything, and in whom you can take no rational interest whatever. You ought to send a parcel of your Editors to England, just to teach them to get up a daily or weekly paper in proper style!"

"I have no doubt," said I, "that some of our Editors will soon be sent to England. But, sir, you talk as if our style and the choice of our subjects depended wholly on ourselves. You forget the preventive measures of Government, and their action on the Press."

"No, indeed, I do not. I am aware that you write under *Censur*, and I protest I am heartily glad of it. I wish we had the same institution in England. It would do away with a great deal of revolutionary talk, and our papers would be all the better for it."

"But if you approve of the cause, how can you quarrel with the effect? I do not understand your reasoning. The Prussian Press is what it is, only by the action of the *Censur*."

"Oh, I know all that!" rejoined the Englishman. "That is the way you talk whenever your faults are mentioned. You cannot bear to hear of them. You throw all the blame on the Government, and when you are too-lazy to be rational, you give yourselves the air of martyrs. Why can you not write sensibly without preaching regicide, anarchy, and confusion? It is to put down that tendency to disseminate wild and immoral doctrines that your Press has been put under surveillance! I, sir, have read your *Censur* laws, and I protest there is nothing more fair and just than these very laws, which all your countrymen rail at. Why their very clamour against them proves that they would write treason, if they could. It is quite generous in your king to save

newspaper printers from the pains and penalties of the law, by appointing an officer to read the paper before it comes out."

"Why," replied I, "it is a generosity which our printers would gladly dispense with. The Censor's fee for each number is eighteen-pence, which the printer must pay. Each of our papers may be considered to have an eighteen-penny stamp, and this safety from the pains and penalties of the law, as you call it, costs the printer about twenty-five pounds a year. Add to this the expense he is at, for the re-composition of articles, the alterations in the text, and the pay of the man who is kept on purpose to receive the Censor's verbal instructions, and—"

"I beg your pardon for interrupting you. It may be very hard for a right-minded printer to pay, as far as I understand it, forty pounds a year for the delinquencies of his fellow-tradesmen, but as far as regards those who make the Censor almost daily change and suppress articles, they are entitled to no pity. If newspaper proprietors must needs employ the fiercest and most revolutionary writers of the age, and in that way put a premium on treason—why, let them bear the consequences! Knowing that their papers are all published with Censur, and that none of their delinquencies will ever be allowed to shock the public, it seems almost too bad in them to go on, day after day, writing and printing their sanguinary threats and harangues, in defiance not only of all law, but of common decency."

The Englishman had thus far proceeded in his argument, when I interrupted him, by asking him to tell me his name. He looked astonished, and informed me his name was Capel, that he was a gentleman, or with other words, that he had nothing on earth to do, that he travelled in Germany because he liked the Continental manners better than the English, but that he thought of leaving the country, disgusted as he was with our politics and the gossip of our papers. "I have told you all this," added he, "though I do not see what you can make of it. My name and station have nothing to do with your side of the argument."

"They have indeed little in common with it," said I; "my object was to know the name of so great a favourer of the Censur. Now, Mr. Capel, let me introduce myself to you. I am one of those men whom you detest so much. I am a Prussian newspaper Editor."

"Really!" exclaimed Mr. Capel. "I own I should not have thought it. However, sir, if you are, the worse for you: that is all I can say."

"I agree with you, for an Editor's fate is a very hard one. But, sir, you have spoken so harshly on the subject of my own principles and those of my colleagues, that I feel it my duty to give you some hints about the *working* of the laws you admire so much. But, first, let me correct you in one of your statements. You said our newspaper proprietors put a premium on treason, by employing revolutionary writers. Now, sir, what do you think are my editorial duties and emoluments?"

"Why, sir, I hardly can tell. Your pay ought to be large, to induce you to risk your reputation in so bad a cause."

"Let us first speak of the duties I have performed for the last eighteen months. I am, or more properly speaking, I have been the editor of a daily paper. The printer and proprietor was poor, ignorant, and stingy. He refused to pay the correspondents. I was obliged to gain my information by means of private correspondence, from my friends in all parts of the country. I wrote all the leaders and reviewed all the books. The proprietor could or would not make me an allowance for foreign papers. I read the English and French papers in the clubs, and translated such parts as I thought interesting. I went to the office at five in the morning, and left it at four o'clock in the afternoon. When I had finished my daily number I went to a club to prepare for the next. I wrote my leaders and reviews in the night."

"But when did you sleep?" inquired Mr. Capel.

"Now and then when I had time. I had to neglect my studies, for the paper claimed all my attention. You will say I made all these sacrifices in order to obtain the premium which our printers pay for treason. I have but one answer to this. My salary came to thirty-four pounds per annum."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mr. Capel. "Thirty-four pounds! Why, it was not enough to live on!"

"No, sir, it was not enough to live on, but it was enough to exist on. An existence like mine in the days of my editorship cannot be called a life. Nor is my case a singular instance. There are many men of greater talents, with much more practical experience, who work quite as much for as small a sum. They are men of education and refinement; they have a taste for the luxuries of life; they know how to appreciate its comforts, but they are content to work night and day, and claim no reward for it beyond the bare means of existence. Our newspaper proprietors cannot pay more: they are poor. The expenses of a

paper are proportionably great, and the number of subscribers is small. People complain of the stupidity of the press, and though they know that the Censur is the cause, the fact is not changed: our political press is stupid. Now people can hardly be expected to pay their money for papers that fail to excite their interest."

"But," said Mr. Capel, "is not this statement in my favour? Why, oppose the Government and be poor and dull, when you might be brilliant and better off, by leaving your king and his ministers alone."

"I will not discuss the question of principle with you, Mr. Capel, but I would ask you whether you have ever read the 'Universal Prussian Gazette?' It is a Government paper; its editors are salaried from the public funds, and yet it is as dull as any."

"But how is this?"

"Because the Censur makes it so. It is a common prejudice in England that our Prussian writers must be restrained, else they will convulse all Europe with impossible theories. You have given me an excellent specimen of this prejudice. You talked about incendiarism, treason, and regicide. If we really advocated such principles, then would there at least be some reason for the tyranny which is exercised over us. But what do you say to the fact, that almost every leader in your English *conservative* papers would be unfit to be printed in Prussia?"

"I would say that it seems incredible."

"Yet it is so. The 'Morning Post' itself would be found wanting, if tried by the most liberal Prussian Censor. You mentioned our 'Censur laws.' These laws have given you an idea, that only treason, regicide, and such things are repressible. Now, sir, I tell you these laws are so admirably worded, that they give a Censor a pretence for anything and everything. For instance, take the paragraph in which it is said that 'Nothing is to be printed which tends to effect a change in the existing state of things.' This single paragraph places every line you write at the Censor's disposal. You propose to make a new road from one town to another. The proposal *may* be judged to tend to effect a change in the existing state of things, and the Censor is fully justified in suppressing it. You recommend a book to be introduced into schools. This recommendation is at once at the Censor's mercy, because the substituting one book for another is a

decided change in the existing state of things. Take another instance. There is a law against irreligious publications. Now everything depends on what your individual Censor thinks irreligious. The 'Cologne Gazette' was once brought to the Censor with a publisher's advertisement of 'Dante's Divine Comedy.' The paper came back to the office with a violent dash through the unlucky advertisement. The publisher called at the Censor's house to ask why his advertisement had been condemned. He was received with an awful frown. 'Why did I strike your blasphemous publication? I would have you to know, sir, that while I am Censor in this town, divine things shall not be turned into a farce! '* This supreme judge of literature had never heard of Dante's immortal work. He could not be prevailed upon to revoke his sentence, and the Censor laws countenanced him in his obstinate ignorance."

"The case is absurd, but it is an extreme case," said Mr. Capel. "Surely such gross ignorance is not often to be found in the guardians of the Press. You do not mean to say that all your Censors are of the same kind?"

"There are many now among them who would do honour to any other position. But there is something unjust and vicious in the office, which makes them unjust and unfair. A case of this kind has come within my personal experience. The Censor of the paper I edited threw up his office from disgust at the false position in which it placed him. His successor was an intimate friend of mine. He was a man of great learning, and of a just and generous character. In the first days of his office he merely read the paper, and was good enough to make here and there a slight remark, which was scrupulously attended to. By degrees he became severer, talked about the responsibility of his office, and the *malus animus* of my paper; and when the president of the province sent him a letter, reprimanding him for consenting to the publication of an article on the finances of Russia, he grew downright savage. He would not admit any remarks on Russia, or indeed any foreign power; and when I asked him what on earth I should print in my 'Gazette,' he said, 'Take articles on drainage and improvement of the soil. Teach your readers to fatten cattle, and don't bother them with political news, which can do them no good whatever.' 'But my paper is a political paper,'

* A fact.

said I. 'Then make it unpolitical,' said he. 'But we should lose our subscribers by not fulfilling our engagement with them. They have subscribed and pay their money for a political paper.' 'Do not give me any of your "buts," sir!' cried my Censor in great rage. 'I promised the president to take the edge off your paper, and I will do it. You complain about the articles I object to. I grant you there is nothing reprehensible in those articles, but it is not the sort of thing I like. I strike these articles to punish you for the tendencies, for the *malus animus* of your paper. Do not say another word, sir; you will find me too strong for you!'"

Mr. Capel was astonished. "This is an unjustifiable tyranny!" said he. "But pray what were the tendencies he imputed to you? Were they very bad?"

"I am scarcely a judge of that. They were something like the opinions of your staunch Conservatives, who wish for a strong government, but who would be horrified at the mere idea of despotism. Besides, there was some little opposition to snobbishness. Our newspapers were, in former times, mere court circulars of all the crowned heads of Europe. They chronicled the movements of the foreign princes and of our own; and whenever our king violated the oath he had sworn, to respect the laws and the constitution of the Rhenish provinces, by issuing orders of council which cancelled such and such a law of the Code Napoleon, they always introduced their announcement of the despotic act with—'His Majesty, the King, has most graciously been pleased to —, &c.' I thought there was little grace in acts of so disgraceful a nature. I was sick of telling public lies and confounding right and wrong; and bound, as I was, to publish the edict, I merely said—'His Majesty, the King, has been pleased, &c.,' leaving out the 'most graciously.' Besides, being very busy, I generally forgot to chronicle the king's movements from Berlin to Sans-souci, and from Sans-souci to Berlin."

Mr. Capel smiled. "Were these all your delinquencies?" said he.

"By no means. I refused to plead the cause of the Temperance Societies, because in our country they are but a pretence for the promulgation of the worst kind of mysticism; and I endeavoured to plead in favour of the emancipation of the Jews. Besides I wrote against the religious controversies between the Rhenish Protestants and Catholics. These controversies are great pets of our ministry, because they make people forget

their temporal affairs. To foster them covers a multitude of sins."

"But in all this I cannot see any evil tendencies."

"My Censor was more sharp-sighted than you are. He was as good as his word, and demolished every day one-half of my paper. The printer was in despair. He implored the stern official's mercy. 'Change your Editor,' was the answer. 'If I do, I shall lose my subscribers!' exclaimed the unfortunate man. 'I cannot help that,' said the Censor. 'Your Editor is a *persona ingrata*, and if you do not remove him you will lose your paper!'"

"What did he mean by that?" inquired Mr. Capel.

"That he should lose his license. A newspaper in Prussia is a monopoly. For the printing and publishing a paper, you must have the express permission of the Home Office. If you apply for it, they make inquiries. If you are a man of a bold, determined character, they refuse your suit. If you are known to hold what they call 'liberal opinions,' they will say 'No!' with a vengeance. If you are a man of fortune, they will not listen to anything you have to say. But if you are known to the authorities as a weak, irresolute, and poor man, they will give you a license. But if you employ an Editor, whom they do not approve of, they will bid you discharge him, or give up your license. That question was at last fairly put to my publisher. What could he do? He took an Editor, recommended to him by Government, *et me voilà*."

"That is a bad job for you," said Mr. Capel. "You have lost your position, bad as it was. What can you do now?"

"Oh, I knew what things would come to. The proprietors of the 'Aix Gazette' have long wished to engage me as foreign Editor. I have accepted, and am now on my way to Aix, where I shall have about 90*l.* per annum."

"That is indeed a change!" said Mr. Capel, smiling; for I pronounced the words 90*l.* per annum, with as much importance, as some people who are in the habit of talking of 10,000*l.* a year do, when quoting this their favourite sum. "But will they be allowed to employ you at Aix!"

"That remains to be seen. At all events I shall try. I presume they will let me go on for some time, for the sake of the secret."

"For the sake of the secret? How am I to understand that?"

"Why, nobody knows the reason why I left my last paper. The Government are very anxious that such things should remain unknown. I am discharged and another Editor is engaged. Nothing is more natural. People presume I have quarrelled with my publisher. I defy any Prussian paper to print the true state of the case. Now, if they oppose my engagement at Aix, there would be some danger of the affair coming before the public."

Mr. Capel's astonishment grew more and more visible. His enthusiastic admiration of the Censur was evidently on the decline. "Am I then to understand," said he at last, "that your public are not aware of these things?"

"They have long remained in ignorance of the system, but I dare say at the present time it is pretty well known in Prussia. But the single instances of an exertion of arbitrary power are always kept secret. A paper is cut up by the Censor, and old advertisements and stupid anecdotes are put into the vacant space. The number is more stupid than general. The readers throw the paper down as you did just now that number of the 'Cologne Gazette.' They curse the Editor."

"But I would not consent to that!" said Mr. Capel, warmly. "I would—I would—I would make it known!"

"Well, what would you do?"

"I would publish the paper with the blank column. I would show all my readers how I had been treated. Better a blank than nonsense!"

"I should like to see you publish a paper with an empty column, or indeed with as much as a blank space between two words. That cannot be done, sir!"

"But I would do it, sir! I should like to see them serve an Englishman in that manner! I would rather go to prison! I would defy them from the very depth of my dungeon!"

"They would not send you to prison. They would fine the printer, and withdraw the license. You would have ruined the man, and you would have done no good. The very Censur laws which you so much admire, state expressly that no trace whatever is to remain in the published copy of whatever articles or words the Censor may object to, and that for all such traces, or for blanks indicative of the Censor's pen, the printer shall be fined and his license withdrawn. There is no chance of martyrdom in Prussia. But even if they were to humour you so far as to imprison you, what good do you think would that do?"

"It would show the people *why* their political papers are insipid. It would arouse all the generous feelings of their nature! It would goad them with a sense of their shame, and drive them to a revolution!"

"It would do no such thing, for your arrest would remain a secret. Half-a-dozen policemen would pounce in upon you in the middle of the night, pack up your things for you, and carry you off with a coach and four. Some score of people might, perhaps, know, and a hundred others might guess, the secret; but what you call the *public* could never know it. You forget the Censor, sir; you forget the Censor!"

Mr. Capel uttered a sound which was half a groan and half an oath. I proceeded: "The nation then, could never be aware of your martyrdom. They might starve you in prison, beat you with sticks, and drive you to suicide, (such things have been, sir). Your sufferings would remain unknown. Besides there is a deal of stolidity about the Germans as a *nation*; the generous feelings of the German 'Philister' are not easily roused. Besides our people have a great respect for the laws. They wish for legal liberty, but they wish to obtain it by *legal* means. This is very lucky for them. What do you think would become of a Prussian Revolution, situated as we are, with the Russians on one side, ever ready to pounce upon us, and the freeborn Britons on the other, eager to denounce us and hold us up to the hate and ridicule of the world? No, sir, we are contented to struggle on. We rely on the purity of our intentions, and the sanctity of our cause."

"Ah, I forgot!" exclaimed Mr. Capel, who seemed a little ashamed to be thus rebuked by a Prussian Editor. "You throw such a different light on the question from what I have been accustomed to see it in, that my thoughts are a little confused. I wished to say, sir, that the *system* being known, your public ought to influence the Censors. Men, who lend themselves to such odious practices, ought not to be spoken to. No club ought to receive them as members. Nobody ought to visit them."

"We have already partially acted up to your advice. But you cannot but know of the existence of a *monarchical* party in Prussia. It is true this party is not very strong, but there are always some of them in each town, who pet the Censors on principle. These men are, therefore, never completely isolated. Besides there is a good deal of fair feeling in our public. We

know that many Censors execrate their office—but what can they do?”

“They ought not to accept it, or at least give a liberal interpretation to the laws.”

“So they would, perhaps, if they were in an independent position. Our Censors all follow the profession of the law. They have made their studies at the universities; they have worked for five or six years as auscultators, without receiving any emolument whatever. They have passed their examinations. They have staked a large capital in their profession, and they know, if they refuse the office of Censor, that there is no hope of advancement for them. That office is never offered to a man, who has other resources, beside his profession. If he gives, what you call ‘a liberal interpretation to the laws,’ he stifles himself in a wet blanket. The president of each province has one among his secretaries whose express duty it is to read all the papers and pamphlets published in that district, and to take a note of every liberal interpretation of the law. He is the inspector, and the Censors are the constabulary force. If one of them has been negligent or careless on his beat, he is severely reprimanded, and the case is reported to the Home Office. If he is not open to conviction, he is discharged, and made an example of. Refractory judges, counsellors and assessors *may be* at once dismissed by the minister of justice; there is no law which establishes any of them in their places for life. But to dismiss them in a manner to deprive them at the same time of public sympathy, requires a deal of management and a finesse of which Berlin statesmen only are capable. His Majesty the King has most graciously been pleased to publish a law by which the officials, who are, to a certain amount, in debt, shall be discharged. Nothing can be fairer. That law reclaims our officials from habits of luxury, and protects trade. It is a capital law. If a legal officer is found to favour the Press, they first get him into debt, and then take his situation.”

“But how can they get him into debt?” asked Mr. Capel.

“Nothing more easy. For instance, take a councillor with 150*l.* yearly pay, or, if you please, say 200*l.* Most of them have no private fortune whatever, but they are married, and have a family, say of three children. Take the case that this man is a *persona ingrata*. The first step is to stop his preferment. The next is to overload him with work, to keep him out of harm’s way.

Then comes step number three. Say he lives at Cologne. He has rented and furnished a house there. He gets an order of the Minister of Justice to go to Stettin to be a councillor at some court there. The distance between those two towns is some thousand miles. He cannot take his furniture: he must sell it at a loss. He loses money in the lease of his house. In Stettin he must rent and furnish another house, for furnished apartments come too expensive for a family. When he is snugly quartered, and just calculating how to make up for the large hole in his income, which the removal has picked, he is ordered to Königsberg, or perhaps to Münster. If you look at the map, you will see how far these places are one from another. This time it is ten to one he must get a little in debt. But he fancies, poor fellow, he is up to the thing. At Münster he takes furnished lodgings, expecting every moment to be sent off to another place. However, he is not sent off, and he cannot afford the expense he is at for his lodgings. He gets deep into debt for another house and new furniture. He is then sent to another place. By this time his debts amount to two or three hundred pounds. His creditors grow importunate: nothing is more easy than to get creditors into that state of mind. The poor man is distracted. The president of his court complains. Enquiries are made, a sufficient amount of debt is found to satisfy the law, and he is discharged. His creditors in three or four different places lose every penny, and of course abuse *him* as a swindler. He is Mr. What-do-you-call-it, who might have made a career, but who was extravagant, and cheated every body. You may guess the rest."

The Englishman's features were in violent motion. "Horrible! most horrible!" exclaimed he. "Not satisfied with turning a man and his family naked upon the world, they ruin his reputation! But can these cases be frequent?"

"Of course these are extreme cases. But that is the system. The ministry are merciful in the case of repentant sinners. There are not many men who have the fortitude or obstinacy for this ignominious martyrdom. Many of them surrender at discretion at the first intimation of this course of discipline. It would be all very well to brave chains, dungeons, and even the scaffold: there is something heroic in that. There is no such thing in rags and an attic, where a parcel of starving children accuse their lean father of having sacrificed their lives to his political principles."

"Yes," said Mr. Capel, "the idea of such martyrdom is enough

to frighten any man out of his wits. There is something of cold-blooded villainy in the plan, which makes one sick in thinking of it. Abominable wretches! But by the by, sir, there is some tribunal at Berlin, which decides in the quarrels of authors and Censors. Is there no good coming from such an appeal?"

"None whatever, sir. The postage of a complaint sent to Berlin, and of the decision of the court, which always comes back unfranked, amounts to three shillings. The court takes between six or seven weeks to decide, and the article is usually sent back, when its publication can be of no interest to any one. One might make daily appeals, and pay daily three shillings for the permission to print a stale article. When this Tribunal of Appeal was got up, it was thought that its decisions were intended to form a kind of "Pandects" for future Censors. Government have, however, decided that these decrees can only refer to the case in question, that they are not interpretations of the law, but merely individual opinions on individual cases. This Tribunal of Appeal is, to speak plainly, a *sham*; it is meant to deceive foreigners, and to make the opposition of the Prussian Press appear like Radicalism. One Government paper, the 'Rheinische Beobachter,' has even had the impudence to pretend that we enjoyed liberty of the press, since the getting up of this Court of Appeal."

At that moment we arrived at Cologne. Mr. Capel was about to express some violent opinions on the subject of Prussian Censors, ministers, and "dodges," but the rush of the passengers, and the exclamations of the porters and cabmen, drowned his voice. I left him to vent his ill-humour on the heads of the luckless waiters of some hotel, and hastened to reach the terminus of the Aix railway, in time for the first train to that town.

My editorial existence at Aix la Chapelle was short. The following Sunday found me among the ruins of the old Abbey of Heisterbach, near Königswinter. There is something excessively gloomy in that spot, which was not lost upon me. I forgot the luxuriant foliage of the forest that surrounded the place, and was just sitting down on a broken tombstone in the northern aisle, to treat myself comfortably to a fit of the "sulks," when some persons came up, and one of them laying his hand on my shoulder, said: "Well, Mr. Editor, I could scarcely have expected the pleasure of meeting you here."

I turned round, and recognised Mr. Capel, in company with some stout burghers of Königswinter.

"Your presence here astonishes me quite as much as mine does you," said I, in reply to the Englishman's affectionate greeting. "Sick as you are of ruins, I could as little have expected to find you in the midst of them."

"I *am* sick of ruins!" said Mr. Capel rather pettishly. "You get surfeited with them in Germany. It is a country of ruins. It has had its day, but its glory is gone. Our late conversation makes me despair of the country. It can never bear such despotism."

"It has borne worse!" said one of Mr. Capel's stout companions. "We have been in a state, compared with which, our present condition is quite an elysium."

"Yes!" said the other stout man, "the history of Germany is one series of disasters. All the battles of Europe were fought with our troops; one half of them were fought on our soil. Read the history of Germany, sir; it will teach you what religious fanaticism and the Roman law can do for a nation. It made us poor, miserable, and contemptible; it robbed us of our finest provinces, and kicked us to the very bottom of the ladder. We should never have recovered, had it not been for the French revolution and Napoleon."

"The French Revolution! Napoleon!" exclaimed Mr. Capel, aghast.

"Yes, the ragged soldiers of the republic sent our little princes about their business, and Napoleon taught us to make roads and bridges, to build schools and to send our children there," said the first stout man.

"Napoleon! Bonaparte!" reiterated Mr. Capel, horror-struck.

"Yes, and he gave us a code of laws, which have made men of us, in spite of all Prussian innovations; laws which a peasant can understand and carry about in his pocket; laws which the King of Prussia has sworn to respect, but of course he is perjured on principle. But you sir——" said the stout man, suddenly interrupting himself and throwing an uneasy look at me, "are you an Editor, as this Englishman called you?"

"I have been an Editor," said I. "At present I am nothing."

"Ah!" cried Mr. Capel; "I thought so. After what you told me in the steamer, I knew they would not allow you to hold any other position. Allow me to introduce my friends—Mr. Bölling, the justice of the peace, and Mr. Kutteneiler, the Bürgermeister of Königswinter. I met them at Godesberg, when they,

persuaded me to join them in their excursion. And now tell us, how did it happen?"

"My late disappointment?" said I. "Nothing more simple, as these gentlemen, being Prussians——."

"*Rhenish* Prussians, if you please, sir!" cried Mr. Kutenkeiler:

"These gentlemen, as *Rhenish* Prussians, will easily understand it, when I tell them that the proprietor of my last paper was induced to change the principles of his journal. The proprietors of the *Aix Gazette*, having engaged me at what they considered an enormous sacrifice, were resolved to profit by the enlargement of their concern, and announced to the public that their foreign department was to be edited by Mr. X. X., late of the *Y. Gazette*. On the very day of my arrival they were sent for by the Censor of *Aix*, who said he had orders to reprimand them for having thought of employing Mr. X. X., late of the *Y. Gazette*, and that if they would do so, they did it at their own peril. They were very sorry; paid me my first quarter's salary, and let me go. I was not quite prepared for such a thing."

"Ah! but I was! I told you!" cried Mr. Capel. "I knew it at once. But what can you do now?"

"Yes! what can you do now?" said Messrs. Bölling and Kutenkeiler in a breath:

"Oh, a great many things! I am as rich as a Jew. I have above five-and-twenty pounds in my pocket. On that sum I can live six months."

"Yes," said Messrs. Bölling and Kutenkeiler, "so you can. But where will you go to?"

"Come with me to Mannheim," said Mr. Capel. "It is in the Duchy of Baden, and you can work for the papers there."

Mr. Kutenkeiler shook his head. "He cannot go to Mannheim," said he. "Being a *persona ingrata* in Prussia, they will send him away."

"But why should they send him away?" inquired Mr. Capel.

"To oblige the Prussian government, who are always ready to return the obligation. Mr. X. X. is a Prussian, consequently he is a foreigner in Baden, in Bavaria, in Würtemberg, or indeed in every other German state. A writer, who is obnoxious to our Government, cannot live anywhere else in Germany. The ministry in Baden but a short time ago expelled Karl Grün, a Prussian writer, who lived at Mannheim. They had him arrested, and

brought out of the country by a troop of gens d'armes. At the frontier he was received by some of the Prussian police, who arrested him as a deserter from the landwehr."

"The ministry of Baden seem very obliging," remarked Mr. Capel. "I would not go there on any account."

"The Prussian ministry would scorn to be outdone by them," said Mr. Bölling. "Two liberal members of the Baden Landtag and political writers of great distinction, Mr. Von Itzstein and Mr. Welker, were a few weeks ago sent out of Prussia. They had come to Berlin with the intention of staying a few weeks in that town. Early in the morning, after their arrival, they received a call from Mr. Dunker, the head of the Berlin police, who had their things packed up, and escorted them to the Leipsic railway terminus, where he consigned them to the care of one of his lieutenants. They got no breakfast that morning, but could make up for it by taking their luncheon in the kingdom of Saxony. One good turn deserves another."

"This is quite shocking," said Mr. Capel. "Vienna, I should think, is altogether out of the question."

"Of course," said I. "Prince Metternich detests even the loyal Prussians, and his police, as in duty bound, do the same. How could I dare to face them with a cross in my passport? I presume you are not aware, Mr. Capel, that disaffected writers get their passports marked in a peculiar manner. It is a kind of recommendation to 'speed the parting guest.'"

"Something like the letter which Uriah was made to carry, I dare say," remarked Mr. Capel. "What do you say to Brussels, or Paris?"

"Brussels cannot be thought of," said Mr. Kutteneiler. "The Belgian government banish the German writers as fast as they arrive. They expelled Ruge, Heinzen, Freiligrath, and many others. The same is the case with France."

"There are many German radicals in France," interposed Mr. Bölling. "But I remember most of them came there when Mons. Thiers was minister. They have made friends, and Guizot does not wish to provoke the opposition. With the new arrivals he deals more summarily."

Mr. Capel seemed lost in a brown study. At last he said, "It seems you are a foreigner everywhere; but in your own country, in Prussia at least, you have a right to go wherever you please. Go at once to Berlin: you can learn a great deal there."

"You are mistaken," cried Mr. Kutenkeiler. "The police in Berlin will not allow any suspected writer to remain there for a night. The other day they sent off half-a-dozen Prussian authors only because these gentlemen had been expelled from Leipsic. There had been some disturbance at Leipsic. A mob broke the windows of an hotel, where some unpopular prince lodged. The Saxish riflemen fired among the populace and killed a score of persons who were as innocent and quiet as you or I. Next morning it was thought proper to make the Press the scape-goat for this butchery, and almost all foreign writers resident at Leipsic were banished from the kingdom of Saxony.

"You are also mistaken," said Mr. Bölling, "if you fancy this gentleman may go to whatever place in Prussia he likes. We have a law which recommends all persons who follow no trade or profession to the especial care of the police, who have to inquire into their means of sustenance, and if the answers are not satisfactory, the police can arrest and transport them to the parish in which they are born."

"Why!" cried the Englishman, indignantly, "I know that law, for it is the same in almost all civilised countries. But surely it cannot apply here. It is a law against vagrants."

"Such was its original intention," said Mr. Kutenkeiler, sententiously. "The Prussian government are thrifty; they are capital hands at bringing out the hidden virtues of a statute. It saves the making of a new one. It is a quiet and unostentatious way of exerting sovereign power. Mr. Eichhorn, our Premier, does not consider the profession of an author a satisfactory means of sustenance. If a writer displeases him, he consigns the poor fellow to the care of his parish."

"Who could have thought it?" cried Mr. Capel. "What can you do, sir? Where *can* you go to?"

"I might go to some obscure village, where there are no means of pursuing my studies. But I prefer trying how long I shall be allowed to reside in Switzerland."

"What! would they drive you even from there?"

"The Swiss have banished many a better man. They are not fond of German authors, because they have little to spend. The Swiss Republics are but too happy to please the ambassadors from the German courts. Gentlemen, I wish you a good evening!"

"Sir," said Mr. Capel, taking my hand, "I own it—I have wronged you and your fellow-sufferers by mistaking your patient

and persevering opposition for stupidity and fanaticism. I am ashamed of it. Take my best wishes for your future welfare. If I can do anything for you, command me ! ”

“ I thank you, Mr. Capel,” said I. “ I am happy to see you think better of my nation and its writers. You can do one thing for me, and I hope you will do it. Whenever you feel shocked by the flatness of our Prussian Press, remember that it is the stifled groan of a fettered nation.”

“ I will. But I tell you candidly, I would much rather be a dog than a political writer in a country like Prussia.”

XAVER XANTEN.

THE GODS OF GREECE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “ AZETH, THE EGYPTIAN.”

HERA. ARTEMIS.

CALL ye the Gods of Hellas dead ?—Call ye the faith and the poetry no more ?—Deem ye that oblivion and decay can compass the immortal ?—that life can be absorbed in death ? In truth, nay ! Under other names, and masqued in other forms, the Gods of Greece yet hold place upon the earth—the deities of Olympus yet dwell among men ! And if not now, as of old—if not now, as the cloud-compelling Zeus, the venerable Hera, the far-darting Apollo, the well-tressed, laughter-loving, queen of love—sweet Aphrodite, sea-born darling !—if not as these, yet as other impersonations, true, beautiful, and living as they. As the saint and the hero—as the maid, the wife, and the mother—as the senator, the general, and the paladin—as the present forms of life, the divinities of the past make good their claim to immortality. And this, because of their TRUTH. Because they were life-like,—embodying the passions of all times and the characteristics of universal manhood,—clothing in local fashions forms whose type is from the beginning, and through all ages, and in all climes ; because they find an echo in the heart of man, the Gods of Greece still possess their lovers and their children,—Olympus still detains his worshippers ! Life cannot die !—Death is a nullity—a wizard’s name wherewith to frighten children—the goblin of a painted show !—nor can that which has once dwelt in strong and healthy shape among

men, and been their food, their soul's companion, their life, their God—ever fade away into nothingness, leaving not a shadow of themselves and of their power. Neither is it unprofitable, this looking to the past; for all that has ever been of interest or of service to man, must still continue to be so, if properly viewed and understood. Our passions, intellect, life, desires, aspirations, are all the same now, as in the days of Pericles; the difference is only in society—only in the dress. Our senators wear black coats and chimney hats, instead of the chiton and the orator's myrtle crown; but they are the same men, discussing the same principles, though the particular questions are unlike, as once collected in the Pnyx, and who now yawn upon the Commons' benches. But we are all so fettered by forms, so imposed on by appearances, so swayed by names, that we hedge round our own day as a thing utterly apart—an isolated plot of time—a foreign land in the great world of feeling—an unwritten page of history—a day which shall not see one moment like to the past—which shall not give back one passion or one interest that used to influence men. This feeling of isolation in the world's history was never more powerful than at present; caused by the application of principles which have worked a revolution in society, truly; but man himself remains the same!

If a nation, such as Greece, in all its refinement, polish, and learning, could find truth and beauty in its mythology, we also must surely meet with much in that same mythology both interesting and useful to us. We must surely find that a whole people did not concur in worshipping dead, dry forms, but that beneath these forms ran an undercurrent of deep meaning—within these eidola, dwelt a spirit of life. And in truth, they were no mere names, these Gods of Greece! They were no mere elemental facts, poetically portrayed, embodying nothing deeper than the physical phenomena of nature; they were no dull records of past events, when history was confused, and a mythic legend became the sole chronicle of the hero's deeds; they were not chymic mysteries—they were not scholastic subtleties,—but they were faithful transcripts of human nature. They were true—they are immortal!

Oh! we could not part with them—our brethren of Olympus—we could not blot out from the sky our brightest stars of poetry! In all this frantic haste, this giant noise, this speedy flight toward the dim future, we turn back to the asphodelian plains, the calm heroic grandeur, the stately dignity, the stillness, and the beauty

of the Grecian age, as the late-weaned child turns still and still to its estranged mother ; and a quiet, as from an evening sky, falls on us while we look upon this fair picture of the past ! It stands out from the smoke and heat of the weary NOW, as the shade of its own Achilles in the mists about the isle of Leucè ; the features of its glory fixed, the forms of its loveliness determined. . One by one our dreams of youth fade in the grey dawn of reality ; one by one the fairest blossoms of our hope wither from the tree ere they be plucked, or plucked, are proved but bitterness to the taste : one by one our friends and lovers part into the distance, and we are left alone with our affections ; but midst all our sorrow and our solitude, still cling we to thee, brightest land of love and beauty—still hand we to thy side, fair and fruitful Hellas !

The Present has many noble names, and the works done now and lately are glorious, and will be enduring ; but the olden time overtops us yet ! In poetry and art infinitely,—in bravery and in eloquence—aye ! Our Flaxmans are not Pheidias nor Praxiteles ; our Peels and our Russells are not Pericles nor Phocion ; our Sheils and our Grattans are not Demosthenes ; nor, by a declining scale, are our Trafalgar fountains, National Galleries, and Duke's statues, equal to the nine-piped fount of the sweet Callirrhœe, the Painted Portico, or the horses of Lysippos—no ! no ! The Present has its press, its steam, its true religion, its unfettered speech, its social clubs and benefit societies—both of which were also general in Greece, under the name of *ἑσπαιοί*—its learned women, and its manly children ; but the sunny brightness of the past shames our gas-light many a time yet when we look at them together. It is the same with our characters as with our theatres. The Greeks performed by the light of Heaven, with no false glare of blue or red, no stage lamps, no unnatural skies, no impossible scenes ; their artistic aids were all for grandeur ; nature was left the same in kind, only increased in degree—not travestied altogether, into a thing unnatural and untrue. They had their high cothurni, their tragic masks, their sweeping robes, their stage gestures, and their dramatic voices ; but still the clear sun shone over all, and distance, not falseness, was the softening medium between the spectator and the actor. With us, nature is overlaid by a false superficial plastering of artifice—scarce of art ; and all is represented to us coloured by a peculiar light which never came from sun, or moon, or stars. One thing we lack which the ancients possessed—simplicity. All our work is done *consciously* ; each puny mind

"knows its own power ;"—Heaven save the mark !—each virtue gazes at herself in the glass, and smiles, and nods, and cries "How fair I am !" bidding the world admire her as she stands. Nothing of the child is left us ; nothing of unconscious greatness, of ingenuous simplicity : nothing of that graceful goodness from its own inward impulse, and not because "'tis well to be virtuous, the neighbours praise ;" nothing of modesty of thought, of reverence, of silence from awe. Out to the whole world must each deepest mystery be displayed ! Showered down as tinsel-rags of what was once the covering of a temple ; showered down, that a mob may clothe itself therewith, ignorant of the worth or the intention of those fluttering rags !

We would not have truth closed in from any. No, not that ; but we would have mysteries held in reverence ; the unknown spoken of in whispers, not thundered forth with blare of trumpets and a clown's rude jests, exhibited for gold to an audience all unfitted to receive it. We would have the holy things of life treated of in all holiness, and its great secrets searched for in all stillness and religious awe. We would keep close the door of the Adytum, until the God could be understood of by his worshippers, and we would not leave the temple free to the pollutions of a mindless rabble. We would scarce arm a child with the hero's weapons, lest they turn to his own destruction—not defence. We would look back lovingly and oft, and we would learn the lessons which the past breathes out.

And all this we would do, free of thought, wide of faith, φιλοδημος, as we are ! An education which begins with the book, and not the alphabet, and a temple built from the top downwards, are things which Michael Scott's familiar would liken unto "twisting ropes out of sea-sand," and Socrates would say, were as vain and null as to "boil stones in a chytra." Yet what but this is it, when the results of a long apprenticeship, and of a tedious education, are laid before the unformed mind, and it is bid to learn ? The ancients understood these things better, and they portioned out their intellectual food in such rations as were fit for their recipients. They knew human nature well ; and admirably they adapted all they knew, framing lessons, not for a day, but for all time. It is curious to trace out the different parts of humanity, which different nations more particularly enshrined. With some it was physical nature ; with others beauty of form ; with a third, mental truths ; with a fourth, social virtues. Take,

as an instance, the Egyptian and the Grecian. Their sculptures stand side by side in our galleries, and their religions rank near together in our learnings. And yet how different they were!—and how truly each expressed the forming idea which had moulded it! The Egyptian cared little for the phenomena of physical nature, embodying, in his own way, the spiritual, the metaphysical, and esoteric alone. The Hellene seized on all that the outward had to offer; making this the type of the supersensual, in contradistinction to that creed which held spirit as wholly apart from sense, and looked on images only as media of communication, no matter what their unlikeness or unfitness. His religion was essentially human; spiritual only so far as manhood can be idealised, but not spiritual, as freed from any necessity of connexion with sense. The Egyptian united the two—matter and spirit; but in a clumsy, unharmonious fashion. His figures were mere letters, not types—an alphabet by which to read, not a mirror wherein to study. The Greek, on the contrary, gave the greater worth and weight to form and sense; and so has made himself the companion of all generations, while man shall be, as now, subjected more to sensation than to thought.

These words might startle many—"subjected more to sensation than to thought"—and many there are who would start up indignantly to deny them, and to assert the supreme dominion of the mind—the ideal. Ah, well! they are ghastly words—but they are true; true, in spite of that pretty, but untenable philosophy, by which every man who has his share of intellect, disdains to be other than spiritual, æsthetic, beyond and above the influence of coarse rude sense—a being of all angelic attributes, but no man of blood, and nerves, and appetites! Folly of all follies!—as if sensation were a crime!—affections a degradation!—as if to love, were to be wanting in dignity of manhood!—as if to feel, were to be wanting in the intention of life! It is the fashion of the day; and the ban on the opposer of this fashion is the dreaded cry—Materialism. It will pass, as the fashion of burning witches in the market-place; as all fashions which have not nature and common sense for their bases, must inevitably pass away into nothingness!

The Greek showed his intimate knowledge of human nature in nothing more clearly than in the characters of his Gods. In Egypt, India, China—wherever there is a sensuous polytheism—though we find different and appropriate attributes, we do not find

such varied and entire human characters as in Greece. More or less, the impersonations of other mythologies are unnatural; in this, they are the very perfections of humanity—the men and women met with in daily life, but refined into an ideal beauty, to which simple manhood cannot attain. A few exceptions of the early theogonies, or of the mystic adaptations brought from the East, war against the more cultivated taste of the age; but they are only a few. Thus, the Ephesian Artemis was never of the same thought as that which created the Athene of the Parthenon, and the sedent Olympian Zeus at Elis. But the Grecian mythology seldom admitted anything foreign to the laws of beauty; for their whole divinity was nought but manhood beautified and idealised, till by this very excess of loveliness, it became godlike.

How true to human nature, in particulars, not only in generals, were these Gods of Greece—let their characters themselves declare! We have met them face to face many a time and oft. History speaks of them, and poetry reproduces them, not as Gods, but as loving and as suffering men. Our Calendar of Saints holds many a copy of those Olympian antitypes; our Chronicles of Chivalry repeat their stories; and the heroes of old—the demi-gods who stood betwixt men and the Gods—may be seen again in the tourney, the battle-field, the war-ship, in the past and in the present of modern history! While the feats of Abd-el-Kader, and the name of the Rajah of Sarawak, are known to us as truths, let us not reject the heroic mythes of Greece, nor the names of her godlike men!

As one instance, among many, of the intimate likeness between the Gods and the worshippers of Hellas—in their mutual keen sensations, high beauty, and ardent natures—we will take Hera, or, as we, in our barbarous habit of latinising the Grecian names, would call her, Juno. Trace her nature throughout, and look upon her form, as Polycleitos gave it to Mycenæ, and surely we shall find that many a dame, actual now and living, might wear the portrait of the sister spouse of Zeus! Look upon that broad majestic brow, which shows so well beneath the glossy tresses, plainly gathered round, to fall upon her marble shoulders in loose masses of waving curl; and there, through all its dignity and awful majesty, we see the imperious woman to the full as plainly as the unapproachable Goddess! A stephanos, or tiara-shaped crown binds the snowy veil upon her head, which descends in a graceful majesty of fold and disposition to encompass her pillar-

like throat, and to shade her proud and faultless breast. Her arms, firm, rounded, and uncovered, are adorned with bands of gold ; and her drapery, the long Ionic chiton or under-dress—the diploidion or boddice, both of which are confined by a girdle concealed in the overhanging plaits—and the peplos, or shawl, flow round her in those broad deep folds which suit her dignity so well ; folds which no art could arrange upon the person of a fair petite and piquant blonde. See her haughty indignation, as she meets her faithless spouse, when he returns with his serene hypocrisy from some of his stolen loves—it has nothing vulgar, nothing coarse ; but how terrible it is, in the intensity of its proud and withering wrath ! Hear her voice, not shrill or shrewish, but like the deep murmurs of the winds before the coming storm, telling of such stern and ruthless anger ; and she, the while, so dignified in her resentment, never forgetting the superiority which her knowledge of her husband's failings has given her—never descending from the position of insulted pride to the gentler place of forgiveness, love, and mercy ! Well may Zeus tremble before her, guilty as he is !—well may he purchase peace at almost any sacrifice, so that he hears no more of that dread and well-deserved rebuke—which stands him instead of the mortal's morning headache—his concessions, the hock and soda-water that shall cure him !

A fine, regal, voluptuous woman, was this Samian queen !—grandly beautiful, with her large ox-eyes, white arms, and glorious form !—a woman to be loved with a slight alloy of fear, and no little respect and obedience. And have there not been English Heras, even in this work-day life of ours ?—though, let us whisper by way of parenthesis, that they do not add much to the comfort or the heart's happiness of the workers ! Are they not still living, amongst our very acquaintances and friends, to make up the chain of harmony in womankind, of which Hebe, Aphrodite, Demeter, Athene, and Artemis, all form deep, distinct, and glorious links ? They are the women who dress in black velvet and gold ornaments—whose voices are calm with a terrible calmness, and have but little intonation, though they are so musical and soft ; proud and serene are they, with long white hands, whose fingers taper gently to the points, and whose muscles are firm and strong, yet not prominent—women who walk with a stately step, not treading high, nor yet gliding like summer wavelets to the beach, but slow and smooth, with an undefinable

air of superiority, as if earth were too gross a footstool for their proud and haughty place ; their eyes move calmly, and seem to take in all objects with a certain serene contempt, an indifference that results from high consciousness of superiority ; fixed and steady is their gaze, not startled, not responsive, not loving, not admiring—and yet full of deep expression ; but it is an expression that arises from the excess of that still, proud life within, not from any sympathy excited by that which is without. These are women met with in life—though not frequently ; for it is rare to find any character with one extreme development, created by an inward power, and not by exterior circumstances. These women become the queen-oracles of their society ; and at their ban the men tremble, and the maidens are annihilated ; their reception stamps as current, or their rejection brands as illegal, each smooth unvalued coin presented ; and few there are in the coteries, over which such modern Heras hold supreme sway, who would dare to dispute their word. They rarely meet with their equals—rarely marry their superiors. And this is not strange. One of two must ever be the strongest ; and where the strength results from extreme pride and unyielding will, it is not to be conquered even by a mightier intellect, if of less energy of determination. Thus, we see the struggle between Zeus and his regal spouse frequent, and often undecided. Jove, with all his power and majesty, had a “soft part” in his heart, which could not withstand a woman’s influence. And be it sweet Semele, or nymph, or mortal maid, or be it his virgin daughter, or his imperious wife, he is equally open to their seductions, and equally subservient to their wishes.

Hera, though essentially a gentlewoman, was one of an early time, while simplicity was still barbarous, and before an after-civilisation had refined the rudeness of the heroic age ; much therefore that she does, is scarce in harmony with the luxurious elegance of later Ionian manners. And would not we stare at the gentility of a Maid of Honour, even so late as Queen Elizabeth’s day ? Why a very servant girl—not to speak of a Swiss *bonne*, or a Parisian *femme-de-chambre*—would toss her head, right saucily, at the manners of the best-bred woman about the court ! She would stand aghast at the beef-steaks and ale, wherewith the daintiest coquette among them all braced up her strength for further conquest ; and offering her some bitter tea, and most unwholesome cakes, swimming in salt butter—mayhap not too fresh

—she would beseech her uncouth ladyship to try for once what gentility was made of ! Few can distinguish refinement from the conventional etiquette of the present society—whatever it may be. So few know where art, and where nature should step in—nor how far conventionalities stand in the room of the real and the actual. A breach of etiquette is always more severely visited than an offence against morals ; and the man who should appear without gloves, and in a frock-coat, in a ball-room, would be scouted from society sooner than one who eloped with his friend's wife, or cheated his friend's son at a gaming house ! This, too, will be different !

Much in the Homeric poems, which are our truest index to the humanities of the Gods, seems to us rude and uncouth ; and many of the mythes are such as men, only in their earliest mental childhood, would have dared to have framed. What a sad blur on the picture of our stately velvet-clad dame, that threat of her lordly master, when he talked of punishment and stripes, and reminded her of the day when she was suspended between earth and sky, with golden anvils round her beauteous feet ! That is a glorious touch—that golden anvil !—true ; too, for the age, in its mixture of barbarity and luxury, like the Eastern courts of the present day. But we will not think of this ! Turn we to her festivals—to the *tepos yamos*—the sacred marriage between herself and Zeus, which gave its name to the month Gamelion, and set the fashion of the Grecian January marriages ; to the Heræa of Argos, where games and sacrifices—the “ bed of twigs,”—took place near her flowery temple—where the priestess of her shrine rode in a splendid car, drawn by two milk-white oxen—where the prize, to that brave youth who could unfix the brazen shield, suspended so high upon her temple walls, was the simple myrtle garland ;—to the Samian Festival, or Heræa, to which beautiful youths, and glorious maids, with floating hair and magnificent apparel, flocked from all parts of Greece to witness the maiden race, where, clothed only in the short chiton which came but to the knee—their long hair loose, and waving in the wind—the sweet victors received their prize, the olive chaplet ;—turn we to the legend of that Nauplian bath, the fresh fount Canachos, wherein she bathed each year, and rose from its waves—not the mother of Ares or of Hebe, but an unsullied virgin, whose first young bashful kiss had been nor sued nor won ;—turn we to all these rather than to other less endearing memories, until we learn to love the regal dame, as though we ourselves had been brought up upon her knee, her children and her darlings.

We will not think of her victims ! Sorrowful their histories, undeserved their fates ! Names in the list of her jealous enmities, which have the sweet echo of a sad poetry round them, such as the south wind brings in the latter autumn days ! They tell of fallen greatness, of beauty dead, and a gentle life departed ;—they tell of bright days and sunny skies, hours when all was joy and glory ;—and now a chill cold mist, a fiery storm, a blasting tempest-wind, ruin and desolation, alone remain upon the flowers ! The noble Heracles, so giant-souled and child-like as he was ; doing such grand work, so unconscious of his worth,—and his patient mother, the chaste Alcmena—the hapless Io with her stinging madness—Semele, so cruelly and so falsely wooed to her own destruction—the brave Trojans, against whom such direst woe was worked, in revenge for the fatal judgment of the god-like Paris—Athamas and Ino—and more than these—we will not remember them !—we will veil them, as the painter veiled his sacrificing father ;—we will not look upon their grief !

She would have been a strict disciplinarian, our Olympian queen, had she presided over an earthly court, where she met with none of aught approaching equal rank !—and stern would have been her judgments on all of youthful frailty, on all of passion, love, and weakness ! Not Tudor Bess would have visited an unallowed love more sternly ;—not a Spanish King would have maintained a stricter code of courtly etiquette ! We can fancy her young Maids of Honour, glancing down, so shyly and demurely as she passed ; or some, with a pretty assumption of profound innocence, looking full into the glorious face, whose anger they so dreaded, open-eyed and frank, as if they had never thought even of the forbidden, while—pretty rogues !—their lips still pouted, and their cheeks still flushed, with—no matter what ! And woe to the unfortunate, gentlemen-at-arms ; or page, or well-born serf, among them all, who happened to appear untimely appointed. As *La chère mère* would say, she would be “down like the day of judgment” upon them !—as if she bore her husband’s thunder-bolts, to scatter destruction and dismay at will.

We cannot pass over that passage in the *Iliad*, where Hera borrows the love-inspiring girdle of Aphrodite to subdue the heart her anger had no power to control. Of all the pictures of this divine poem, none equals, in gorgeous beauty, that scene of her robing. Even in Pope’s translation, or rather paraphrase, it is most beautiful ; though the original, naturally, gives it with more

strength. Its extreme simplicity and delicacy, yet its glowing gorgeousness, make it altogether a wonderful piece of poetic painting. It is like the completed Parthenon, of the chaste Ionic style, yet all its parts dazzling with gorgeous colours, and gleaming with burnished gold. It united simplicity and elaborate beauty—a union which few can effect, and which none of ancient, or modern times, blended so harmoniously as the Hellenes. The whole scene is in such admirable keeping!—there is no patching together of incongruous parts—no painting of green skies and blue fields; but all is in harmony, from the first line, where she enters her palace, built by Hephaistos, with such “skill divine,” to that when the son of Chronos sleeps among the flowers which earth has outpoured upon his breast. Many and beautiful as are the scenes in this most exquisite poem, none excel this, and few can be said to equal it.

The wholeness of Hera’s character throughout all her mythes, is eminently well preserved. She is the most Grecian, and the most life-like of all the Olympians; so thoroughly natural, too, in her jealousy, her imperiousness, her woman’s craft to gain her end, her pitilessness for the frailer fair, her indignation as the neglected wife, her severity towards her rivals. Athene and Artemis claim high rank for beauty and perfectness, but they do not so thoroughly embody an entire and living character, as our own majestic Hera. They are slightly more mystic and intellectual; they are not so palpable, not so fleshly—*πολυσαρκος*—as the sister-spouse.

Yet Artemis—or Diana, as men will barbarise her full, open, splendid name—if not considered in any of her more mysterious impersonations, but simply as the virgin huntress-Goddess, has a sweet and evident character. Pure as snow, chaste, spotless, and not all unloving—for we cannot part with that exquisite legend, which gives her the boy Endymion, with his love-awakened eyes, to be her beauteous flower on the heights of Ida—she stands before us in marked contrast to the haughty queen of heaven. We will not consider her as the Ephesian Goddess, with her swart face, and mystic emblems; nor as the Orthic deity, at whose shrine the blood of the brave Laconian boys flowed freely forth; nor as the mysterious moon-goddess, Selene, that pale, evanescent form, which fades away into the obscurity of night as we look; nor as the Hecate of the under-world, or hypochthonian, deities. We will not ask whether she be the same as Isis—whether she be

an Arkite emblem—but we will take her simply as she was worshipped in Arcadia, as the strong vigorous maiden of the chase.

We can hear her ringing laugh, as she speeds away upon the track of the fleet stag; we can see her bright eyes glance out from the thick wood, in all the clearness of health and purity; we can touch the firm flesh, the rosy cheek, the open and smiling lips, and hear the echo of the light foot, as she bounds over the Taygetan hills—the wind blowing round her form, and stirring the short kirtle braced up so high above her knees. More brave and beautiful than all her companions is she: the tallest, the most vigorous, the most energetic; and glad, and loving the homage paid her—a homage rendered with such respect! She, too, is severe toward the frail; but not from woman's jealousy, simply from offended modesty. The fates of Actæon and Callisto attest her reverence for a chaste and virgin life; the slain children of Niobe avenge her insulted pride as a goddess daughter; while all they who die young are said to die by her arrows. A beautiful idea!—one of many! Oh, how rich were the Greeks in beauty of all kinds! Like dew-drops in the morning they clustered round each flower of thought; like diamonds in the mine they illumined the very darkness, till it glowed with varied light; like a rainbow in the sky they spanned the wide earth,—things born of the sun and the cloud—a golden band of harmonious blending; like a galaxy of fair young maids, they bound man's life to love—these beautiful creations of the Hellene! Hail to the men who could stamp their age with such immortal glory! Hail to the men who could sculpture out the Parthenon, and enshrine the Athene—who could frame the divine Iliad, and embody the Aphrodite of Cnidos! They are not to be forgotten, like the mean things of earth; they are not to be unloved, like the base! Love them well!—aye, love them well! They were the Gods of their day! Let us reverence all the Gods!

Keeping aloof from men and gods, see our "golden-shafted Artemis," in her beautiful seclusion—shy and timid with all her boldness,—timid from ignorance of love. Without any of a woman's passion, with all a woman's delicacy, without any of a child's fondness, and with all its innocence, Artemis is the type of a young mountain maid, over whose dwelling sorrow has never brooded, in whose heart love has never been awakened. Little can we picture her with mincing steps, and the free, yet scornful bearing of a London ball-room!—little of the artificial, the false,

or the constrained belonged to her. Our Virgin Goddess as little taught her clear eyes the bold looks of the London belles, as she enclosed her beautiful body in their abominations of stays, and pads, and tightened girths, or whirled in the arms of every mustachioed coxcomb who offered, through the strict embrace of the polka and the waltz. Nature is her home; the woods, encompassed by the boundless sky, her domed halls; the fountains are her mirrors; and the birds and flowers her companions through the night and day. The Gods themselves must honour her! Zeus rises to receive her, and Apollo takes the game she bears upon his own divine shoulders; Hermes frees her of her golden bow and quiver; the very Goddesses love and reverence her—the sweet virgin-daughter of the lovely-ankled Leto! Even in Hellas, where a life of keen and voluptuous sensation left scarce room for any altar to cold chaste virtue—even there was woman's modesty respected to the utmost, and a Goddess decreed to its further idealisation.

Honour to the Greeks,—glory to their memory! Oh, keep one little spot still sacred to them! Let not the music which they sang be mute for ever! It is good, it is wise, to turn back from all this present glare to the cool shades where the Gods are worshipped—where Pheidias worked and Plato taught. Let us not forget the benefits we owe them; let us not be ingrates to our fathers! Even on this day—aye, and on all succeeding days, Hellas has left the impress of her influence;—even among the Christians the Gods of Greece yet hold their place!

THE NEW DANCE OF DEATH.

A SCENE FOR LEGISLATORS.

BY R. H. HORNE.

THIS extraordinary performance—extraordinary from its originality of attitudes, gesticulations, and figures; from the great numbers by whom it was performed, and from the reality of the delightful horrors which distinguished the principal group—this matchless dance “came off,” or rather was “turned off” on Monday (January 10th), not only on the stage in front of New-

gate, but on the pavement and flag-stones of the whole street and its vicinity. It attracted a far greater concourse of spectators than any new polka, quadrille, or *pas seul* of the inventive genius of Mons. Jullien, attributable, no doubt, to the incomparable superiority of the excitement, and to its extreme cheapness. The admissions to the pit were gratuitous, and the "standings" and "stalls" were to be had upon stools, baskets, boxes, trussle-planks, and apple-barrows, at the small charge of a penny and twopence a-head, according to the value of the position and degree of elevation above the heads of the happy crowd on the "free list."

The principal *artiste* upon this memorable occasion—the "star" of the scene—was a certain Thomas Sale, a fellow condemned by nature to make no figure of any kind in society, or only a figure of the most vulgar and worthless kind; but condemned by an intelligent code of laws, in consequence of his having committed an atrocious murder, to be exalted into a position of attractiveness and exciting interest, scarcely equalled by the most popular public exhibitions of genius and intellect upon any stage whatever. As for the play itself, one feels at a loss how to classify it. When Polonius speaks of "the best of actors in the world," he seems disposed to exhaust the subject of their unlimited capabilities. He says, they could play "tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical"—but none of these, not even the last, would serve as an appropriate designation of the hideous mixture of bloody reality and brutal burlesque which distinguished the scene of the murder-farce we are now recording.

The anxiety to obtain a good view of the gallows-stage at the moment the *star of murder* was swung off for his frightful dance in the air, was excessive; and it displayed itself in violent side-long pushes, and crushings onwards, mingled with oaths and execrations, and now and then a short-lived fight. "Those," says the reporter of the *Globe*, "who formed that part of the crowd which was not immediately surrounding the scaffold, being generally unable to see over the heads of those in front of them, kept jumping off the ground incessantly, to catch a glimpse at the scene on the gallows. This incessant jumping gave the crowd an appearance like that of a *tribe of savages dancing a death-dance*, and utterly prevented those who were engaged in it from feeling anything of the impressiveness which should attach to exhibitions of the kind. Arrangements existed in the crowd in the shape of

stools, chairs, fruit-barrows, &c., for enabling those who chose to pay a few pence for the accommodation, to see over the heads of the crowd. *Sundry fights* took place between the owners of these chairs and barrows, and persons who endeavoured to spring upon them unobserved for the sake of evading the fee."

Here is fun, and frolic, and larking, and the humorous commission of trespass, and several capital stand-up fights—all as minor incidents and interludes of the one principal scene—and all for the small charge of a penny or twopence,—and perhaps by a little adroitness, and no objection to a few fisty-cuffs, with no payment at all.

That those who constituted the crowd upon this occasion should be chiefly of the very lowest and most depraved class, will excite no surprise; that besides dog-fighters, cock-fighters, costermongers, and half-drunken prostitutes, there should be a large gathering of pick-pockets, all as busy as bees, diving and tasting on every side, will also be recognised as a thing of common occurrence; though we might suppose that our legislators were utterly ignorant of the facts thus displayed in illustration of the "moral lesson" it is presumed they intend to convey by these barbarous exhibitions. But what will be thought of the present condition of the public mind, when it is added, that among this crowd were to be seen, not only a great number of working-men and the better class of mechanics, but also of shop-keepers, and tradesmen. Nor does the mischievous excitement and influence end with these. Listen to the statement of the eye-witness previously quoted:—

"At the windows around also appeared many persons who were, at all events, dressed like gentlemen, and even well-dressed women were lookers-on there, for the whole time. The greater number of the persons present remained on the spot long after the man was dead, and during the interval between the actual hanging and the cutting down, which seemed to be the two parts of the process which excited the most interest. The gallows seemed to be looked upon with the most perfect indifference, and laughter and coarse jokes were rife among the mob. A few minutes before nine some slight excitement began to revive, and the barrow-men again called to the crowd '*to pay a penny to see the man cut down,*' and then some *comic incident* occurring, *shouts of laughter* were allowed free vent; and so with talking, and fighting, and laughing, the hour during which the body was suspended passed away. When the executioner appeared upon the scaffold again the death-dance was recommenced."

The trembling spirit of a human being—of a being who has committed one of the greatest possible crimes against his species

—has just been abruptly cast before the foot-stool of his MAKER ; and while his mortal remains—the bereaved mansion of the soul—swings in the air, a spectacle of horror to any one who can pause to think of his crime—of what he *was*—of what he *is*—scarcely a single being in all that great crowd does pause an instant to think,—but contemplates, and for the most part, joins in the demoniac hilarity and indifference of the mass around. As a finish to the “moral lesson,”—hear this, noble lords and honorable gentlemen of both Houses !—Men, and women too, held their *children* upon their shoulders to enable them to see the sight, and thus imbibe the first seeds of an education precisely of that kind which may lead them in after life to act as principals rather than spectators, in murder-shows of the same kind.

WHAT IS THE FEUD ABOUT ?

BY T. H. SEALY.

“MAY the jinn of the mountains, then, watch you, and send robbers in your path !”

So said Oneiza, addressing her brother.

“For which wish,” retorted Essnousee, “may you marry a Weleed.”

“So I will, when my brother brings one hither.”

Essnousee and Oneiza were of the faction of Wezeets. The Wezeets and Weleeds were the Capulets and Montagues of Ghadames.

Oneiza and Essnousee loved one another as became their relationship, and this quarrel had its root in affection. Essnousee had proposed to adventure alone into the Sahara, on his swift Maharee camel, to ascertain the position of the Shanbâh robbers, who, to the great alarm of the worthy merchants of Ghadames, were said to be hovering in the neighbourhood of the city. His sister had in vain endeavoured to dissuade him, well knowing the danger of such a lonely excursion in the wilderness. Their discussion closed with the words above recorded.

When the last rays of the setting sun were spreading their paradise-gilding over the white walls and serrated turret tops of

Ghadames, burnishing up the green bronze of the palms, and freshening the thirsty lips of the desert, by pouring over them, in a broad, cool stream, the shadow of the oasis, Oneiza stood upon the terraced roof of her father's dwelling, and looking westward, between the stems of his date trees, and over the tops of less lofty almonds and acacias, fixed her eyes upon a black speck, which, interrupting the smooth line of the horizon, seemed a centre to the glorious archway of the sun, whose orb, half sunk, glowed like the open portal to an universe of glory beyond the saffron sky. Long had she watched that speck, and it had grown less and less. "God is great," she said, "and the Maharee is fleet and strong; may my brother be protected from the robbers of Shanbâh, and from the jinns of the wilderness!"

As the sun went down, Essnousee, like a good Mussulman, dismounted from his camel, and prayed, with his face towards the east. He saw the golden forehead of the holy city of Ghadames, set about with its green wreath of glory; and one tower appeared to him as a central pearl, for he doubted not that his sister was at prayer upon the roof. "God is great," he said, "and the city of his mahrabouts is a goodly city. May the best of its Wezeets be proud of the youth who shall wear the pearl of yonder tower; and may *his* pride be in the light of the eyes of the sister of Essnousee."

Two days have elapsed, and Oneiza, from her turret, has seen no moving speck upon the western wilderness. Again, the sun is upon the horizon, and she looks towards the open portal, in hope to see the wanderer emerge, doubtless bringing back strange stories from the inner realms of glory. Nothing, however, appears to break the sweeping line of the desert's edge. The undulations of the ground have put on purple mantles of shadow, and looped them with gold cord. The shade which has rested all the sunny day upon her heart is of more mournful hue; and it grows deeper now. "God is great," she murmurs, "and submission to his will is the part of the faithful; but oh, Prophet Mahomet, that it be not so written!"

Another day has passed, and another. A week has gone by, and Oneiza has gazed daily from the tower; but no form of life has she seen moving upon the hard, iron ocean of the desert. In all directions round has she watched, but her gaze has been chiefly towards the west; and she has been haunted by the thought that the speck upon the horizon would again appear at sunset, in the

centre of the glory of the sinking orb. But again and again the curtain has fallen upon the day, and brought night upon her heart: a night deep, solemn, melancholy; yet not without a moonlight of hope. "There are Shanbâh in the wilderness," she would say, "but God can find shelter for his people. There are jinns in the mountains, but they tremble at the prayers of the faithful."

Twelve days had elapsed from the departure of Essnousee, when Oneiza descried from the tower, at morning, a stream of life winding over the desert, in the direction of the mahrabout city. It came, however, not from the west, but the north-east, and brought more of trouble than hope to the spirit of the Ghadamsee maiden. All the town had, for sometime, been filled with the idea of a Shanbâh invasion; and the men of Ghadames had furbished up their arms, and were prepared to dispute the ingress of the marauders through the gaps of their crumbled walls. There was doubt as to the direction in which the robbers might descend upon them, though the Shanbâh territory lay to the north-west. The force, too, in which the enemy was approaching had been very variously estimated, some asserting with confidence that the band was not fifty in number, and others, with equal confidence, adding a cypher, or two cyphers, to those figures. Some Shanbâh prowlers had certainly been met with, within four days' journey of the city; but no one pretended to have seen the main band. Other brave youths besides Essnousee had gone forth as scouts; but those who had returned had met with no enemy, and had discovered no tracks, such as indicate the recent passage of a large number of horses, camels, or men. The non-discovery of such marks did not, however, prove anything; for the harder parts of the Sahara take no impression from the foot of man or beast; and in the sandy portions, when wind is blowing, any track is soon obliterated. Could the black specks she saw, moving down a distant valley, as thick and busy as a caravan of ants, be the army of the Shanbâh robbers, bringing desolation to the oasis? Oneiza sought her father, and led him to the tower top.

More experienced eyes than those of Oneiza were already upon the same moving objects; and the merchants of Ghadames were delighted, as they recognised a peaceful caravan from Tripoli—one which, they thought, would not at this time have ventured across the desert. Many hastened forth to meet the travellers,

and conduct them to the city. No doubt, a large proportion of them were themselves Ghadamsees.

Numerous, that afternoon, were the greetings in the market-place. "Have you met Al Hazin?" "What news in Tripoli?" "Have you seen the Shanbâh?" "Al Hazin went forth, two days since, on the Tripoli route, to bring us news of the robbers. He has not since been seen."

"Al Hazin is with us. He joined the caravan. But we have dark news for Yahia, the father of Essnousee. God is great: all must bow to his will. We saw a new grave, near the well of Kossa; and the bones of a Maharee will whiten beside it. We knew the Maharee: who but knew the tall camel that bore Essnousee upon the desert? The robbers were merciful to the dead: they gave burial to him they had murdered."

When Yahia was informed of the death of his son, he bent his eyes upon the earth: "It was written!" he said. "God is great; but he gives not to all all his gifts. To one valour; to another wisdom. My son was brave."

Oneiza, too, was told of the death of her brother. "It was written!" she said; and she wept.

When Essnousee left Ghadames, he journeyed two days towards the west. The tall Maharee will travel much faster and much further each day than the smaller camel of the coast. He then turned towards the north and east, describing in his course an arc of a circle, of which Ghadames was the centre. Adopting this plan, he might feel almost certain that by the time he arrived due north of the city he would have crossed any route by which the Shanbâh would advance upon Ghadames. Essnousee, though young, was experienced in Saharan travelling. Accustomed to hunt the mutton, the antelope, and the ostrich, to traverse the desert at all seasons, on foot, on horseback, and on his tall Maharee, none could be better fitted than himself for an expedition such as he had undertaken; but though cautious as well as brave, he was not secure against the perils of the route. At night he chose his resting-place, whenever practicable, at some distance from any ordinary path, and in places where the ground would not show the print of a camel's foot. Ere he slept he would pass a cord round one of his ancles, and link it to a leg of the Maharee, lest the latter should wander in the night. Sometimes, both by night and day, he would leave his camel, and ascend on foot some rocky ridge or other high ground, in order to

command as wide a sweep of the Sahara as possible, and search for moving objects, or the smoke or fire of a bivouac. Up to the eighth day since his departure from Ghadames, he had, however, seen nothing to confirm him in the notion that the Shanbâh were approaching the city. He had indeed crossed one or two tracks—"trails," as they are called on the new continent—which showed that there had been recent travellers in the wilderness; but in companies of only three or four. Hunting parties he supposed them to be; or if robbers, they would not venture near to the town.

Upon the eighth day he reached the well of Kossa, upon the route between Ghadames and Tripoli, and distant three days' journey from the former. He drank at this well and watered his camel; ate a few dates, the principal provisions with which he had stored his panniers; and was engaged in replenishing his waterskin, when he felt a slight blow near the knee, and immediately after heard the report of a gun. Springing for shelter to the side of his Maharee, which had lain down, he seized his own matchlock, and, discharging it over the neck of the camel, shot one of three men, whom he now saw among some bushes, at the foot of a group of palms. Balls from two other barrels responded to his fire: one buried itself in the brain of the noble Maharee; the other wounded the youth himself, severely, in the temple. The Maharee shuddered and fell dead: Essnousee swooned.

The Shanbâh, for such were his assailants, now advanced. Their party had consisted but of the three whom he had seen; and two only were fated to return to their native hills. These two having satisfied themselves that he was at least past all present power of being dangerous, confiscated his matchlock, his pistols, his dagger, his dates, his water-skin, a part of his clothing, and a few other articles found upon his person or in the panniers of his Maharee; and having placed these upon their own beast—for they took with them one led camel, though they travelled on foot—they piously buried their companion, and, kneeling for a few minutes, with their faces towards the east, to render thanks for the spoil so cheaply acquired—by the destruction only of a friend, a stranger, and a Maharee—and to pray for equally good luck upon the morrow, they turned towards their own country. How far they travelled in that direction it does not fall within the occasion of the present narrative to record.

Whether mercy on the part of the robbers would leave the Ghadamsee a chance of life,—whether cruelty would resign him

to a slow death in the desert,—or whether they believed him to be dead, and would not be at the trouble of burying a stranger, I do not pretend to explain ; but Essnousee was not killed, though severely wounded. When night spread her gold-spangled drapery over the sleeping earth, and herself sank to sleep on its bosom, among the palms of Kossa, the cool air revived him ; but he woke only to pain and despair. He felt the smart of his wounds, and the fever of fatigue and agony. Unable to move, and without food, he had no prospect before him but to die from the torture he was now suffering—from the parching heat to which he would be exposed upon the morrow,—or worse than both, from hunger. The moon looked down like daylight rushing through a window in the dark-blue dome above him. Very slowly did the heavens appear to revolve: long had he been accustomed to compute time by their motion ; but their machinery seemed out of order now. From hour to hour a lonely gust startled the slumbering murmurs from the date trees, as it brushed past them in its ghostly walk across the desert ; and the only sound heard between seemed a whisper of the stars, or the very heart-beat of the sleeping silence. But when the moon had at last got low, he heard from afar what was easily recognised as the motion of a living thing upon the wilderness ; and his practised ear soon knew it to be that of a horse, approaching from the direction of Tripoli. He had yet long to wait ere it drew near to the well of Kossa, and sometimes it became faint, so as scarcely to be distinguished ; sometimes grew suddenly louder, according to the undulation or consistency of the ground over which the rider passed. It was unusual for any one to traverse the desert alone, and on horseback particularly, on account of the difficulty of carrying stores for the journey. Essnousee imagined that this must be another of the predatory horde of the Shanbâhs ; and that probably the robbers were encamped in large numbers in the neighbourhood. He expected a *coup de grâce* from the stranger.

When the sun rose Essnousee was still by the well of Kossa ; but a person by his side had washed and bound up his wounds, and refreshed him with dates and dried camel's flesh. The traveller, too, had assisted him to move into a spot where he would be sheltered from the sun by a thick group of palm-trees, and there they conversed together. Essnousee's pain was much alleviated by the application of cold water, and his strength much restored by food. He was able to hold discourse with the stranger.

In answer to questions from the individual who had come thus opportunely to his aid, Essnousee narrated the circumstances which had brought him to that spot, and that of his affray with the robbers. He mentioned his name, and that he was of the faction of the Wezeets of the holy, or mahrabout city of Ghadames. The stranger would not in turn relate his history, until the wounded man should have taken the rest of which he was so much in need; Essnousee slept during the heat of the day beneath the palm-trees; and the horseman having cleaned and reloaded his gun and pistols, and fastened his horse among the bushes, lay likewise down to sleep, sure of awakening at any approaching sound.

It would not do, however, to remain longer in the spot where they then were than absolutely necessary. There were probably Shanbâh still in the neighbourhood; and the well of Kossa was the most frequented of all the small oases within an equal distance of the city. But what plan to pursue it was not easy to determine. Essnousee was in a condition that made it impossible for him to travel any considerable distance, even could he have been conveyed upon a camel: to do so on horseback was yet more difficult. Their stock of provision was no more than what remained of that which the stranger had brought with him, and which had been calculated only for his own consumption, during a rapid journey to Ghadames. At last it was determined that Essnousee should be moved to a spot about three hours' distant, and which was away from all the ordinary routes, and rarely visited except by hunters. There was a small cave, where might be obtained the shelter which the few palm-trees were too scattered to afford; and water might be procured by scooping in the sand. Saïd, so was the stranger named, proposed that he should leave Essnousee at that spot, whilst he rode to a village in the mountains two days' journey to the northward, to obtain a fresh supply of dates, and, if possible, some means of conveying the wounded adventurer to Ghadames. The distance understood in the expression a two days' journey, might be accomplished by a well-mounted horseman in eight or ten hours; the former computation of time having reference to the ordinary rate of travelling of a merchant caravan.

As soon, therefore, as the sun had set, and the air began to grow cool, Saïd assisted Essnousee upon the horse; and himself accompanying him on foot, they proceeded towards the asylum proposed, the necessity of the case giving the wounded youth strength to support the pain and fatigue occasioned by the

movement. They took with them, as an important addition to Saïd's small stock of dates, some choice pieces cut from the hump of the unfortunate Maharee. They beguiled the way with conversation, and during the journey Saïd gave some account of himself. Saïd was some years older than Essnousee; he was a native of the Sahara, but since he was fifteen years of age he had been travelling in foreign countries. He had first visited Constantinople, in the suite of an ex-viceroy of Tripoli. Then he had gone to Egypt, where he became one of the personal attendants upon Ibrahim Pasha, in which capacity he had visited Paris and London. Travel had expanded his mind, and wiped out some early prejudices. He had learned toleration even for the Christian. A few more years spent in western Europe might have taught him to look with patience on the Jew. He had lately come from France to Tunis, and was on his way, he said, from thence, to visit the holy and mahrabout city of Ghadames, when he had the good fortune to be useful to Essnousee. "I have heard much," he said, "of your goodly oasis, and of the feud of the Wezeets and the Weleeds. You belong, you tell me, to the former faction. Can you explain to me the origin of their disputes?"

"I thank God and his prophet that I am a Wezeet. Of course we hate the Weleeds: have we not reason? Our fathers and our fathers' fathers hated them before us. So likewise their fathers' fathers, and *their* fathers' fathers."

"But how did the feud arise? for I have heard the matter variously stated. I have been told that it began in the second century of the Hegira; and I have been told that it began in the third century; and again, I have been told that it began in the time of Mahomet, the prophet of God. I have heard that the quarrel arose because a Wezeet preferred the black dates of his own trees to the brown dates of the trees of one of the Weleeds; and contrary-wise, I have heard that it was because a Weleed preferred the brown dates of his palms to the black dates of the palms of a Wezeet."

"Nay, held in reverence be the white beard of Mahomet, I thank God and him I know nothing truly on this matter. But I deem that the quarrel is much older; and I believe that it grew out of a dispute as to which of two straws was the longer. And let the earth die, and the stars set the firmament on fire, but I will maintain that my ancestor's straw was the longer by at least two hairs' breadth."

"God is great. He knows all things. But as it has not been written by Mahomet, his prophet, it is hard to tell now. And the feud does not decline in Ghadames ?"

"How should it decline ? Has it not put forth deep roots and strong branches through many generations ? Is it not a goodly hate, venerable, and well stricken in years ? Shall we not hate with the hate with which our fathers hated, and uphold the straw which our fathers upheld ?"

"It is reasonable. And which faction has most strength in the mahrabout city ?"

"The strength of the just quarrel is with the Wezeets against the Weleeds, as the strength of the mountains of Atlas against an ant-hill of sand. The Weleeds have the strength of houses and streets ; their merchants are the richer ; their date-trees more in number. But all the gold of Mecca could not give length to their straw."

"No, truly ; though half of it might shorten the straw of their foes. And you never, then, meet or hold converse with the Weleeds ?"

"Praise be to God and his prophet, we never set foot in their streets. We go round a mile, for that we will not pass between their houses. We travel with the same caravans ; we go forth against the Shanbâh together ; and our old men dispute with their old men in the city divan. Elsewise we converse not with them ; we eat not of the fruit of their date-trees ; we buy not in their shops, nor sell to them in ours ; they are as Christians to us, as dogs, or as Jews."

"And you fight with them sometimes ?"

"Should we fight with the dogs of the city ? They are as dogs to us, and we to them as swine. Yet I have heard, that far back towards the days of the prophet, we fought, and many on both sides were slain ; but it altered not the lengths of our straws ; and I pray that it be so written that the straws shall continue unaltered, until the destruction of all things reduce them to one longness. And meanwhile, I will maintain, through fire and flame, against tempest and whirlwind, spite of iron and brass, in the teeth of the lion and over the horn of the unicorn, that the straw of the Wezeets is the longer straw by at least two hairs' breadth. I am Essnousee Ben Yahia, and have said it."

Essnousee and Saïd reached the cave in the desert. Saïd made a fire of dry palm branches and cooked a part of the camel's

hump. When they had eaten, he again washed Essnousee's wounds and bound them with wet cloths ; he then covered him with his own cloak, and having filled with water a hollow in the rock near his side, that the wounded man should not be compelled to crawl down to the well which he had scooped in the sands at the bottom of the valley, he gave him most of the dates that remained and some of the roasted flesh, and left with him his own pistols, that he might sell his life dearly in case he should be attacked. Saïd then mounted his barb, and departed in the direction of the mountains.

He returned two days after, bringing with him more dates and some corn-cakes, together with a pot of ointment, which was approved for wounds. He had made arrangements for two men to follow with camels, but there was some delay necessary before they could leave the hills, so that they could not arrive for three days. During that time Saïd tended Essnousee, who daily waxed better.

"You are my brother," said the Wezeet ; "may, I, some day, render you a like service !"

One of the camels carried a litter, such as is used for the sick when they cross the desert. Essnousee was placed upon it and travelled with little pain ; the other camel was laden with stores for the journey.

They took a somewhat circuitous route, as in doing so they thought they should be in less danger of falling in with the Shanbáh. They reached Ghadames in safety on the fourth day. It was the eighteenth since Essnousee had left it.

As they approached the city Saïd said to the youth whose friendship he had won in the desert,—“Let us, when we meet in the wilderness, be brothers again. *Here*, we must part !”

“Here, or in the wilderness,” said Essnousee, “at all times, and in all places, we are brothers. I owe you my life : it is yours. I swear it by the beard of the prophet and the length of our straw. Saïd is a stranger in Ghadames and shall come with me to the house of Yahia, the father of Essnousee. It is spoken.”

“Our ways into the city lie through different gates. I have to visit a Weleed.”

“The friend of a Weleed may be the friend of a Wezeet. Our feud is for ourselves alone.”

“And will you visit Saïd in the house of a Weleed ?”

"I will go even into their streets to greet my brother. Into their dwellings I may not enter."

"Unless you will visit Saïd in the dwelling of Al Hamor, he cannot visit you beneath the roofs of Yahia. Al Hamor is the father of Saïd: Saïd is a Weleed."

The first idea that passed through the mind of Essnousee on hearing this announcement, was a wish that he had died in the desert; but the next was more generous. "I have lived then," he said, "to be beholden to a Weleed. I have eaten his dates: he has dressed my wounds. I have slept beneath his cloak. I have called him my brother; and my brother he shall be. For his sake I am friends with all Weleeds from this day forth. Oh, prophet Mahomet! that a Weleed whom I hated should have helped me in my necessity! But he is not like other Weleeds."

"And I," said Saïd, "have made friends with a Wezeet. I have found him brave, and over-thankful for my small service. I have seen by his conversation that he is of generous nature—liberal, except towards the Weleeds. But doubtless he, too, is not like other Wezeets; else, were it wrong of the Weleeds, that the Wezeets should be to them as swine."

"Oh, thou knowest not," said Essnousee, "those of our faction. Thou shouldst have been one of us; then wouldst thou have been aware that all the Wezeets are brave, and acknowledge benefits. When it is otherwise; may their straw be shortened."

"And thou, Essnousee, knowest thou the Weleeds? Thinkest thou that he would not be scorned among them; who, having found thee in thy need should have failed to give thee succour? If ever it be not thus with them, may they confess themselves the dogs you account them."

"If it be so," responded Essnousee, "wherefore is it that Wezeets and Weleeds should continue unknown to each other? For myself, I am ready to forget the length of our straws, although doubtless ours was the longer."

Essnousee pressed Saïd to accompany him to the house of Yahia; but Saïd still declined, and gave such sufficient reasons for doing so, that the Wezeet was compelled to admit the propriety of his refusal. The feud was over only as between themselves; it still existed in full force in the minds of their fathers, and of all their kin. Saïd proposed that they should exert themselves to reason down the prejudices that were so fondly and blindly cherished on either side; and he promised to visit Yahia's

house, when Yahia himself should invite him. It was agreed that meanwhile himself and Essnousee should meet daily and greet each other in the Square of the Fountain ; a course for which, as between members of the rival factions, the history of Ghadames furnished no precedent : but which would, no doubt, be tolerated when the story of their meeting in the desert had been noised abroad.

It was not many hours after they entered the city walls, before that story was noised abroad in every street of Ghadames. Even the subject of the national defences, to which the problematical advance of an enemy had given for the time great popular interest, was dropped for awhile, that all tongues might have their say upon an occurrence so extraordinary as the existence of a sworn brotherhood between a Wezeet and a Weleed. Great astonishment did it excite on either side—great indignation. The Wezeets declared the Wezeet a Weleed ; the Weleeds declared the Weleed a Wezeet. The Wezeets could not, indeed, but admit that Essnousee, as he was ignorant of Saïd's connexion with the opposed faction, was justified in receiving assistance at his hand ; and that the dates he had eaten bound him now to a public acknowledgment of the obligation which the other had laid him under. They were divided in opinion as to whether he ought to return and die by the Well of Kossa ; and indeed the majority did not regard that as at all imperative. But there was a general feeling that it behoved him to " eat a crocodile," tie a knot in water, cut banners out of the east wind, or do something equally remarkable, by way of expiating his misfortune, in having been saved from brain-fever, gangrene, or starvation, by the interposition of a Weleed insidiously unknown. The Weleeds admitted that no Weleed would have been worthy of the name who should have neglected to render those services to any stranger in distress which Saïd had offered to Essnousee ; but they thought that his duties were at an end when he had brought the suffering man to the gates of Ghadames, and that he should have parted from him then to recognise him no more. Still the Wezeets admitted that if all the Weleeds were as brave and generous as Saïd, it would not be disgraceful to be acquainted with their streets ; and the Weleeds confessed that the bravery which had taken Essnousee into the desert, and the gratitude which he testified to his benefactor, were qualities which might be admired in those of their own faction, and such as they should not have looked for in any of the Wezeets.

Oneiza had wept much for the supposed death of Essnousee. "My words," she said, "were heard, though I meant them not. The jinns of the wilderness sent robbers in his path." When she found he was safe, though wounded, she was filled with joy. "The prayer, too, which I *meant*," she exclaimed, "was heard; the death of my brother was not written. Can it be," she asked Essnousee, when he narrated his story, "that Saïd is a Weleed? Oh, he is brave and generous, and to be loved by the Wezeets. For his sake the men of the Weleeds are no longer dogs: only their women."

It happened, and indeed rather fortunately, that Yahia and Al Hamor, the fathers respectively of Essnousee and of Saïd, were the leaders of the two factions in the city of Ghadames. Yahia was delighted to recover the son whom he had deemed lost; and to the individual Weleed who had rendered him assistance, readily forgave the impertinence of interfering in the affairs of a Wezeet. Perhaps the generous kindness of Saïd caused some abatement in the rancour with which he regarded the whole faction; but though he would have been now most willing that this Saïd should visit his son, it did not yet appear to him as a thing within the range of the possible that his son should visit Saïd in the dwellings of the Weleeds. Al Hamor, too, was delighted with the return of *his* son, after an absence of many years; and was proud of him, both because his praises were in the mouths of all, yea, even of the Wezeets, on account of his bravery and generosity; and because in his long course of travel he had picked up much knowledge, and had met with much to stimulate thought, so as to give him an advantage over the men of his own years, and even those with gray beards, in Ghadames. "My son," would the parent say, "has gathered learning among the Christians. The Christians know all things but God." Saïd's reasoning with him, therefore, respecting the feud of Ghadames, produced a considerable change in his mind upon that subject; and he was brought to admit that some, at least, among the Wezeets, might not be such swine as he had thought them.

The two friends continued to meet in the Square of the Fountain; and when the time seemed ripe, they instigated their fathers to summon the men of their respective parties to a general debate, in order that the real ground of their differences might be known, and such arrangements entered into as should appear wise, after an open discussion of the subject. Yahia, therefore, invited the

Wezeets to attend, on the south side of the Square, on a day which had been agreed upon ; giving, as a reason, that it had been held proper for Essnousee to make a public acknowledgment of the benefits he had received at the hands of the Weleed, Saïd. Al Hamor called upon the Weleeds to attend in the Square, upon the north side ; likewise setting forth that the Wezeet was going to confess his obligations to the youth of their own faction, to whom he had owed his preservation ; and adding that it would be proper, in return, to acknowledge the bravery of Essnousee.

In the cool of the evening, on the appointed day, the men of the two factions assembled. When they had squatted themselves, cross-legged, at their respective sides of the Square, Essnousee stepped forth between them ; and placing himself near the western wall, with his face towards the East, in which position he might be seen of all, he bowed to the left hand and to the right, and said :—" O, men of the Weleed, and brethren of the Wezeet, the robbers met me in the desert, and left me as dead. I was found by Saïd, the son of Al Hamor, the Weleed. He fed me with dates, and gave me draughts from his water-skin : he washed my wounds, and anointed them : he covered me with his mantle, and strengthened me with weapons against the foe : he set me on his horse and on his camel : he rode for my sake over Sahara to the mountains : he brought me four days' journey across the desert to Ghadames. He is a Weleed, and I a Wezeet ; yet was I to him but as a stranger and sick man. Therefore, O men of Ghadames, though our feud hath grown old in the city, and been handed down as a precious heir-loom by our fathers through many generations, yet will I not cast from me the hand which hath succoured me ; and I swear by that most holy pocket, the richest of the treasures of Medina, wherein our prophet Mahomet, when on earth, carried the latch-key of Paradise, though I be a Wezeet, and he a Weleed, yet I hold him, and will ever hold him, as my brother and best friend : and for his sake I will hide my straw in my bosom, and be in charity towards all of his faction."

" It is well spoken, my son," said Yahia.

" It is well spoken," said all the Wezeets.

" Essnousee is a brave youth, though he belongs not to us," murmured several Weleeds.

" Saïd did but his duty," said Al Hamor, " towards a stranger and a sick man."

" And requireth not thanks," added some of the same faction.

"Dear friends," said Saïd, bowing to those of his own party, as he, too, stepped forth, and took his place at the western wall, "and you, honourable members of the opposition,—a wounded man, should he die in the wilderness, when there was a hand that might help? Essnousee was more thankful than needed, but such is the part of the brave. We were friends in the Sahara,—should we wear the cold brow in the streets? Why should there be one face for the desert, and one within the city walls? I accept the pledge from my friend; and, by the picklock used by the prophet, when he left his latch-key below, he shall be my brother; and for his sake I will close mine eyes when I eat dates, that I may not know the brown from the black."

"My son could not do else than he doeth," said Al Hamor.

"It was written!" said many, "it is not to be helped."

"Saïd is noble; it is not to be denied," cried many Wezeets.

"He is generous," added others; "he is brave—he is wise."

"Saïd shall be to us as a Wezeet," they said. "Saïd and Essnousee are excused from the duty of hating each other. But the rest have not met in the desert."

"If I were not too young, where gray-beards are present, I would speak," said Saïd.

"Speak," said the Wezeets: "thou hast saved the son of Yahia."

"Speak," said the Weleeds: "thou art the son of Al Hamor."

"Speak," said the old men of both sides: "thy knowledge shall be counted for gray hairs."

"For thou hast been," said some, "in the lands of the Christians."

"Who," added others, "understand all things but prayer."

Saïd then entered on a long harangue, not very distinctly comprehended by his auditors, in which he endeavoured to show that the legacies of our ancestors may be gold or lumber; that this is an age of reforms, and the more the merrier; that it is foolish to choose foes where we might find friends; and, incidentally, that the prophet's beard was six feet long; that the North Pole has a silver knob at the tip; and that they should load camels well, as high pressure increases the speed. These matters, and many more having been the subjects of much grave discussion, without any obvious result,—for the people of Ghadames are too well bred to get into a passion and call names,—Saïd went on to suggest that "at that stage of the proceedings it would be well if the sense

of the meeting were embodied in a series of resolutions." He explained the manner in which such things were managed in the North, and stated that, but for their fashion of sitting on the ground, it would have been proper to have appointed a chairman. He then drew from his pocket a roll, with which he had come ready prepared, and begged to submit to the company what he thought might do as a rough outline; adding that its crude propositions would no doubt be rendered satisfactory by proper amendments.

He proceeded to read—

Resolved,—*That whereas a quarrel has existed in the ancient city of Ghadames between the factions called respectively the Weleeds and the Wezeets, from some period or periods unknown, say, three thousand years, the Wezeets and Weleeds of the present day confess that they are unable to determine, by any unanimous opinion, what it is all about.*

"Not so," interposed Yahia, "it is touching two straws."

"Not so," interposed Al Hamor, "it is touching black dates and brown."

"Not so," interposed Ben Heli, "it is touching Nimrod the Hunter, the colour of his beard; whether that was tawny, like the lion, or yellow as sand."

"Let us hear more," cried many voices.

Resolved,—*That whereas the hatred between the two factions is a respectable and venerable hatred,—*

"Our fathers," said a voice, "hated their fathers."

"And our fathers' fathers," said another, "their fathers' fathers."

"And the fathers of our fathers' fathers, and the fathers of the fathers of our fathers' fathers, the fathers of their fathers' fathers, and the fathers of the fathers of their fathers' fathers."

—*it is not to be laid aside without due and sufficient cause.*

"Let it stand fast until shaken," said Ali ben Salem.

"And grow until its roots be riven," responded Maleki, from the opposite side.

"And yield us its pleasant shade," said Alcassem Giamah.

"Let us hear more," cried voices.

Resolved,—*That though without due and sufficient cause it*

should not be laid aside, neither without due and sufficient cause should it be persevered in.

"Most true," said Yahia. "Be we friends. Let them own that our straw was the longer."

"Most true," said Al Hamor. "Be we friends. Let them own that our dates are the better."

"Most true," said Ben Heli. "Be we friends. Let them own that the beard was sand-yellow."

Yahia, Al Hamor, and Ben Heli, all spoke at once.

"Let us hear more," shouted voices.

Resolved,—*That though it be a good thing to hate,—*

"It is the gift of God," said Ben Salem.

"And the bequest of his prophet," said Maleki.

"Honey is good," said Alcassem; "but gall, too, hath its price."

yet, after camel's flesh, dates. There is sweetness in change.

"There is sweetness in change," repeated Ebn Wafed—"after prayer, feasting."

"There is sweetness in change," cried Azadita—"after meat, woman."

"There is sweetness in change," added Khalaf—"after woman, the sword."

"Let us hear more," cried voices.

Resolved,—*That the Wezeets and Weleeds having long feasted on hate, it is time they should fast.—*

"Though their stomachs be not stayed," cried Yahia.

"Though they be not half filled," chimed in Al Hamor.

"To hate better hereafter," interjected Ben Heli.

"Let us hear no more," screamed voices.

"Nay," shouted others, "let us hear to the end."

Resolved,—*That as hate nevertheless must needs be,—*

"What must be must," said a voice.

"It is man's prerogative," said another.

"Nay, the beasts share it," cried a third.

"For the ox," said a fourth, "hateth the lion, and the she-goat the crocodile."

"The very trees hate," ejaculated a fifth.

"The tall tree the fungus," said a sixth, "and the bush the shade of the palm."

"The stars," observed a seventh, "hate the light of the morning."

"And the sun," added an eighth, "the mists of the mountain."

"All nature hateth somewhat," exclaimed a ninth.

"And where," said a tenth, "she hath not somewhat to hate, she abhorreth a vacuum."

As hate nevertheless must needs be, yet is a tender suckling which would die without food,—

"Let us give it the breast," shouted all.

that we seek for it a nursing-mother in the Shanbâh. That we cease our own hates for a while, and unite all, to drive hence the robbers.

"The robbers, the robbers!" cried Yahia; "they had well nigh slain my son. Be we friends with the Wezeeds. Let us own that their straw was the longer."

"Though it was not in truth," said Essnousee, "yet let us own it."

"And my son," said Al Hamor, "was in danger. Let us be friends with the Wezeets; let us own that their dates are the better. Though they be not so, yet let us own it."

"The Shanbâh, the Shanbâh!" exclaimed Ben Heli; "there is danger to our wives and our daughters. Let us own that the beard of the hunter was betwixt and between: though indeed it was yellow as sand."

After many shoutings of "The Shanbâh!" and "Robbers!" some asked, "Have we anything more to resolve?"

"Resolved," answered Saïd,—"*That by the resolutions already resolved upon, all differences being removed, we leave war till the morrow, and be jolly fellows to-night. That Wezeets and Wezeeds smoke their hookahs together; and that the Wezeeds give three cheers for the Wezeets; the Wezeets three cheers for the Wezeeds.*"

This resolution was carried and acted upon, Saïd explaining the way. The cheers, however, were made three times three; and when Saïd came to "a little one!" some asked him, "And is this the way they do things in the civilised North?"

"It is all in order, I assure you," said he; "but you do not

shout loud enough, nor clatter your hookahs with due force. This is the way things should be done."

"By the white beard of Mahomet," said many, "the Christians know all things but God!"

"We are all friends, then," said Yahia; "and Saïd, the son of Al Hamor, saved the life of my son. He must come and eat dates at my dwelling."

"Even brown dates are good," said Al Hamor.

"He must come and eat dates at my dwelling, and be to me as my own son. I will give him my daughter in marriage."

"The daughter of Yahia," cried several Weleeds, though they knew her not, "is as fair as the first streak of morning."

"As pleasant to the eye," added others, "as the palm-circled well in the desert."

"And Essnousee," said Al Hamor, "must come to my dwelling, and eat the black dates of the Weleeds. I too have a daughter, and I will give him my daughter to wife."

"The daughter of Al Hamor," cried voices of the Wezeets, "is like a rain-drop upon a flower in the wilderness."

"And her voice, to her husband," said others, "will be like the camel's bell, heard from afar, to the lonely man in the desert."

"Essnousee," said the Weleeds, "is brave: he went forth in Sahara alone: he deserves fair Ghazèle, the daughter of the venerable Al Hamor."

"Saïd," said the Wezeets, "is generous: he brought home Essnousee from the desert: he deserves fair Oneiza, the daughter of the worshipful Yahia."

The Weleeds no longer seemed dogs to the Wezeets; nor the Wezeets swine to the Weleeds. "Surely," they said, "we have been mistaken in each other."

"And our fathers, doubtless, in your fathers."

"And so of our fathers' fathers."

"And of our fathers' fathers' fathers."

"Our uncles," said one, "knew not your uncles."

"Nor our aunts," said another, "your aunts."

"Nevertheless," said the Wezeets, among each other, as they walked home in the moonlight, "when the Shanbâh are scattered, our straw shall again be the longer."

"Aye," said Weleed to Weleed, "black dates are the better; but only till the robbers are slain."

"For all this," said Ishac ben Omar, when he found himself

alone, "I never will know the streets which my fathers knew not."

"My sister," said Essnousee to Oneiza, "my prayer hath been heard. Thou shalt marry a Weleed."

"Saïd," said Oneiza, "is no more a Weleed : he is the friend of my brother. And it is I, then," she added, "that have made peace in the city ; for was it not by my prayer that Essnousee met with robbers in the wilderness ?"

The Shanbâh were not found in the desert ; but Wezeets and Weleeds talked together by the fountains ; and when they returned to Ghadames they did not renew the feud, for they had found that Weleeds and Wezeets were very much one sort of thing. They ate of each others' dates, and admitted that both brown dates and black dates were good ; and that which were the better was a question of individual taste. It was agreed, that measured on one side the straw of the Wezeets was the longer, but that doubtless it was cut of a slope ; and further, that the beard of Nimrod the Hunter (the founder of their city) was as tawny as a sand-coloured lion, and as yellow as lion-coloured sand. All joined together and made strong their walls against Shanbâh or Thouarick, which their quarrels had prevented before. May there henceforth be peace in Ghadames !

How much of the hate in the world is like the hate of the Wezeets and Weleeds ! People hate each other from habit ; and because their fathers hated ; and because they don't know each other ; and because they won't know each other ; and because they will not go into each others' houses. We do not perceive that often, when we quarrel, our anger, like that of the kitten who scratches your boot by reason that you use Warren's jet, is raised by a reflex of ourselves ; and that in hating our neighbour we are hating ourselves from an outward point of view. My drawing-room looks out of its windows at your drawing-room over the way ; and contrasts the dull brick with its own pretty paper. "Hark in thine ear : changé places : and, handy-dandy," where is the pretty paper and where is the brick ?

[* * The circumstances recorded in the foregoing pages have occurred since Mr. Richardson's visit to Ghadames in 1845. The intelligence has been transmitted by mesmeric express.]

THE MAN WHO "WISHES WELL."

IN past ages of our present Christian civilisation, men have been sturdy haters of what they could not love, and sturdy lovers of what they could not hate. *Indifference* was a condition of mind almost unknown to them. They were equally ready to persecute and be persecuted—to make others martyrs, and to be martyrs themselves—to go to the death for what they considered good, and to crush, even to the death, all upholders of what they considered bad.

Now, however, people believe less, and allow others to believe more. In times to come, we hope earnestness and love of truth will again be a characteristic of highly-civilised society, and this purified and made wiser by experience gained; but the age in which we live knows small portion of such inspiration. Its material soul contains much earth and water, but little fire or air. Our era is one of enlightenment, and toleration, and wealth-seeking and selfishness. We do not energetically affirm or deny anything on earth, or in the heavens above the earth; we "ignore." Our social harmony is pitched in a low key, that there may be less danger of our singing out of tune.

Amongst the beings who illustrate such a condition, the man who "wishes well" is a notable specimen. He is very favourable to improvement, but does nothing to improve. He takes great pleasure in seeing other people work out new ideas, and is perfectly ready to eat of the crop when it is reaped; but he himself abstains from plough, harrow, seed-sieve, or sickle. He is profoundly impressed with the force of Bacon's axiom that "Time is the greatest innovator;" and he leaves everything to Time, looking on idly meanwhile. He does not, or will not, see that *Time* really means *us*; that "Time," in such an axiom, can be nothing more than a term to express a long-continued course of human agency.

To everything and to everybody he "wishes well." He wishes well to Tories, and to Whigs, and to Radicals. He wishes well to Catholics, and to Protestants, and to Jews, and to Mahomedans, and to Atheists. He wishes well to those who attack a

principle, and to those who defend it. In the moral government of the universe he wishes well to God, and wishes no ill to the devil. And this general well-wishing is not because his own philosophy is so wide as to include all these aspects of mind within its limits, but because it is so lazily defined that he cannot undertake to say what it admits and what it shuts out. He is not a man of extensive sympathy, but of extensive non-antipathy.

Some reform, promising much, rooting up established notions, and substituting new and untried ones—which, carried out, would revolutionise the world—is brought before the public. Mr. Blatherby, the man who "wishes well," hears as much of it exactly as is brought within his hearing,—examines it not at all,—by no means opposes it, but declines to compromise himself by advocating it: he wishes it well.

Some other reform, abolishing all modern principles, and offering in exchange the principles of the Middle Ages—which, if successful, would totally subvert existing civilisation—is also submitted to the world. Mr. Blatherby, whose only basis of thought is a vague notion of "progress," certainly smiles a little at this fantastic system, but he won't undertake to affirm that the propounders of it are not right. He rather likes some parts, but thinks they are mistaken in other points—though he certainly has not studied the subject so well as to pronounce where they are right and where they are mistaken; but he likes to see the collision of opinions, and he "wishes them well," he is sure.

Suppose you are reduced to want. Mr. Blatherby has dined with you often, and has often invited you to dinner in return. You have passed a good deal of time very pleasantly together, and Mr. Blatherby has called himself, and you have called him, your "friend." Well, you go to him now, and tell him the state of the case. You allude to your friendship; you confess to him the gloomy state of your resources, and ask him for aid. Mr. Blatherby admits the friendship at once, in the most candid manner—confesses to *you*, as a return for *your* confidence, that he himself is just now rather put out; advises you to lose no time in doing something; regrets exceedingly the impossibility, at present, of assisting you; and concludes by most sincerely "wishing you well."

Too indolent, too selfish, and too cowardly to have an opinion; too cold to have a friend; too anxious not to hate, even to be able

to love; Mr. Blatherby dies, without having really lived. He has never plucked the roses of existence for fear of pricking his fingers with the despicable thorns, and is buried ten feet beneath the earth, without having had sense and courage enough to take his share of the pleasure that abounds on its surface.

ARTHUR WALLBRIDGE.

POPE, PIPE, AND PROGRESS,

A PREP AT NORTH ITALY.

BY PAUL BELL.

"Think of this when you take Tobacco."—OLD SONG.

It is to be hoped, Sir, that all true men and women of London—East, West, North, and South—civil and military—critical and given to being pleased without reason given—have done their manners by the Lady of the Marylebone Theatre, excellent Mrs. Warner, *alias* "The Scornful Lady;" also, that not a few have paid due honour to the excellent *Abigail* of the Comedy, dear Mistress Saunders; in her suit of gray and stiff steeple-crowned hat, looking the very picture of *Mrs. Japhet* in the real legitimate *Noah's Ark*, which were our delights in the days of childhood. Such being my expectation, I will curtail the long and admirable criticism I had penned on the Comedy, the acting, and the scenery (not forgetting digressions, historical, æsthetical, transcendental, and rhapsodical)—my need on the present occasion being merely to remind the world of a great Truth, illustrated in one of the least important characters of Beaumont and Fletcher's hearty drama. Among the evil companions of young *Loveless*, besides the Swash-buckler, the Traveller, and (well-a-day!) the Poet; the worst, perhaps, of the Crew—the most demoralised, deboshed, and distasteful is—The Tobacco-Man!

The Weed (my Mrs. Bell joins with me in believing) did indeed spring from a root of bitterness; if we are to judge from the mischievous effects it hath wrought ever since brave Sir Walter Raleigh puffed it into notice. Without going the length of Miss Weak, who declares that she has found the herb clearly prophesied in the Revelations;—without slashing and dashing among pipes,

meerschams, amber-tubes, bags, cigar cases, and other such elegancies, after the fashion of Mrs. Blackadder (who, therein, imitates dear Mrs. Trollope, and, we fancy, imagines that she is absolutely approaching that vivacious Lady's popularity), we entertain a very strong feeling on the subject:—experiences, moreover, of peculiar value, which, we think, ought to be laid before Mr. Chadwick and Dr. Southwood Smith. In our own Row, for instance, we have before us the sad case of the Van Fuddel family—worthy Dutch persons, who had “enjoyed a select education,” as Miss Le Grand phrases it, and whose connections in Amsterdam were known to be of “the first water,”—and who, nevertheless, so smoked their senses away—father, mother, two sons, and three daughters inclusive—that they became incapable of managing their affairs: fell a prey to an artful servant maid, by whom they were pillaged to an extent that is incredible,—and had at last to be carried off in a body (as you would pick stupified and helpless people from a wreck), by a relation who came over from Holland for the express purpose;—and who has placed them there, one and all, (our Row believes) in a house for the entertainment of Imbecility. There is, again, the example of Mr. Benjamin Holdshaw, Junior, who, from his tour among the American business-connexions of the Firm, came back with the habit so incurably rivetted and carried out with such coxcombical extravagance, that, on the occasion of the general break-up of the family, his unpaid bill for cigars alone amounted to upwards of one hundred and twenty pounds! Dr. Parr, we think, has much to answer for; and, in defiance of that Hero-worshipping spirit which makes stintless allowance for A's passion for Tea, B's voracious consumption of Oysters, and C's terrible propensity for Roast Pig (*Elia* being quoted, should any remark thereupon)—I will maintain that his Pipe, introduced as it was, at all manner of times and places, was an impertinence to the olfactory organs of Society, by no means pardonable, had he been twice the Grecian he was. Not even Bishop Hampden himself, in recognition of his position as Representative of the Anti-Spiritual-Tyranny interest—not even gallant and manly Mr. Rajah Brooke, whom we admire as though he were one of the Old Discoverers of the first class—not even Miss Lind, did a hookah or *narghilé* enter into the catalogue of her modest desires—should be gratified with leave to smoke in *Our* Drawing-room! It is enough to have German friends who bring their own atmosphere with them. It is enough to be visited from time to time by a Mexican, who leaves

his unfinished cigar on the iron railing, to be resumed when he leaves our house, to distress some other family with organs no less delicate than our own ! Nay, were even our pride of Lancashire, MR. COBDEN himself, to propose "indulging," after the fashion of the Dictator of Hatton Parsonage, we should be obliged to refuse him—on principle, and for every person's good ! One man's pleasure is not to be another man's nuisance ; else might we have turbulent boys playing on the French Horn at our Breakfast Tables, and cards taken to Church for the edification of those who find Sunday a day thrown away, owing to the impossibility of Whist ! The more we love and reverence people, say I, the less should we connive at their doing what is bad for them, and disrespectful.

Holding views like these with regard to the "Indian Leaf," and in no respect dismayed by the cloud of witnesses on the other side, who will, doubtless, not spare the fumes of sarcasm against my prudish nicety about an indulgence which the greatest Sages and Poets have sanctioned—you will judge that it was with no mean feelings of entertainment and satisfaction that I read in the papers, a few days since, how Young Lombardy is treating the Old Tobacco-Man of Austria ! I hope it cannot be fancied that I am here profligate enough to affix the above disrespectful title on Royalty :—the more so, as no one supposes for an instant that Austria is governed by its King ; and it would be too hard to expect Ferdinand Kaiser to put up with a Crown *sans* Kingdom, and a shabby name into the bargain ! No ;—the arch-smoker, whose Pipe—a Calumet of Peace—lulled that feverish, restless being, Napoleon, to sleep past mortal waking—who has, moreover, thrown his countrymen into a charmed trance, in which they can neither think, nor act, nor laugh in default of other occupation—Metternich, and who but he ?—is the Old Tobacco-Man of Southern Germany. It is against him that a portion of his recusant subjects in Northern Italy have been rising, in a manner at once earnest, absurd, and whimsical. They will have no more of his drugs and philters. He shall make no more money by stupifying them ; gain no *zwanzigers* to come by ministering to the vicious propensities of Indolence. They will compel their oppressors and born foes to consume their own smoke ! and starve them (is that the proper word, Mr. Pontet ?) out of Italy, by a resolute abstinence from that comfort of Life, so dear to Laziness. For Tobacco, and Lotteries, as we all know, are essential components of the Austrian Revenue !

There is a deep significance (I am a man of my time, and write the language of my time, and so, I say, there is a deep significance) in this Tobacco matter ; more than the mere starving out of an obnoxious usurpation, by refusing aliment to its monopolies. Good Mr. Bernan, in his amusing book on " Warming and Ventilation," has assured us, that all perfumes, pastils, pulvilios, incense, and like luxuries, were originally employed—nay, and also the blessed flowers of the fields themselves !—to destroy evil odours and the savours of imperfect civilisation. Is Italy, then, about to cleanse itself ? Will Milan become as " sweet as Bucklersbury in simpling time," now that her young men are giving up their Quench-All ? and elbowing the Old Tobacco-Man home to the Prater of his own Vienna ? Purity and Progress grant it be so ! And what if the men of Austria were to follow Lombard example ? and choose to do something for their own fresh air ? They appear to me growing sober ; trying, poor things, to think a little. Their Punch theatre is shut up at Vienna, I see ; and I learn that Dream-Books are not so much in request there as they used to be, before the last Almanac prophesied that Pope Pius would all for the " Holy Alliance ! " The sign is truly one for the Seers to regard anxiously. Smoke being dispersed, day-light may naturally be looked for—a recondite truth to which all will subscribe ! But seeing that the same is too vast for present handling, if viewed in all its comprehensiveness, let us return to the examination of the illustration with which we started.

The Northern Italians, then, have devotedly broken their pipes ; and, with a conformity as unanimous as that of Father Mathew's subjects, have declared that they will, one and all, henceforth dispense with their darling luxury ! The Austrians, on the other hand, resolved not to keep open shops without customers, have fitted out every official, magnificent and miserable, Solomon or Spy, with Tobacco *à discrétion*—" Go forth into the streets, my children," said the Tobacco-Man—" puff in the faces of your slaves. Aggravate them, now when they are fasting ; and if any *Carbonaro* dog shall bark at you :—that dog shall be marked to lose his tail, his ears, and his fore-paws ! " A gaudy sort of day it must have been, Sir, for the persons thus allowanced !—the Austrians, I take it, not objecting to compulsory happiness. English folk, similarly commanded, would feel much in the predicament of the Forger's Wife in one of Miss Martineau's tales—compelled to pass so many bad notes :

every day, and who hailed with thankfulness the creeping and burning fever which kept her at home!—but the subjects of the Old Tobacco-Man, with whom the Italians will neither buy, sell, nor intermarry—a folk not given to reading, and everywhere encouraged to run into debt, that Paternal Care may keep them there, substantially bound—must have felt this *largesse* a glorious boon! And as for the contempt, why, Sir, if *any* smoker would mind that, (which is a question for other Bells than myself to decide) no Austrian Smoker would, at least! So every pains has been taken to make the aboriginal Milanese, already rendered restless, by a craving for want of their old comfort, insult their usurpers, happy as Arcadians, over their pipes! And riots have been: a few deaths,—a great deal of heart-burning—but the fact stands firm. The smokers of Italy, who love Pope Pius, have made a vow against the Tobacco-Man! They have banded themselves together, to be meek—united—self-sacrificing. They will fight their battle, and win their cause, without wasting so much as a pinch of snuff or of powder—without a whiff of bad language, or of Latakia or Turkish incense!

Here, methinks, is a wonderful revolution. “The sweet of doing nothing,” so long foremost among the Italian’s delights and devices, *can* it last in favour, when the world of bearded men has no more snuff to devour—no more clouds of intoxication to inhale, betwixt opera and opera—courtship of married woman, and courtship of married woman? And, if the savour of doing *something* replace it, and become the taste in fashion, can the Strong Hand and the Weak Head maintain their ascendancy over the Burning Heart of the South? Surely not. Further; this “doing,” which the Italians are now about, seems precisely to belong to that order of exertion whereof they stand the most in need. One is tired of their pamphlets and their paragraphs,—and their Refugees, with violent demand on cold Northern Sympathies, who come to us for shelter, and upbraid us, with stormy sarcasm, when we will not cherish their frenzies, or cannot reply to improvisation by improvisation. One becomes weary of the word *Patriotism*, when it is used merely in the sense of self-assertion; and when that more needful self-debasement which reconciles great Men to waiting with patience—to the humility of an undistinguished career—to the cheerlessness of an unknown grave—has no part in its meaning. Yet, am I unfair, Sir, in pointing out the above as amongst the most salient features of modern Continental Liberalism?—in declaring that if

the same be not unscrupulous, it has at least a dangerous bearing towards "*the showy*"—a right royal contempt of Prudence, sadly akin to the Spendthrift's craving for Christmas green peas when he is in prison? Therefore, my comfort is great in seeing those who have been so loud about Liberty beginning to make their national regeneration a question of morals—each son of freedom doing battle, not merely against the Cannons of Imperial Despotism, and the absurdities of a Censorship presided over by Priestly Incompetence—but against the old Tobacco-Man!—showing, in short, an everyday seriousness and steadfastness of purpose: and not merely those glimpses of a spirit hardly fit even for times of emergency, but utterly unfit and fruitless, and tawdry, and extravagant, as applied to the days we are living in!

Yes: for the Italian to give up his cigar, is, not only for the Italian to give up his indifference: but also to sacrifice, as well as to prepare for labour; and to sacrifice, without aspiration after the crown of Martyrdom. Most curiously is this new liberal spirit working, in other respects, if all travellers' tales are true. My Mrs. Bell has a nephew in a counting-house at Leghorn, who has a turn for writing, I fear, more than befits one trained for Commerce: and he told us in his letters (having been there at the time) how grand were the processions of Liberals at Genoa and Florence: when Ladies as high and mighty as our Ladies Bertie and Bellair, or Sailsbury, marched foremost in the progress, carrying banners; and with much more work of the like kind, seeming rhapsodical here, but poetical there. He told us, too, of how droll a sight it was to see the lazy men of Florence turning out to do service as the National Guard: and how many a tender-hearted Italian wife, and—ahem! friend's wife!—plotted and planned, with true feminine wilfulness, to keep her *Chacco* or *Beppo* at home: out of the heat, out of the rain, out of the night-dews, out of the pinching caparison! Unlike Miggs of incomparable memory, who poured beer down Master Vardon's gun, rather than prove traitress to her cause, and let the enemy in—those Southern matrons—howsoever ready to march after this great Lady through the streets, or to swell the other chorus led by all the amateur singers of the Opera—seem little ready to take each her small part of discomfort. Yet, till the doctrine of such necessity be inculcated as part of her household duty, small is the chance of the Italian woman escaping from the thralldom of the confessor elect, who is willing (scandal-mongers say) that the man of the House should

stay abroad, for the purpose of gaining undisturbed ascendancy in his absence!

Most curiously can I imagine this Cigar-Fast kept by the patriots of all sorts and sizes who are resolved to bundle out the Tobacco-Man and his monopolies!—For the craving for “the weed,” among those addicted to its use, is, so far as I have observed, without parallel or likeness in other human desires. It maketh the civilest man rude: the most generous, selfish: the most direct, scheming—the most gentle, oppressive: the most reasonable, sophistical! You may tell a Puseyite that the black-letter motto in his Church window is illegible, and as such, in Christian fact heterodox—and he shall not be affronted. You may win three rubbers running from a *Miss Sarah Battle*, who piques her spinster-ship on her whist—paying, thereby, her Butcher’s bills—and she can smile while she can talk “*of the Fortune of War.*” You may preach prosperity in the ear of the Country Party, and from our revenue-table exhibit the distressing fact, that Ruin is not staring our Free-Traders in the face, as bespoken—and he shall candidly say, “*Well, I give up!*” You may observe to a Frenchman that his Government seems about to repeat with Abd-el-Kader, what we English did with Napoleon—and he shall admit the identity of the cases. All these miracles, I say, are more possible than to satisfy—*bonâ fide*, and not shabbily, or sneakingly—the Friend of your Bosom; if he has cause to imagine that you stand between him and his Tobacco. “It is good for his digestion.” “He *must* have it, by way of ridding him of his troubles.” “The Ladies of his family *prefer it*”—(O poor women! with what grimaces have I heard you say *Amen!* to this hardy fabrication!) “He has been used to it, and can’t do without it.” And you, for not admitting this, are a milk-sop, a spooney, a born idiot, a bad-hearted person—“fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils”—not to be lived with, trusted, borrowed from, or in any respect to be tolerated or forgiven!

Yes, touch a man’s Tobacco, and, indeed, you have played on the most thrilling string: laid hold upon the very tenderest point of his being. ’Tis no light matter for the Northern Italians to have given up Lotteries, in order that the Arch-Gambler (the old Tobacco-Man has two strings to his bow, two spells in his cup, two means of demoralisation and profit under his hand) may find that page also, of his Revenue-Book a blank. ’Tis no light matter for a superstitious people to give up dreaming about luck

and prizes, odd or even numbers ; to forego the delicious excitement which is totally irrespective of any effort or energy ; but, I apprehend, the first to be the greatest sacrifice because it is the smallest—the strongest because it touches on the most eminent weakness—the least savoury, because it implies parting company with that darling thing—a Bad Smell.

And thus considered—this unforeseen solution of the great question of Smoke in Lombardy, (the going out of which betokeneth the kindling of a fire, which it may puzzle the science of the old Tobacco-Sorcerer of Austria to quench !) has a grave and solemn import.

“ Break every pipe ! and cast
Your tinder to the winds,”

is not so utterly bad a watchword as some which have been in vogue. Intrinsically, the sacrifice makes a tidy show, by the side of Teetotalism ;—but, time and place considered, there is more sublimity, in the utter extinction of ashes,—than has gone to filling many a funereal urn with the same ! And—to improve the same—should any among us shrug up shoulders, and sneer at the renunciation as light in amount and easy to practice, are we willing, let me ask, to reckon up our own obduracy and recusancy in breaking bad habits—we cast-iron English—measured against the impulsive, flexible (not to say, fickle,) Italians ? Do we consider how passionately, at this very moment, we are clinging to Bad Smells as Corporation perquisites—to the odours of “ ancient and fish-like ” sewers, as vested rights, of which only wicked Radicals would deprive us ? One might fancy these easier to give up than Havanna airs ; or those less ambrosial Nicotian fumes, which, alone, poorer persons can compass. Yet we cannot separate ourselves from them, when even Pestilence is at the door, without loiterings and obstacles, and “ amorous delays,”—telling tales of weakness and morbid preference which figure very poorly in the chronicle of English Manhood ! How strange that whereas Italy is resolved to throw off the yoke of Old Stench, which has so long enthralled it, we English should make so many wry faces, at getting rid of a drain, on the lives and souls of our citizens their wives and children—a drain, which “ stinketh in every wholesome man’s nostrils.”

“ It is plain, sir,” was the comment of a distinguished literary person, whom I occasionally consult, and to whom I read the

above with the pleasant vain glory of one who is satisfied (beyond power of *Examiner* or *Athenæum* to shake) that he has produced "a first-rate article,"—"it is plain, Mr. Bell—that you are no smoker." B——, and I, have been two from that moment: and I should not wonder if he end in going over to Vienna,—even as sundry poor dear Clergymen are ending in going to Rome—wondering, all the while, what it means!

THE SUNLIGHT.

BLESSED is the sunlight ! giving joy unto the child
Chasing the butterfly, beautiful and wild,
Where the banks are waving thick with grasses fresh and sweet,
And the daisy noddeth at his little feet.

Blessed is the sunlight to the eyes of weary age,
Care-worn, and fading from earthly pilgrimage !
Looking out from Heaven's plains, his latest, perfect home ;
Softly it beameth, and beckons him to come.

Blessed is the sunlight ! for it rests on rich and poor ;
Glowing thro' the forest, gladdening the moor ;
Gratefully regard it, falling o'er the verdant sod ;
Bow before its glory !—it is the smile of God !

New Books.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Including many particulars respecting the Poet and his Family never before published. By JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, Esq., F.R.S. 8vo. J. R. Smith.

WE have often thought that a very ingenious paper, after the fashion of Archbishop Whateley's "Doubts as to the Existence of Napoleon Buonaparte," might be written of Shakespeare. If such a thing as perpetual copyright had ever existed, and legal proof were required of the authorship of the plays which go by Shakespeare's name, there really would be a very pretty case for Westminster Hall. Two or four ingenious gentlemen of the long robe, or even some Doctors of Laws in the Commons, would make sad havoc of the titles to renown which Fame so loosely affixes to her favourites. The great improbability of

an uncultivated hind, the son of a man who could not write his name, bred in an obscure country town, outvallling and surpassing all that Athens, Rome, or Oxford, could produce of the same kind,—would be a very fair start for the case. The terrible confusion and involvement of the publishing of the quarto editions, some five or six times over without his name; and then the affixing the name to others known not to be his, invalidates the little authority this might give to those which possessed it. Then, what do we know of the man? Disreputable in youth—married in a doubtful manner to a woman much older than himself, and from whom he virtually parted at the calls of his profession, if not by his own desire. He appears in London, and we have only strained allusions to his works, which are designated as gross piracies. We certainly trace the man in his prudent purchases through well-attested deeds; we find him a partner in the theatre at thirty-three, and possessor of a good house in his native town. All this shows great worldly prudence. But what about the works? Plays, which afterwards issued as his, appear without his name. Time rolls on, and we find him richer. He has houses and lands, and he retires into the country at an age when men of literary powers are generally most energetic. Still we have no evidence of his authorship of the plays. He may have written them, but there is little, indeed no conclusive evidence of the fact. We find innumerable instances of great poets in that age selling immortal works to pay a tavern reckoning. Let any one only see the agony that Daborne went through for his play of "The Owl," said to be a masterpiece. Follow his beggings and entreaties through Henslowe's Diary, and see him fawning for a few shillings. See in the same catalogue of literary misery, five great dramatists joining in a security to borrow five pounds. It certainly was not by writing plays that men grew rich. Shakespeare made his money as a manager. Modern instances are not wanting of managers purchasing the writings of authors, and taking the credit (such as it may be) upon themselves. Little was thought at the period of Shakespeare of literary reputation; and with the exception of a few of the learned poets, we doubt if there was one but would have sold his celebrity for a carouse. We find but few complimentary notices of Shakespeare, until after his death, or at least until his property had established him in the world. The well-to-do would not very closely examine a literary title. We know the writer of the plays borrowed all he could; and what is there to prevent our supposing that a manager would be less scrupulous and borrow the whole for a compensation. Modern commentators have been found who take from him at one fell swoop five of the plays; and many are perplexed with the total difference of style between them. We have certainly the "Judicio Pylum, Genio Socratem, Arte Maronem," of the tomb-stone,—but whoever went to tomb-stones for evidences of talent or virtue!

We have now been digging a hundred years and more into the Biography of Shakespeare, and the subject grows darker and darker.

Mr. Halliwell, in this book, proves that he was an exacting creditor, and very probably a usurer. Surely we had better stop here, lest we get further and fare worse. We may find documents to substantiate the theory we started with, and which we have pursued to show the conjectural biographers, that on the other side are some very ugly suggestions. It would not be satisfactory to have it proved, that the name we so venerate was a plagiarist, and that some unknown poet, whose life rotted in poverty, despair, and obscurity, was the author of the greatest literary productions of the world. Homer's existence has been ably disputed; and perhaps this may be a modern myth. We have Ben Jonson's general testimony; but then Dr. Parr vouched for Ireland's forgeries.

After reading, with great interest, Mr. Halliwell's original statements, and running over the mass of documents, we find nothing to contradict, but much to maintain this theory. All is confirmatory of the man of business and acquisitiveness: but nothing evidences the poet. Perhaps, after all, the answer of the footman, in "High Life below Stairs," to the question of "Who wrote Shakespeare?" is not so absurd: at least, there may only be the mistake of the name.

Supposing, however, the old theory to remain, Mr. Halliwell's is a very interesting book; and, notwithstanding what has been said of there being no necessity for a new Biography, we still think that it was the best form into which Mr. Halliwell could throw the accumulated mass of documents and statements that he has been so many years collecting. A gentleman of considerable legal acquirements, who has made a strict examination of the documentary portion, says, "These documents are, in numerous instances, incorrectly transcribed *in extenso*; he had better have given them in abbreviations." In page xiii. of the preface, Mr. Halliwell says, "The originals have been carefully followed, even when not grammatically accurate. Thus, we have *priorissa* for *priorissæ*—*filius Johannes*—*cum pertinentiis jacencium*—*hujus parothia*. Now our commentator says the *t* and *c* are hardly distinguishable in the MSS. of the 17th century. The words are "*jacen' et existen!*" Therefore no error. The law writings are generally most correct in grammar, although their style is barbarous, and "*infimæ latinatis*." These, however, are but trifling blemishes in a work of so much labour and research, and in which so much good sense as well as knowledge is displayed. Whoever wishes to possess in a compendium, all the information of Shakespeare that can be relied upon, will find it here; and will have the additional advantage of being enabled to draw his own conclusions from the documents themselves.

Although many new points are presented for consideration, the new facts in the present volume are not numerous. The two most interesting are the fixing the date of the purchase, by Shakespeare, of New Place; and the other, by far the most important at this time, the proof that

the house reputed to be that wherein Shakespeare was born was in his father's possession. The following extract will be perused with interest by all, but more particularly by those who have subscribed to procure the tenement for the nation :—

“ John Shakespeare lived in Henley-street in 1552, and a house is still pointed out in the same street as the birthplace of Shakespeare in 1564. When tradition is thus partly supported by evidence, not known so early as the former, it is carrying incredulity too far to oppose its dicta. We can safely regard the humble dwelling, now secured to the country by the praiseworthy efforts of committees formed at Stratford and London, as the earliest home of our great dramatic poet. But this was not the copyhold tenement purchased by his father in 1556, which has never been shown to have been his residence. The Shakespeare property in Henley-street, on which were situated the two houses purchased by John Shakespeare for £40 in 1575, is clearly the locality of Shakespeare's youth, and the accompanying fine levied on that occasion describes it as consisting of two messuages, two gardens, and two orchards, with their appurtenances.

“ John Shakespeare probably lived in one of these houses till his death ; and Joan Hart, Shakespeare's sister, resided there in 1616 and 1639. A deed, bearing date 14 Aug. 33 Eliz. 1591, informs us that George Badger sold to John and William Courte ‘ totum illud messuagium sive tenementum meum cum pertinentiis scituat. jacent. et existen. in Stretford prædicto, in quodam vico ibidem vocato Henley Streete, inter tenementum Roberti Johnson ex una parte et tenementum Johannis Shakespere ex altera parte.’ In 1597, John Shakespeare parted with a portion of his Henley-street property for the small sum of £2, the land apparently being of very little value in comparison with the house of the latter, and the part marked *p* in the foregoing plan has been stated to be the portion thus sold, but the deed of conveyance to George Badger distinctly informs us that it was bounded on the north by the Guild Pits. This deed was found very recently in the office of a solicitor at Birmingham, who very kindly, at the request of Mr. Hunt, of Stratford, permitted me to take a transcript of it.

“ This deed, besides affording the latest known instance of the mark of John Shakespeare, contains most valuable corroborative evidence in favour of our supposition that he long continued to reside in Henley-street. He still held the two tenements before mentioned, which descended to his eldest son William, as heir-at-law, on his dying intestate. One of these tenements now consists of two cottages, one of the latter being shown as Shakespeare's birthplace ; this was the residence of John and Joan Shakespeare ; the other tenement was the Maidenhead Inn. This is proved by an indenture dated 1647, which mentions ‘ all that messuage or tenement with thappurtenances soituat and beinge in Stratford upon Avon aforesaid in a certen streete there called Henley streete, commonly called or known by the name of the Maidenhead, and now or late in the tenure of John Rutter or his assignes ; and all that other messuage or tenement scituat and beinge in Henley streete aforesaid now or late in the tenure of Thomas Hart, and adjoyninge unto the said messuage or tenement called the Maidenhead.’ In 1639, it had been mentioned as in the occupation of Joan Hart. The Harts subsequently possessed the property under the will of Lady Barnard, and in the course of time the orchards and gardens were alienated from them, and the White

Lion Inn has taken up the position, not, however, to the discredit of Shakespeare, for its long galleries furnish separate rooms dedicated to each of the poet's plays. Now can we reasonably expect better evidence for a home not so neglected in its day, but for a century and a half forgotten by the world, and no one near who could foresee the homage of posterity to so humble a temple? It may now have lost its distinctive character as an Elizabethan home; but we have authentic evidence to show what that character was, and it can be restored without affecting in any great degree its value as a contemporary legacy conferred, let us hope, on pilgrims of all nations for centuries yet to come. Let not our poetical sympathies be measured by the argument of reality. It suffices to know and to feel that the spot was trod by Shakespeare, that there he 'prattled poesy in his nurse's arms,' and, more than this, that the associations remain and have not been destroyed. The worldly wise will tell us sympathies such as these are visionary, that our interest has arisen solely from our own imaginations, or they will cast the purest relic of the poet on one side, because truly it does not now appear as in his days. To descend to this destroys whatever that is good and noble it is in the power of association to bestow, for eyes will daily glisten at memorials far more changed from what they were—far less like the great originals. Breathe not a whisper to dissipate the solemn thoughts of such a power—tell us not how changeable are the records of men. If there be one spot in old, in historic England, sanctified by past association, it is the cottage where the poet of the world passed his youth, where he wooed and won, and encountered the struggles of early life—the birthplace of William Shakespeare."

We had intended to notice several other points of interest in this book, but our want of space prevents. We should have been more satisfied if Mr. Halliwell had, stated in a conspicuous manner, that though several of the documents had never been completely published before, that they had been alluded to by Mr. Collier, and other diligent and eminent biographers. Everyone will be glad to have them in a complete state, and sufficient credit will accrue to Mr. Halliwell for his placing them so satisfactorily before the reader. We have said nothing of the literature of the work, but may briefly pronounce it as written in an agreeable and interesting style.

THE NIGHT SIDE OF NATURE ; OR GHOSTS AND GHOST SEERS. By C. CROWE.
2 vols. Newby.

THESE volumes deal with the dreams and visions of the night, and the dim and doubtful perceptions which, at that season, make it always mysterious, and sometimes people it with images of terror. Similar vague and obscure feelings not seldom perplex the melancholy even in the bright hours of day; but of such, it may be said, that their minds are ever turned from the sun, and, preferring darkness to light, refuse

to be enlightened by the orb of reason. These perpetually present the night side of intelligence, and may, without much violence, be included in the German title of the work before us. Mrs. Crowe has here compiled an account of as many stories relating to apparitions, presentiments, trances, dreams, and other so-called warnings, as could well be comprehended within the limited space. It were to be wished that she had done this service less superstitiously—that she had viewed her subject from a philosophical elevation,—and from an horizon more extensive than can be commanded from its own level, had brought to bear upon it those broader truths which lie beyond its immediate limits. These are not days when it is enough for a writer to be exclusively acquainted with the professed theme, but the relations of a specific argument must be correlated with others, and its due place assigned to it in the encyclopædia of general knowledge. Mrs. Crowe may not repudiate science with the facility that she seems to expect, but she must submit to its rule even such traditions as these which she has now collected. Assertion has, in these days, but small authority—and in cases of this description, where the questions involved relate to certain important psychological laws, it is requisite to require the strictest induction, and not to be content with that loose kind of evidence which Mrs. Crowe appears to think sufficient. It will not do to condemn, as Mrs. Crowe has done, the science of Sir David Brewster, and the logic of Jeremy Bentham, much less to ignore the authority of a Coleridge, and some other spiritualists whose belief in ghosts is precisely in the inverse ratio of their experience. This, however, she prides herself on doing; and therefore must, we regret, pay the penalty of her temerity. But let us quote her own words.

“There are several stories extant in the English, and a vast number in the German records, which, supposing them to be well founded—and I repeat, that for many of them we have just as good evidence as for anything *else we believe as hearsay or tradition*—would go to confirm the fact that the spirits of the dead are sometimes disturbed by what appear to us very trifling cares. I give the following case from Dr. Kerner, who says it was related to him by a very respectable man, on whose word he can entirely rely:—

“‘I was,’ said Mr. St. S., of S—, ‘the son of a man who had no fortune but his business, in which he was ultimately successful. At first, however, his means being narrow, he was perhaps too anxious and inclined to parsimony; so that when my mother, careful housewife as she was, asked him for money, the demand generally led to a quarrel. This occasioned her great uneasiness, and having mentioned this characteristic of her husband to her father, the old man advised her to get a second key made to the money-chest, unknown to her husband, considering this expedient allowable and even preferable to the destruction of their conjugal felicity, and feeling satisfied that she would make no ill use of the power possessed. My mother followed his advice, very much to the advantage of all parties; and nobody suspected the existence of this second key, except myself, whom she had admitted into her confidence. Two-and-twenty years my parents lived happily together, when

I, being at the time about eighteen hours' journey from home, received a letter from my father, informing me that she was ill ; that he hoped for her speedy amendment ; but that if she grew worse he would send a horse to fetch me home to see her. I was extremely busy at that time, and therefore waited for further intelligence, and as several days elapsed without any reaching me, I trusted my mother was convalescent. One night, feeling myself unwell, I had lain down on the bed with my clothes on to take a little rest. It was between eleven and twelve o'clock, and I had not been to sleep, when some one knocked at the door, and my mother entered, dressed as she usually was. She saluted me, and said, " We shall see each other no more in this world, but I have an injunction to give you. I have given that key to R. (naming a servant we then had), and she will remit it to you. Keep it carefully, or throw it into the water, but never let your father see it ; it would trouble him. Farewell, and walk virtuously through life ! " And with these words she turned and quitted the room by the door, as she had entered it. I immediately arose, called up my people, expressed my apprehension that my mother was dead, and, without further delay, started for home. As I approached the house, R., the maid, came out, and informed me that my mother had expired betwixt the hours of eleven and twelve on the preceding night. As there was another person present at the moment, she said nothing further to me, but she took an early opportunity of remitting me the key, saying that my mother had given it to her just before she expired, desiring her to place it in my hands, with an injunction that I should keep it carefully, or fling it into the water, so that my father might never know anything about it. I took the key, kept it for some years, and at length threw it into the Lahn.

" I am aware that it may be objected by those who believe in wraiths, but in no other kind of apparition, that this phenomenon occurred before the death of the lady, and that it was produced by her energetic anxiety with regard to the key ; it may be so, or it may not ; but at all events, we see in this case how a comparatively trifling uneasiness may disturb a dying person, and how therefore if memory remains to them, they may carry it with them, and seek by such means as they have, to obtain relief from it."

Now, such a story as this may have " just as good evidence as anything else we believe as hearsay or tradition ; " but Mrs. Crowe forgets that such evidence, however good, has no scientific validity, and will not therefore settle the question. Mrs. Crowe, besides, has given no references to her sources of information, nor suggested any proof that she has compared the different accounts on which any one of her stories rests. A slight variation in the style or diction—the mere change of a word—will sometimes affect the credibility of a statement. The first narrative will be found much less guarded than its copies ; every successive compiler will add and embellish, or omit awkward phrases ; and thus, at length, the compiler of such a book as the one before us will have provided, nicely manufactured, ready for use, a complete set of unobjectionable instances—(so far as prudent wording can make them so)—in support of the favourite theory.

Were it now our cue to urge philosophical objections, we might

demur altogether to the assumption, that the apparitions described could, in any proper sense, be denominated Ghosts or Spirits. It is clear to every apprehension that they are, on the contrary, Bodies and Bodies only—not Spirits at all. But Mrs. Crowe ingeniously assumes, that spirits may have the power of making, out of the constituents of the atmosphere, an apparent body, through which they manifest themselves to the seer. We may suppose this, or anything else; but a theory supported by an hypothesis rests on a very sandy basis. As a philosophical treatise, therefore, Mrs. Crowe's book is of small value—though as a collection of curious tales it is eminently amusing.

JAMES THE SECOND. Edited by W. Harrison Ainsworth, Esq.
3 vols., 8vo.—Colburn.

THIS is an historical romance of the English Revolution; full of stirring events and moving accidents. The period is one of peculiar interest to the student of history; and is rich in materials for the novelist, who need not over-step the limits of authenticated fact in order to produce an effect. The author of "James the Second" is evidently aware of this; for, throughout the work there is no exaggeration, either in the delineation of historic characters or in the account of those remarkable political occurrences which form part of the History of England, properly, so called. On the contrary, the colouring (to use a painter's expression) is scarcely vivid enough; and a little more boldness in the outline of the prominent figures would have been an improvement. However, the canvas is crowded with remarkable individuals, and the picture cannot fail to give pleasure to many persons.

The story is prefaced by a succinct account of the circumstances in the previous reign which lead to the forced abdication of James the Second. The state of the Non-conformist parties in the country after the accession of that monarch; their hopes from his own Non-conformity; the rapid rise of Papists to civil and military power; and its consequent spreading of terror and amazement among all other religious bodies; and its more important consequence, that of rousing the spirit of political freedom in the legislative assemblies, and in the main body of the people; this is all well given in Mr. Ainsworth's introduction, and is necessary to put the general reader in a position to understand the narrative. To give an abstract of the story, would be to relate the leading events of the last year of James the Second's reign, without the adornment which will make them interesting to the readers of Ainsworth's works, who would not thank us for giving them a taste of the history without the romance. We therefore abstain from offering them any detailed account of the book; and will merely inform

them that in the course of it, they will make acquaintance with many people "of mark and likelihood." Among these may be mentioned, Bunyan, and Bishop Burnet; George Fox, and Titus Oates; Judge Jeffreys, and Lord Sunderland; Mary of Modena, Louis XIV., Henry Sidney, (brother of Algernon Churchill, afterwards Duke of Marlborough), and William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, afterwards our King William III. The committal of the seven Bishops to the Tower, their trial, and acquittal, are fully described in the present work. We quote the following passage from the second volume. The king and his advisers are anxious to conciliate the Corporation of London, and it is determined that Jeffreys, the Chancellor, shall be sent to the Lord Mayor with the forfeited Charter of the City, as a present from the King:—

"Arrangements were quickly made for carrying this design into execution, and, in a short time, Jeffreys, arrayed in his robes of office, and holding the charter in his hand, entered a state coach, in the palace-yard, where a procession was drawn up, consisting of four mounted trumpeters, followed by two heralds, in their tabards, and a troop of the horse-guards, who were succeeded by the mace-bearer, carrying the mace, and another officer carrying the sword of justice, making way for Jeffreys, whose coach was followed by a number of mounted officers, and another troop of guards. As the procession approached the palace-gate, it was met by a guard of honour, who presented arms, and with a stirring flourish, the trumpeters passed on into Parliament-street, where an immense crowd had collected. The mob received them in silence, at first, but no sooner caught sight of Jeffreys, than they gave utterance to a deafening yell, which would have quailed the stoutest heart. Jeffreys turned pale with fear, and thinking to appease the people, bent forward to the window, and held up the charter. But mistaking his movement for a menace, the mob redoubled their hootings, and the Chancellor was so terrified, that he shrank into a corner of the coach to hide himself from view.

"Meanwhile, the procession made its way onward, and passing up the Strand to Temple Bar, proceeded along Cheapside, to Guildhall. A messenger had been despatched in advance to apprise the authorities of the Chancellor's approach, and the Lord Mayor and Aldermen had assembled at the hall, with the common-council, and the chief of the livery, all in their state robes, to receive him.

"The area in front of the hall was thronged with the populace, who, like the crowd at the palace, uttered fearful vociferations on the appearance of Jeffreys, while many saluted him aloud as 'the Butcher,' amidst renewed yells and hootings. In this way the coach advanced to the great door of the hall, where Jeffreys alighted.

"His fear gave way to rage, as he stepped forward, and proceeding up a small passage, entered the hall. Here he was met by Sir John Eyles, the Lord Mayor, with the Sheriffs, Aldermen, and Common Council.

"'Soh! my Lord Mayor! your currish citizens shew themselves very worthy of his majesty's favour—ha!' he cried, in a terrible tone. 'I say, they are a parcel of arrant rebels, my Lord Mayor. The King sent me to

you with your charter, and you insult me for my pains. Zounds ! I have a mind to take it back to his majesty, and tell him what a pack of rebellious hounds you harbour here. I will make you pay dearly for this outrage.'

" 'I hope, my lord, you will not set down these rude brawlers as the citizens of London,' said the Lord Mayor, in a deprecating tone. 'The citizens have a great reverence for your lordship.'

" 'In proof whereof, we have all assembled here to meet you, my lord,' faltered one of the aldermen ; 'and we greatly regret the rudeness you have experienced.'

" 'By my soul ! you shall regret it in another sort,' cried Jeffreys. 'You shall all pay his majesty a good round fine for this insolence.'

" 'We will cheerfully submit to his majesty's pleasure, if we can only exonerate ourselves before your lordship,' answered the Lord Mayor. 'You have always shewn great love for the city. I hope you will overlook the offence.'

" 'When the King forgives, I will not be severe,' returned Jeffreys, somewhat mollified. 'But take care for the future. Now to my message. His majesty is graciously pleased to restore you your charter, and by his command, I give it into your hands, my Lord Mayor, trusting you will feel duly grateful for the royal favour.'

" 'You shall not find us slack in shewing our loyalty and gratitude, my lord,' answered the Lord Mayor ; 'and, as an evidence of our intentions, I beg that you will allow us to return with you to his majesty, in order that we may present him with a dutiful address on the occasion.'"

The weakness and bigotry of James the Second are not extenuated, and the author has taken care that he should never, by any chance, say a wise or witty thing, or be persuaded to do any but foolish things ; in which respects, at least, a coincidence with popular historic accounts, is maintained. It would be difficult to select from the catalogue of English kings, one less fitted to cope with the difficulties of his position than James the Second, or one more fitted for the monastic life, in which he finally took refuge.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S
SHILLING MAGAZINE.

TWIDDLETHUMB TOWN.*
BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

THE CASTLE GUNS ANNOUNCE A NEW ARRIVAL.—THE MORAL BEAUTY OF GUNPOWDER.—HOW THE WRONGS OF WOMAN BEGIN IN HER CRADLE.

HUSH—

A wink of flame—a little silvery curl of smoke—a short roar, the combined lisplings of millions of gunpowder grains, clubbing the thunder—and it is known throughout Twiddlethumb that the Duchess de Bobs is brought a bed.

How the guns repeat the tale ; as though they would knead it in the brains of the Twiddlethumbers. The proclamation bursts thundering in at every man's door, knocking at the poorest cupboard ; and tea-cups jump hysteric at the news. The hubbub, salt-petre herald, claws at the poorest casement, shaking it with the glorious tidings. Down, down—cellar-deep—the news goes thundering, rumbling among the casks and kilderkins of the rich, and the grape-smudged gnomes that haunt such places, living on purple exhalations, clap their tipsy hands and hiccup.

The Duchess de Bobs has grown another baby, and the happy news penetrates all heads, and hearts, and household places. Even the very pockets of the Twiddlethumbers—the Duke's subjects—feel the news enter like a living presence there.

* Continued from page 113, Vol. VII.

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O

The coin—the dead, dumb metal—flutters for a moment as with frightened life.

And still the guns roar. And now we get a little used to the sound, what hollow stupidity is in the noise! It is the brute roar of a dumb giant—dumb and idiotic.

No: we are wrong. We must not thus abuse an officer of state; for what would much of the glory of this world be—especially upon holiday occasions, when gold-lace is aired, and to the disturbance of the moth, velvet and cramoisy are hung out to the sun—what would such glory be, if not for its First Lord Chamberlain Noise?

Indeed, taking another look at the matter, it may be reasonably lamented that man does not more frequently employ hubbub to announce and record his doings. He ought, on all occasions, to season his triumphs with the relish of salt-petre. Philosophers and sages are thought so little of because of their silence. To be taciturn is, we take it, to be contemptible. Astronomy herself has suffered much from the neglectful quietude of those who minister to her.

A new star is discovered. Another diamond known upon the frontlet of Eternity. Unborn millions are inheritors of the glory of its knowledge. And no guns are fired: there is no noise, no heart-delighting reverberation. None. Wisdom is brought a bed, and there is no salvo to proclaim the little stranger.

We think this very wrong of the world at large; and very foolish of wisdom herself. We are convinced of it: she loses more than she can count by such simplicity. Hence, contemplating anew the use and beauty of noise, we would have all colleges mounted with a certain number of brass ordnance: to the end, that all proctors, and fellows, and students, might make known in the most glorious—that is in the most thundering—manner the triumphs of their solitary hours.

Imagine, all the sons of Alma Mater roused up in their shirts, at dead night—bounced out of their beds—by the first gun, the first of a round dozen, that should announce to all the foundation that the true reading of a long fought-for Greek text was at length discovered!

And Metaphysics should have the use of the battery, and with ready lighted fusee be prepared, at least every other night, to wake the College.

Indeed, every science should have free access to the brass

battery, with unlimited supply of powder, to make known every birth of every truth, though the smallest seven month babyling. To be sure, now and then, there might arise a difference—a quarrel; so many discoverers requiring to blaze away at the same time. This dilemma, however, might be prevented by some iron rules to be, after the manner of an ostrich, well-digested.

And batteries once mounted upon the colleges, private students might, in due course, be allowed the use of rejoicing, glorifying gunpowder. As thus, sir. You are a sculptor. Why, for these two years your heart has been pulsating in that bit of marble; whence, by degrees, the vans of Cupid have unfolded themselves—that chrysal lump of stone warmed with your daily doings into-winged life. The arms and legs break from the block—the body throbs from it—the clustering ringlets are shaken out—and the soul dawns upon the Cupid's face, as light steals upon the lily.

And now, sir, wherefore should you not be permitted to fire a salvo in honour of your marble child? Your immortal bit of Parian, laughing at death? Still, your laughing baby, when unborn great-great-grandfathers are crumbling into dust? And yet, sir, you are not to be permitted to have a few pounds of powder for your infant's glorification. Happily, it is otherwise with the babies of Dukes.

And still the guns bounce the tidings on the Twiddlethumbers!

A strange fashion, to welcome a little wayfarer from the stars with such thundering music. Unconscious little traveller! But half-an-hour arrived at this caravansera from a far-off home of mystery! An immortal jewel set in a piece of clay! An eternal gem, shut up for a while in a casket of red earth.

Surely, the hushed and tender world should take the little creature reverently to its lap—the welcome should be silent. A peaceful, holy meeting. And yet, sir, harken to the guns! Enough to scare the little pilgrim back again if such its first greeting, such its first taste of the world; hollow noise, and sulphur smother.

The guns have ceased. The Duchess has brought us a girl. It is not to be mistaken. The short-coming number of the guns declares the sex. Twenty for a princess; five-and-twenty for a prince. Boys take more powder.

Only twenty guns! Poor little wench! This is beginning somewhat early with the sex, so soon to shew them the difference. To read to womanhood, in her first virgin long clothes—even ere

she have mental light enough whereby to carry her thumb to her mouth—the inequality of her condition. To turn the first leaf of her lifelong sermon—Second Best. Only twenty guns! And this is the way we treat women who have, if they really knew it, the existence of the world in their own gentle hands.

As this book is not likely to fall under the eye of one of the sex, the mischief we contemplate as possible will not be provoked by its discussion. Therefore, sir, we ask with the frankness of a philosopher,—is it not wonderful that, down to the present time, women have really never discovered their own tremendous strength? Why, they have only to be of one accord, and in some hundred years at most, the whole human race would fade clean from the earth—fade like an old multiplication sum from a schoolboy's slate. And this truth is either so profound that, like a well sunk to the Antipodes, woman is afraid to look into it—her little head would turn so giddy at the very brink—or, by some accident, it is one of the wells of truth (and she has many) that Rebecca has not yet discovered.

We incline to this latter opinion. Otherwise with the many female efforts made to better the world—this, the surest and the best of all, must have been tried. For like any other enormous comprehensive scheme, though too vast, too embracing for the endeavours of a few, the object might be most successfully attained by a company. It is a great notion. The world extinguished, and by no violence; but put out purely by moral will. The last generation, like the last candle, dying upon a save-all, and not another taper to take its place. And this—we think of the catastrophe with a shudder that wrinkles us from scalp to heel—this the female sex could do in a hundred years at most, and with only one weapon among them—unanimity.

Female unanimity and a hundred years, and London streets and Hyde Park would contain no human biped. The descendants of hackney-coach horses would crop the grass at door-steps, and sky-larks build in iron scrapers.

And knowing this, we nevertheless continue to ill-use and cheat poor woman; taking especial care—sleek gluttons that we are!—to have the largest bite of the daily cake. Poor creature! How fortunate for the success of our meanness that she first pressed her pearls in that apple! For ever since—shocked by that original wrong inflicted upon us—we have eaten *our* apple with a proud difference. Peeling it with a golden knife, and giving

the mere outside—the tough, dull rind—to the weaker creature, we have magnanimously remembered to take all the best of the pulp to ourselves.

And women might, if they only knew how, reform this abuse, or end it. Whereas, they are content to suffer: they are content in every way to be cheated; to have the smallest share of the blanket, the least number of all good things. Poor woman! In great matters and in small, her diminished lot is always—twenty guns.

THE DUKE'S NEWSPAPER, "MELON-AND-PEPPER," CONDUCTED BY PIGNUTZ.—"POSSET MARCH," THE DUKE'S OWN MUSIC.—A FLIGHT WITH FLAX AND LAUREL.

HARK, sir! do you hear the music? The Duke's band, coming this way with the soldiers: a few men-at-arms who, upon occasions like the present, muster themselves. That tune is the Posset March, composed by the Duke himself in honour of his first-born some ten years ago, and always played at a new birth. It is a very beautiful air, and carries a man's heart to his fireside. The Posset March! But listen to it.

There, sir! If you have only as much imagination as a Chancellor of the Exchequer, you must confess that that strain—the Posset March—gives you every step from the cradle to the death-bed; from the man-midwife to the physician. It is a wonderful piece of instrumentation: the flute cooing in long clothes; the fife screeching at the nurse; the fiddle running alone; the drum tumbling down; the clarionet squalling; the bassoon grumbling over sugar to make all well again. It is a wonderful composition, sir, the Posset March. Every accident of human life is most delicately sounded and shadowed in it. What, for instance, do you think of that extraordinary passage descriptive of the small-pox; with the *affetuoso* movement, indicating a very favourable sort? Can anything be more perfect than the brass instruments in the passages of early love and a sudden shortness of money, the duplex trial befalling ardent youth? What can be more delicious than the movement descriptive of a friend in need, and the first emotion on beholding a wedding-ring in a goldsmith's window? What—

Why, sir, with all our talk, your face remains as blank as an

egg-shell. It is scarcely possible that you have not intelligence to acknowledge the varied human emotions of the Posset March? The long, wide tract of human life painted in sounds; as the soldier—according to the blind—takes his scarlet from the trumpet? You can make out nothing of the kind? Not a sound of it? Not an inkling?

And this, too, of the Posset March—of the Posset March of the Duke de Bobs! Why, sir—but you are not a reader of *Melon-and-Pepper*. In good time we will show you a number. Until then, know that *Melon-and-Pepper* is the one licensed newspaper of Twiddlethumb. Every number of the journal is sealed with the signet-ring—the magpie—of the Duke de Bobs. And the magpie, in the corner of every newspaper, has—it must be confessed—a very happy signification; at least, as Pignutz has explained it. For, according to him, the legend therein latent, if not expressed, is this: “We make our way by force of quills.”

Well, sir, Pignutz is the one licensed writer in *Melon-and-Pepper*. The journal is so called that it should have a nominal completeness. Everything in nature has two sides. It consequently follows, that a newspaper that has only one side, is a miscreated thing; an abortion; a monster, abhorrent to the harmony of nature. Now, *Melon-and-Pepper*, it was so ruled by the Duke de Bobs ere he licensed it, has two perfect sides; and that they may be equally worn, one is used upon one day, one upon the other. The motto—the Duke’s own oath—“By black or white,” glows—like the gold band of a footman—on the forehead of the sheet.

There was a great festival held in Twiddlethumb on the birthday of that luscious and pungent journal—*Melon-and-Pepper*. You, sir, are scholar enough to know that the first newspaper published was the Sybil’s leaves, very irregularly delivered by the winds at the Cumæan beer-shops. Posterity has learned to be a little more regular. The Duke de Bobs, when first asked for a newspaper, vowed he would as soon have a dragon in Twiddlethumb. At length, however, he consented: and as the most sober man when turned to drink becomes the worst of tipplers, so did the Duke, resolved upon being liberal, become a very spendthrift of grace. To show how near his heart was this child of the press, he took off his own lawn shirt and had it made into paper, that it might carry away the earliest impression.

And Pignutz—the Duke’s minister—was appointed sole writer.

He has done great good—he is so impartial. The melon he shares out in large slices to the court and the better orders, whilst the pepper he shakes with a stern and heavy hand upon the sore places of the rascally mob. Well, sir, it was in the second number of the *Melon-and-Pepper* that Pignutz wrote so beautifully upon the Duke's Posset March. Since which time—the divisions being so clearly and so beautifully explained by the minister—there is not a child in Twiddlethumb that cannot tell when the clarionet tumbles down, and when the bassoon is set upon a stool with a lump of sugar to make all well again.

We can promise you much intelligence, much delectation, in *Melon-and-Pepper*. Why, sir, that sheet of paper, as we may say, turns the granite walls of the castle into glass. The Twiddlethumbers, looking through the paper, see everything that is passing at the Duke's fireside; and their sympathies wax big in their bosoms, like cucumbers in frames, enlarged by the knowledge.

You understand: you shall read in the *Melon-and-Pepper* every day for the next ten months, granting that the gracious baby be spared—Yes, you shall read these words: "Yesterday, the Duke's distinguished youngest daughter took the breast." Now this daily information gives to every townsman and every townswoman especially, an interest in the child; whilst, at the same time, it casts a character of state and ceremony about what in itself is a very common operation. And this is the great art of the Duke de Bobs. He knows how to ennoble common-place by sound of trumpet.

And here comes the band—here the soldiers. The banner, you perceive, is the ducal Magpie. "By black or white," is the old war-cry of the house of De Bobs. With such syllables heroic warriors of old have broken into kingdoms, using the words as burglars use crow-bars. Ha, sir! Is it not lucky that Fame is not as blind as Fortune? Otherwise, when sent into the fields to gather wreaths for labour done,—would she not, now and then, bring back flax instead of laurel?

Did you ever chance to travel in the kingdom of Chalkcliff? It is filled to brimming with wise inhabitants. Nevertheless, among them are thieves and evil-doers. And how think you, sir, the Chalkcliffites hope to reform the wicked? Why, they lay hold of them, and dress them in a certain dress, and put iron rings about their legs, and make them labour in the scorching eye of the world. Miserable wretches! And how are they to defend

themselves against the missiles that obloquy rains about them? Why, in this fashion. They let themselves harden in the moral atmosphere; they grow to bronze: it is their best armour; their only coat-of-mail against the eyes of man. Mere flesh, mere softening human clay, would crumble into grave dust. And so the criminal is taken by the wisdom of the state, and plunged—heels and all—in to contempt, and comes forth invulnerable to good.

Flax and laurel! With what perverse and wilful blindness have men bestowed ye, significant vegetables! Be with us two minutes, sir. Here we are in Chalkcliff dockyard. Sit down on this oaken rib; this piece of ship anatomy. A few months since it was the home of singing birds; and its green leaves danced and twinkled to their music. And now, though stripped and seeming dead, it will live a gallant life. It will feel a noble sympathy with giant being; it will pulsate to the billow; it will be a portion of a living ship; a beautiful and fearful thing, full-breasted, robed in flowing snow; a thing where grace and mightiness marry and are indivisibly harmonised. The growth of a ship! The growth of a human thing! Why, it is alike. The earth and sky—all the elements have done their ministering, nursing the primal germ. And then, as the babe is to the man, so is the timber to the craft. The child becomes an honest trader, or a sinful thief. The oak swims as a merchant, or plunders as a buccaneer.

The wooden walls of Chalkcliff! Did you—on a summer's day—rocked and dreaming on the shining sea—did you ever look upon these well-sung walls, until, the fancy working, they have returned to their first green life? The oak has budded, the masts been hung and garlanded with leaves? Again; when the last autumn gust is blowing, the last—ere winter strikes in, growling his rattling joy—and the oaks, like uncrowned kings, stand all new yet proud in their disgrace—have you then, still dreaming, sir, have you then changed oaks to ships, that with a thought the wood has swum? Once more: when spring has tipped the youthful oaks with green, have you—with fantasy leaping from your heart, wooed thence by the nimble odour of the earth, smelling of unblown violets—have you felt the pagan thought that haply with those tender leaves—born of the acorn, child of a parent swimming in the sea—there went forth some strange intelligence with old forefather oaks, exiled and floating in the Indian main?

You are right, sir; dreams, dreams; foolish dreams. But

these men in Chalkcliff dockyard are flesh and blood—no dreams.

These men ; in their grey frieze, their ankles ringed with iron ; their faces case-hardened with the daily growth of public shame, defying scorn. Well, the text of our meditated sermon was—“Flax and laurel.” This fellow, with mouth jagged like a saw, broke into a widow’s cottage, and stole her tea-pot hoard of silver coin. This one, with a lacker look of false mirth, lived for a month and more on counterfeit half-crowns ; his own base-begotten copper ones. These fellows are badged and chained, and stamped most infamous. Be it so. They wear in their caps the sprig of flax : their garlands are of hempen make.

And here, sir—throwing aside the Prison Calendar—here is the Book of Glory ! The leaves smell of rottenness. And yet, how beautifully they are written, and flourished over, and illuminated with colours celestial. Here is a man—crowned, sceptred, robed, and called the Great. And wherefore ? He, feigning a wrong, broke into ten thousand thousand houses ; and as no divine constabulary thought fit to arrest him, the mightiness of his mischief was the measure of his fame. He is crowned with laurel, and called the Great. Now, surely, man has in his own mind a judgment-court, at whose bar that cottage-breaker and that city-burglar should stand side by side ? No : man, ignorant man, has yet this great equality to learn. There is some hope, nevertheless, that he has begun it—and though he has only begun to master the alphabet, he will, by-and-by, put the letters together. Surely there is a school whereat angels might minister as teachers ; a school with only one lesson to be taught—and that the proper way to spell that mis-spelt syllable “great.” How many centuries have we boggled at it ; the devils themselves enjoying our miserable duncehood !

But we had forgotten our half-crown coiner. Come here, fellow. And now, we open the book of History. Why, here, in a few years, are twenty false coiners—but then their own crowns are gold : crowns, placed upon their consecrated heads by sweet religion. Yet, only to think of the copper they have put off upon the unwary as the true metal—as coined wealth. But then again they poured it in a shower upon thousands, and did not, with felon aspect, sidle to a counter, with one base bit to fob a baker of a roll. And so, our crowned counterfeitmonger shall be called the Great ; he shall wear the laurel—and the half-crown felon bear the flax.

Laurel and flax! Like seeds, used by witches—Hecate's cosmetics for an evening party—they have carried us where, we can hardly hope the reader has followed. We have returned, however; and just as the band and soldiers have taken their position: just as the Posset March is meeting its hysteric end.

THE GOOSE OF THE ARMY OF TWIDDLETHUMB.—THE EARLY HISTORY
OF THE BIRD: HOW IT ESCAPED COOKING.

AND there, in advance of the soldiers, is the goose that, never upon any occasion is absent from the Twiddlethumb forces. In all their marchings, the bird marches before: and as the army, or the remaining remnant of it, are of the oldest inhabitants, the step of the bird is, it must be owned, an accommodating pace. There is great wisdom in the look of the creature. It is plain, that it has its own ideas of superiority; for it contemplates, from right to left, with knowing and contemptuous eye, the aspect and accoutrements of its companions. And when the soldiers discharge their muskets, the goose gently flaps its wings, and gives a light gaggle as though in scorn of the noisy combustion. Now there is no love—to say the truth—in the affection paid by the soldiers to the goose: their tenderness towards it has its root in interest, for the goose is, it is thought by them, a very devil in feathers. And yet the goose was hatched with some vulgar dozen, and sent forth upon the wide common to pick up its living until the time of spit. However, there is a story that the goose, when in its goslinghood, was looked at with an eye of favour, was patted and fed with crusts and corn by an old woman who was believed to be a witch, for she had a wart tufted with silver bristles on her chin; but—it speaks much for the humanity of the Twiddlethumbers at the long distant day we write of—she was neither drowned nor burned.

The goose, the glory goose—as it has for many years been known—had a narrow escape of the fire, but saved itself, as it is now believed, by the wisdom taught by the old woman. The goose with a companion, a mate of the same nest, was put up to fatten. But it would seem, that from the first the goose of glory knew the purpose of the cook, and—save the merest mouthful to keep its flesh and feathers together—it would swallow nothing. Whereas, its companion gobbled double, and in ten days at most,

had—although unconsciously—a magnificent breast for the knife. “Bless me! skin and bones—skin and bones,” said the cook, taking up our regimental goose. “Why ’twould disgrace the holiday dish of a beggar—we ’ll try the goose with another companion. For this, the other creature—I never did feel so heavy a goose—this glutton has no doubt gobbled all.” And the fat goose was carried away, and another companion—another of the same brood—shut up with our lean bird. But the goose of skin-and-bones looked with a cold grey eye at the corn; and just tenderly took up some fifty oats a-day, its companion coming in for the rest; still swallowing it with gluttonous contempt of its spare associate. And again the cook carried off the fat goose, and swearing at our lean one, put in another of its brethren. But the thinner the lean goose became, the wiser it grew. “I’m not going to stuff myself for sudden death, depend upon it,” cogitated the goose, gagging to itself, as it beheld companion after companion eat up the double mess. And so matters went on, until our lean goose had seen its twelve brothers and sisters fattened, and carried off to the kitchen: and with the last our goose remained still leaner than before.

The goose was cursed. There was plainly some spell laid upon it. Otherwise it would have eaten its corn, would have gorged itself like any other decent goose, that it might have been duly confined in a dish, or sepulchred in paste. Whereas, with a cynical, sour eye, it suffered its twelve brothers and sisters to plump themselves for the knife, stoically eschewing the funeral honours of sage and onion. Better life in skin and bones—thought the goose—than death in a silver dish, with apples and gravy.

“Take this wretch!” said the cook, handing over the goose to a soldier on guard—for in those days live soldiers ornamented the gates of the castle—“take the devil, for devil it is, since ’twill neither eat nor drink, and yet seems all the stronger for the starvation,—take it; tear it, cut its throat, rend it, burn it to cinders; for ’tis neither meat for man nor hawk. The fiend has hatched it, so make the best of it.” With these words, the cook passed the goose by the neck to the soldier: and the warrior, with prophetic nostril snuffing the roasted flesh of the delicious bird—for a lean goose to a duke, is a goose in flesh to a duke’s poor soldier—drew his weapon, and smacking his lips the while, was as about to fit the point of his sword to the artery

of his future dinner. Whereupon, the goose squinting at the executioner—he saw not the deep, wise, sad expression of the bird—at the very moment that the steel pricked amidst its feathers, threw up its left wing with so vehement a spasm, that its longest pen feather cut the soldier's eye ; and with a short yell the hero dropt the bird.

The goose took a short flight, then settled : and then with a neck rigid as iron, and an insulting hiss, defied the soldier. Pricked by scorn and a dinner, the soldier—weapon in hand—approached the goose. Measuring his distance, the soldier flung his sword about him—aiming at the goose's neck ; but the goose, nimble as a sparrow, was behind him. Again the soldier cut ; again, and again. He might as well have hoped to cut down the martens that—their clay homes under the castle arch—were skimming backward and forward, with flies to their little ones.

And of a sudden the goose gagged with such tremendous volume, it seemed as though every goose on land, and in air, wild and tame, had struck into instant chorus. Twiddlethumb Castle, with its foundations deep in centuries, shook and rocked at the sound of that single goose. Every shield, and every breast-plate ; every bit of martial iron in the armoury rang, as though struck with invisible hammers. Everybody rushed from the castle and beheld the lean, skeleton goose, with defying neck and expanding wings, daring the soldier.

And the bird seemed to grow and dilate until it would have covered a flock of farm-yard geese of our degenerate Michaelmas. Its grey eyes became bright as sapphires ; and its quill feathers, thick at the roots as a knight's lance, stuck out one by one—terrible weapons. Its neck grew, and thickened, and wreathed like a mighty snake ; and sinuous, and threatening, it seemed as though it would snap the soldier by the nose, contemptuous in its sudden strength.

Everybody stood aghast. The warder of the castle—a timid, pains-taking old man—rang the alarum bell ; he never had seen such a goose before. All the Twiddlethumbers rushed towards the castle. All the troops—in those days, Twiddlethumb had a noble garrison—assembled under arms ! The Duchess de Bobs and her ladies watched from the turret and—and still the goose, unabashed by the company, looked defyingly around.

“ A boon, most mighty Duke, a boon,” cried a youthful knight, falling upon both his knees before the Duke de Bobs.

"Sansage," said the Duke, for he knew the yearnings of early knighthood, and guessed the boon demanded—"Sansage, take horse and arms,—the boon is thine."

And now imagine the squire of Sansage has gone to rub down and saddle and bridle his master's horse, that the gallant knight may, with his best chivalrous appetite, attack the monster bird.

TOLERATION.

AN EASTERN APOLOGUE.

(Imitated from Jeremy Taylor.)

THE shades of evening fell upon the land,
And Abraham knelt within his tent, and called,
As was his wont, upon the Holy God.

There came a stranger to the Patriarch's tent,
A solitary, weary wayfarer,
Years-stricken, hunger-smitten, travel-soil'd,
And prayed and said: "Have pity on the poor,
And give me leave to rest my limbs awhile,
And cool my parch'd lips from the stranger's flask."

And Abraham heard, and in the name of Him
Who in One Likeness fashion'd all mankind,
Went forth and took the stranger by the hand,
And brought him in, and gave him bread to eat,
And furnish'd him with water from his flask.

And Abraham ask'd him not from whence he came,
Whither he journey'd, or what name he bore,
But for that he was weary and oppress'd
With toil and travail, hungry and athirst,
Besought him, saying: "Sojourn thou with me,
And in my tent with me and mine abide,
And share my morning and my mid-day meal,
That when thou art refresh'd and satisfied,
Thou may'st proceed rejoicing on thy way."

Then Abraham turn'd him round about awhile,
And fell upon his face and pray'd again,
And call'd, as was his wont, upon his God.

And lo ! the stranger rose and went aside,
Nor bent the knee, nor utter'd prayer nor praise,
But turn'd his eyes towards the setting sun,
And murmur'd something, which as Abraham heard,
His wrath was kindled, and he spake and said :

"There is one God who made the Heaven and earth,
To whom alone all homage should be paid ;
Him should'st thou worship, Him should'st thou adore,
The stars of night, the sun, the firmament,
Are His, and formed and fashion'd by His hand :
Why call'st thou not upon His name with me ? "

The stranger answer'd : "Worship thou thy God,
Nor in thy tent will I blaspheme his name,
But *I* have never learnt to pray to Him ;
I worship not with thee, ner thou with me."

Then Abraham took the stranger by the arm,
And thrust him forth, and drove him from his tent,
And so with force constrain'd him to depart.

And Abraham fell upon his face again,
And call'd once more aloud upon his God.

And lo ! a voice address'd him as he pray'd,
"O Abraham, Abraham !" Abraham knew the voice,
And spake and answer'd : "Yea, Lord, here am I."

Then said the Lord : "Where is the man that sought
For food and shelter in my servant's tent—
The stranger that I sent to thee to-night ? "

And Abraham answer'd : "He refused to call
Upon Thy name, and worship Thee with me,
And I was wroth, and sent him on his way."

Then said the Lord : "Is he not old and poor ?
Have *I* not borne with him these hundred years ?
And could'st not thou, the servant of my choice,
Bear with his presence for a single night."

F. L.

THE KEEP-OUT TAX.

BY PAUL BELL.

THERE is nothing, Sir, you will admit, so instructive and improving as some experience of foreign parts. What a wonderful havoc can a few days' thoughtful observation of our neighbours make among ancient envies, hatreds, malices, and all uncharitablenesses ! How can it set right Man's vocabularies, and Woman's figures of speech ! My lame Boy and I have just returned from a week in Paris, in a state of "spiritual increase and multiplication" (as I once heard the Rev. Ozias Cockle describe the condition of the pew-holders in his chapel) hardly to be weighed, measured, or sufficiently admired ! How we have eaten that which would make the hair of Halcyon Row (Miss Le Grand's false curls, perhaps, excepted) stand on end ;—the quantity of laughter we have laughed in theatres, great and small ; and the extent to which we have been laughed at by passers-by, visored, shawled, and comfortered, with masses of black hair grown on each Bear his own chin—how we have been converted to the Boots of the *Rue Vivienne*, and the gloves that bloom, primrose-like, hard by the little fountain in the *Rue Grenelle* :—what we think of Monsieur Guizot's sincerity (a Schoolmaster "very much abroad" of late years) and of Abd-el-Kader's chances of comfortable residence among his courteous enemies—the attentions paid to Us at Our Embassy—and other matters, no less new and momentous, will appear in our Book. For since, now-a-days, an evening and a morning are admitted to qualify a man for laying down the law, as largely as a score of years did, before Wheatstone was, or Brunel railed, bridged, and tunnelled Time and Space into mere nothings—of course we shall produce *our* "Profound View of Paris,"—including a prospect of the Destinies of Europe, and a final judgment of a French Art, Society, and *Im*-morals ; the illustrations to be executed in the very first style of Art, from drawings by etc. etc. etc.*—unless clever

* At the request of my Boy, Sampson Bell, I omit precise mention of him in the above text. "For," says he, "the name is, just now, so much before the public, that confusions may naturally be expected to arise. And

M. Gavarni speak in time ; and open the intercourse he is understood to be anxious to maintain with England, by illustrating a work by one of its popular writers !

You will judge, Sir, how two intelligent persons, somewhat boastful in their new enlightenment and a trifle impoverished by shopping in Paris, for wives, sisters, and other she-creatures at home—are disposed to receive the tidings which have slapped us on the face (rather say, on the pocket), shortly after touching English ground. So The Duke chooses that we are to have a *Keep-out Tax* ! Starvation is at home, Cholera coming—Scepticism has got into a mitre (cry the Doves of “ Our Street ”)—a new scion of Royalty is expected to spring somewhere about All-Fools’ Day. We are in Misery, Ruin, Doubt, Depression. What then ? Let us get up a smart Scarlet Fever, by way of making the minds of Englishmen, women, and children, easy !

When I first heard of this device, I was irresistibly and whimsically reminded of a personage—partly witty, partly crazy, yet all the while centrally and steadily self-interested—under whose wing I wintered many a long year ago : one of those eccentric and random folks, who get unexpected privileges by strangely impudent deeds, and make words, of the most outrageous licence, “ *pay*,” as the saying is :—the wildest, coarsest woman I ever knew ; yet whom no one could help liking, or listening to, or looking for. How she had managed to reduce her husband into a state of puzzle-headed submissiveness, to ride down the strong wills of a crew of rough sons, and the individual tastes of a bevy of sprightly daughters—how, always to be uppermost—always in a bustle—always to be wide awake and in high spirits—cannot be forgotten, even unto this day, in the families of the very Rats and Mice, who harboured behind her skirting-boards ! Well : on one occasion, at a juncture when she was much traversed in her housewifery by the stupidity and laziness of her “ *help*” (as the Americans have it) : Mrs. Dandleby received the unwelcome tidings somewhere about 6 P.M., that her dear misty Lord and Master was, that night, expected from Belfast, with four Irish gentlemen ; who were to

whereas, we would chime heartily in relationship with the clever three gentlemen, one of whom has fathered ‘ *Jane Eyre*,’ and the other two produced a pair of Brother-Novels so closely resembling the same, that it would be hard to point out a difference—we are still anxious to avoid mistakes, or refrain from exciting false expectations. We are what we are : and nothing, or nobody else.”—P. B.

eat, drink, and be lodged in a house, already as full as a rabbit-warren. She screamed east, she screamed west—she *swore*; being one of the gentlewomen I have known, who have had no objection to relieve themselves of an oath (dramatically, be it noted, and out of pure jest, or bravado)—she collared Dick, and she cuffed Margery and Moll,—she flew up-stairs and down-stairs,—stormed in the cellar, and threw open every garret-window; without in the least advancing matters, or bringing the “savages” (as she called them) round her, to the slightest practical sense of the four spare beds, and the one hot supper. At length, a bright thought struck her. “I’ll put some spirit into them,” cried the half-crazy woman, “or the — is in it.” “And so”—was used to conclude the narrator, who loved to praise her own “resource”—“and so, my dear, I made them get one of Mr. Dandleby’s old hats, and fill it with red hot cinders: and we set it down in the courtyard, and danced round it! And that presently set matters to rights; Lord love you!” And the beds were shaken up or shaken down, and the impossible supper was in the oven and on the spit in the twinkling of an eye; “and everything was as comfortable as you ever heard of!—People must have life put in them!” being the inevitable corollary of this strange story of one among the least strange of Mrs. Dandleby’s deeds and darings.

Well: one would not mind, if the *life put into* England by this arranging of new fortifications, this furbishing up of old armour,—by this commissioning of Captain Warner with his Infernal Shells, and this proposed Knighthood of Professor Schönbein, whose gun-cotton Miss Le Grand opines, can convert every Anti-Gallic woman’s work-box into her own separate citadel—one would not mind, I say, if this stir and hubbub operated upon us as an incentive, to be quick and ready in setting about other reforms and economical transactions. But, I fear that whereas *we* may dance ever so much round the burning cinders—no putting up of spare beds; no dressing of a hot supper will accrue therefrom! Quite the reverse. I fear that cunning or crack-brained Legislation (and the two are as nearly allied as “Great Wit” and “Madness”) may stand in the way of our providing for our neighbours’ accommodation and our own food!—Basinghall Street knoweth that at this instant, John is not *alias* “Fortunatus”—Bull: no Man with a purse as long as that of the Railway King or M. de Monte Christo the French novelist, or the Austrian Magnate who keeps as many shepherds, as our greatest owner of “flocks and herds”

owns sheep!—Sorely pinched this winter, hath poor John been.—with a “meat-clothes-and-fire” pinching: and to blow red hot coals, for the insane purpose of maintaining national spirit, becomes a costly diversion, when the hearth by which “Wife, Children, and Friends” were accustomed to sit, is cold; and when Mrs. Peerybingle’s Musical Kettle is silent, for want of fuel!—I hope The Duke will understand that I really have no spite against the Army.—My daughters are welcome to marry Colonels or Captains, (and I said as much when it was expected that Captain Longshanks was going to propose for Louisa, our second, to the great agitation of The Row!)—But that, in a time of peace, Civilians are to be screwed, that the Military may be “stuck up,” seems to me hard—thrifless—silly—and by no means to be endured without as loud a ringing of the Bell, as shall be heard

From low St. James’ up to high St. Paul’s,—

from Bow to Brentford!—

People will say it is because I am fresh from Paris—I don’t care:—but I confess to a general principle against all particular National Antipathies! Yet I was born in days, when, so often as a bottle of Port Wine was set on my father’s table by way of treat, (and my Father, Sir, was not a rich man) a full glass was sure to be poured out for little Paul, that he might drink “*destruction to our born enemies, the French!*”—and when, because one of my sisters was taught a miserable smattering of their language,—poor thing! with some humble hope of fitting her out to earn her own bread as a teacher in a school,—the old “Church and King” Clergyman under whom we sat, was used to speak of her, as “a young person who had lost her character”—till silenced by a threat of Mr. Justice Anti-Slander in the Court of Small Defamations.—And O! dear, to think of the coil we were kept in about the “invasion!”—Sir Walter’s picture in “The Antiquary” of the alarm stirred in a peaceful Scottish town, by the burning of a few good-for-nothing machines, was no caricature. If the colliers were “out” or the frame-work weavers “off work”—if the poor folks, whom the Mob-leaders of those days deluded with “Black Dwarfs” and other such trumpery and unsettling publications, held a meeting on moor or meadow—“the French had a finger in the pie!” said all good subjects of good King George! And an ingeniously confused belief prevailed that we should have a home Reign of Terror there and then: “fitted up”

with the utmost disregard of convenience : that we should have Robespieres—Dantons—Charlotte Cordays, as surely as we now have the last new pattern from Lyons, or bonnet from the *Rue Vivienne*—and that “Boney” (as he was elegantly called) would some fine day be found sitting crowned in Windsor Castle, as grand as King Solomon, with all “his wives and concubines” round about him !—For the panic, I well recollect, then confused history, probability and person, amongst True Britons, very nearly as gloriously as the *entente cordiale* has since led the brave literary French to confuse our dignitaries and Poets whenever they write a book or review ; making our Lord Mayor banish Kean to America—Sir Jobson’s daughter interceding ! !—and assuring the world that “Boz” some years ago lost his beautiful lady—the daughter of Mrs. Trollope and herself the author of “Violet” a poem *sur la danse*,—with other absurdities as glaring !—

Well : and what came of those terrible and menacing preparations,—in days when quiet country gentlemen

—carved at the meal

With gloves of steel,

And drank the red wine through the helmet barred—

and, in bright weather, *Fine-Eyes*, on the look-out—might see afar off, like a clump of sea-gulls, the white sails of the Boulogne Flotilla ? The ruin of many a good English digestion for life : owing to its owner being brought up to eat his meals in a daily panic ; a great increase in the consumption of guns and pipe-clay, and gray and scarlet cloth : much foolish fear—much foolish bravado—but no *In-Come* (of the French !). Yet that was in war time, when their need was the sorest ; and their appetites the keenest !—*Therefore* now, when we are at peace, the busy old Duke wants to get up the panic again,—to give a fillip to the gun trade : to bid the pipe-clay merchants sing for joy ; because the peace *might*, by *Até’s* intervention, be broken : and then—and then—Fate and Lady Londonderry only know what might happen in May Fair (the Jesuits have got a fine chapel there in the Farm Street Mews already !) if the French got so far !

[I should have said that to see “The Duke” *afraid* in times like these (even on the strength of the pleasant story current, of My Lord Foreign Secretary having a plan of the meditated *In-come* of the French in his pocket) *was* strange : but I find that this way of putting my argument raises such a storm, being considered as

disrespect of our Warrior's absolute wisdom, that I have withdrawn the paragraph : as I hope, Sir, you will duly apprise the Printers.]

But now, *do* the French really, so eagerly desire to come down upon us, like a tribe of Dragons of Wantley ? Or is it not that *our* Army overrates the power of *their* Army, and misconceives *its* humour to be a fair representation of the feelings of our born enemies ? These are questions difficult to answer : even by me, who have just been a week in Paris, and seen our "Hamlet" applauded by the sons of people who eat frogs and worship Voltaire ! But neither can I conceive The Duke to be a very fair witness. Is it not natural, and human, and beautiful, that the old Warrior shall dream of his military glories all the more fondly ; because, every day, military glory (Thank Goodness, Captain Longshanks does not hear me !) is more and more at a discount among the Continental nations, in the settlement of their quarrels ? Far be it from me, directly or indirectly to mock at the dreams of one, who has done his land good service : and who will—so long as he has a tongue to speak withal—speak honestly ; be the honesty ever so prejudiced. But does our Hero-Worship go to the length of compelling us to receive the words of any man as oracular, when Time is presenting us new facts, new combinations, apparently calling for new methods of treaty and self-assertion in the adjustment of vexed questions ? Dare one say, in the face of a regiment of Drawcansirs, longing to be "*up and at !*" somebody or something, that the very conditions of the Art of War have been changed by Intercourse and Science since the Lord of Strathfieldsaye bent his sword into a spade for the cultivation of the finest collection of *dahlias* in Berkshire ? Thus, at least, they tell us at Woolwich ;—irrespectively of what our Civil Senses assure us must be the result in combination of the scientific discoveries not even attempted in the days of Waterloo : when Belgium had no railways, and Boulogne no Captain Smithetts, and Dover no Electrical Telegraphs ! But the blustering, bustling, and bristling Vocabulary of the Soldier seems to have undergone small revision.

Let me ask another question—what will the moneyed men of France say to the Invasion of England ?—that middle class, which has been arising and consolidating itself for the last seventeen years, and is now in a condition to make its voice heard even amid the *fanfaronnade* of the loudest Anti-British Trumpeter,

who ever dreamed himself scaling the walls of Dover Castle, or sitting on the top of the Pavilion at Folkestone, and boastfully blowing "*Here we are!*" Do the citizens of Paris,—do the manufacturers of the South really count the days till they are sitting at ease in our English farm-houses; and showing the—ahem! *civilities*—of Conquerors to my Mrs. Bell and our three daughters? Are they such bad accountants, think you, as never—in case of such a speculation laid before them—to have *totalled* the expenditures of money—blood—odium—*DEFEAT*? I do not think much of them as men of business, I own. Their idea of obligation seems to me curious. Monsieur Hyacinthe will call Monsieur Hyppolite "a liar," (I am afraid not without cause), and frantic duellists as both are,—albeit the one is a Silk, and the other a Wine-Merchant,—the imputation hardly breeds a common quarrel. They are noisy, unpunctual—given to laying a fussy stress on some totally unimportant detail: and overlooking that great principle of affairs, which, by combining Promptitude, System, and Order, carries our Liverpool Merchants and our London Tradesmen through such pressures, accumulations, and emergencies. But I do not conceive them stupid in the matter of self-interest. While I cannot recognise their code of morals, I greatly admire their ingenuity and acuteness. Except their money-bags load the War-Train or ballast the Steamers that are to bring "*pe' Poodles*" over (just as droll Dick Doyle has seen them)—the train cannot start, the boats not baffle our Harbour-masters' eyes. And will they consent to the entanglement, the confusion, the throwing-back of every public enterprise for such an uncertain issue? I imagine not,—though The Duke, whose acquaintance with the class is large, thinks otherwise: or is *said* to think otherwise, by those who imagine that the glory of his name will carry down whatsoever waste or folly they may choose to recommend.

Once more,—though in small points of manners, taste, &c. &c. &c., the French know England little better than they did when Madame de Boufflers ordered hot rolls and butter to be served up in the middle of a magnificent dinner, to do honour to our barbarous Britons who were at table—as regards "the substantials," our real value and position are better understood than formerly. The filthy, demoralised crew, who prowl about Paris, with designs on everybody's pocket, would of course like to come here: just as they would like to break into the round

room at the *Café de Paris*, and eat the dinner which "Monsieur Bell" has ordered for two!—or to steal Mademoiselle Rachel's diamonds: or to add to their possessions in any like legitimate fashion. And their disregard of life (their own inclusive) is hideous! What matters it being knocked on the head, if, first, one has enjoyed an hour of riot and plunder?—So too, the journalists, who love sensations, periods, &c. &c.—and have little to lose and much to gain from the restless and demoralised folk who hire them,*—have no objection, on paper, to fancy orgies here, burnings there—Queen Victoria on her marrow-bones—and Prince Albert hidden behind a pile of bad pictures in the Private apartments!—Such a *tableau* never fails to produce its effect: being moreover very easily to get up: few matters making so tawdry a show, at so small a cost, as National Hate and Spirit!—But all this boasting, look you, is indulged on the other side of the water. Bring the sauciest of Gauls away from his own *vin ordinaire* and his own *feuilleton*: air him for one hour on this bank of the Channel, and the change of note you shall hear, is worthy of even the attention of "The Duke or The Duke's Kin." I have seen the charm of our "respectability" work, with too sure and constant an effect (the most potently among those who have laughed the loudest) to doubt its influence. Our plainness, our probity, our belief in "home and hearth," whatever be our differences of political creed or sectarian dogma,—all that makes up that wonderful and untranslatable thing, called "*comfort*,"—strike no one more than the French stranger in England, be he commercial traveller: or diplomatist; or mere voyager in search of amusement. He laughs at our dullness: our climate kills him (just as if there were no fogs, nor *spear-sharp* winds in Paris) and that which our climate spares, he will tell you our cookery finishes! But you will rarely, I will venture further—you will *never*—hear him, when once here, question our power, our worth; our readiness

* Here again, I am warned, by my Boy, that I may be thought presuming on our week's knowledge of Paris, to lay down the law in a manner more decided than becoming. But, in this (supposing it proved) I only use modern travellers' privilege. To know a country from long residence—as Sydney Smith said of reading a book before reviewing it—"creates a prejudice." Your tourist is now known to possess a *clairvoyance*, making him, at least, as accurate and trust-worthy a witness, as the Poughkeepsie gentleman who has absolutely got his New *Evangèle* printed in London!—Let any gentleman who can, prove me to be in the wrong about the journalists and men of business in Paris.—P. B.

to sink all minor differences when needful, in a general resistance against that which is not endurable. Too often have I shown about the foreigner: the strange, gaunt, uneasy American,—the tiresome, hungry, German, always given to find some mystical and inner meaning in the wrong place—the impulsive, and somewhat exaggerated Italian—too often have I noted the impression produced upon those by the sights we have to show, and the sights we have not to show,—to doubt that the *effect* of England upon a Frenchman, be he ever so flippant, ever so volatile, ever so infallible,—is generally more *benumbing*, than upon any other guest who lands on “Albion’s shores.” He may not like it: but I cannot help fancying it, to be as often sedative, as stimulant, in its results. Monsieur Alexander Dumas himself, the sublimest professor of the Noble Art of Gasconade extant, would hardly rally his spirits to the point of believing in a successful invasion of England,—when going down the Pool, to eat his whitebait, with B. D. J. T. and other brilliant and successful authors of England,—not forgetting of course, your humble servant!

Since Trade began, we Pedlars and Packmen, have been credited with some knowledge of our own and our neighbours’ popular humours—and I am therefore only speaking according to “my order,” when I assert my belief that the effect of all this travelling to and fro does *not* pass “like a summer cloud”—or linger like that which is to burst in storm and lightning! Common Sense and Justice have more to do in the administration of Europe, than they had. The *inconvenience* of

Brave blood like water poured, fair homes forlorn,—

is allowed to be weighed: as well as the necessity for military glory and distinction. And though the *In-come* and *Keep-out* tax may be passed, for aught I know, ere this important document be printed—methinks the additional burden, and the warlike preparations, in conjunction, will hardly be super-imposed, without an expression of distaste more universal than the alarm excited by The Duke’s letter.—And to this chorus—let General, Captain, Colonel, Major, Cornet, etc. etc. etc. fret as they please—must our Statesmen, more and more, lend an attentive ear.—They *must* learn that our National Soul of Bravery is not to be kept alive, by pinching and starving our National Body; that the French are not to be “barred out,” by measures crippling our resources, and compelling the best among us to become absentees

A few words more, and I shall have disposed of my "tediousness." There's another point of view, in which the *Keep-out* system merits consideration. When is to come the end of concession to class-panics? Our Red Coats are to be multiplied in *terrorem* of the Red Pantaloons of the French. Well and good: but there is a black squadron of ghostly men, in whom Miss Weak and Mrs. Blackadder put their trust, and hundreds of their brothers and cousins, too—more's the pity!—men nurtured on the wisdom of the "Holy Poker," swollen with manna distilled by "The Fiery Furnace," and who can tell, to a hair, the number of bristles on The Great Beast, who go lower than our military alarmists:—and forbid England to let in not merely Red Pantaloons, but Red Stockings, also. No Frenchmen! No Popish spies from Rome! The descendants of Miggs (who married at a period later than that recorded by Mr. Dickens in his "Barnaby Rudge") are numerous, blatant, and very ready to shoulder their guns against Idolators, at a moment's warning. Week after week, May after May, their Kettledrummies and Poundtexts are thumping their cushions to the "Lutheran Rant," or filling Exeter Hall with invective violence enough to poison Pius the Ninth from this distance; if the vicinity of his loving friends the Jesuits had not caused that good man so to have case-hardened himself upon anodynes, that arsenic tea (Miss Le Grand says) would do him no more harm than any other stomachic—while the Irish Mc Furrys, and O'Thunders, and Fitz-Bloods, in copes and dalmatics, are inculcating from the altar an Hibernian mode of resisting their "*in-come*" tax—to wit, by *keeping-out* the Saxon, while they are glorifying themselves on the increase of tram-roads, because the rails, when torn up, will make "*iligrant*" pikes: and the locomotives scatter as much terror among their foes and oppressors, as so many elephants might do, drunk with arrack made by Ranees or Rajahs, impatient of Mother Company's soldiers in Eastern plain or city. What do we English say to this? Are we not shocked at their folly? disgusted at their ferocious animosity? wiping our mouths on the spotless handkerchief (a white flag) of Peace; and quoting many placid texts from the New Testament of Good Will? How patient!—how enlightened!—what an advancement on by-gone times of party rage! Why, so it would be; if it only went throughout! But some of us want to bar the door against the French, and some against the Pope's Nuncio, and some against the Americans; and the West Indians tell us to keep out everybody but

themselves. Every band of aged gentlewomen, in short, only wants to be encouraged to have their own body of mercenaries clad in brave scarlet cloth, for the defence of their own rights and privileges ;—squalling, nevertheless, as loud as old women, only, can squall, if they are to pay for a penny spent in the defence of any other Tabby. So Miss Partington will have broken bottles and rusty nails on her own garden wall—but if Miss Frettabit chooses to hem round *her* pleasaunce with similar defences, she is pronounced to be “doting :—a bad, malicious neighbour ; wanting to hurt everybody before they look at her !” and the like ! Dine out for a month in London, and you shall become profoundly and practically convinced, that never were we English so utterly defenceless on every side as now. Beggared—insulted—our morals destroyed—our foundations sapped—our public men deaf to the appeals of public spirit or private virtue—we are, in short, just—where we were one hundred years ago ; when, Horace Walpole, from his own *secrétaire* in Strawberry Hill, issued his witty and doleful prophecies about our decline and the approaching triumph of our ill-wishers ;—and then turned away with a distracted heart to buy a new bit of china, or to cheapen a Faithorne print or a Petitot enamel ! So you see . . .

— But here’s Major Longshanks, as proud as a peacock on the promotion, which enables him again to ask me for “my second treasure—his dearest Louisa.” Well, perhaps a step in the Army may not be so bad a thing after all ; whether the French *in-come* is touched by it or not !

Valentine’s Day, ’48.

NEWGATE "MOSS."

EARLY doctors and chymists believed in the great curative and social virtue of hanging the subject ; for they obtained by the process mysterious powers of sympathy operative upon the suffering world at large. *The Magnetick Cure of Wounds* is thus profoundly treated by the learned Doctor Van Helmont.* The curious

* *A Ternary of Paradoxes.* The Magnetick Cure of Wounds : The Nativity of Tartar in Wine : The Image of God in Man. Written originally by *Joh. Bapt. Van Helmont*, and Translated, Illustrated, and Amplified by Walter Charleton, Doctor in Physick, and Physician to the late King. London, Fleet-street, at the sign of the Turk’s head, 1650.

unguent that, by magnetic sympathy, cured wounds, had for one of its prime ingredients the *usnez*, or "moss" growing upon the skull of a hanged man. How this moss is produced, the erudite Goclenius has set forth at large. For he, according to Van Helmont, who, be it understood, rejects the theory—

"Affirms that the *Usnea*, or moss, is to be selected only from the skulls of such as have been hanged. Of which his own and grossly erroneous invention inquiring a reason, he blushes not foolishly to imagine that in strangulation the *vital spirits* violently retreat into the skull, and here constantly shroud themselves for some time, until the moss shall, under the open canopy of the air, grow up, and *periwig the cranium*. Paracelsus hath expressly taught the contrary; and by multiplied experience we are confirmed that *Usnea* gathered from skulls of such who have been *broken on the wheel*, is in virtue *no whit inferior* to that of men strangled with a halter. For truly from animals there is not drawn the quintessence (in regard the principal and paramount essence perisheth together with the influent spirit, and life) but only the virtue *munial*; that is, the originary, implantate, and confermentate spirit safely remaining, and in an obscure vitality surviving in bodies extinct by violence."

Van Helmont is so far an opponent to the practice of hanging, inasmuch as he believes that breaking on the wheel will serve society equally well. We doubt not, that even in these days, there are stern sticklers for the morally medicinal properties of the gallows, who would, nevertheless, be content to forego the necessity of strangulation; would entirely give up the gibbet, if duly indemnified by the re-institution of the wheel. The "moss"—the medicinal "moss"—that grows from legal killing being assured to them in as plentiful a crop from the mutilated as from the strangled—the advocates of hanging would, with the sagacious Van Helmont, gather, for the good of society, the aforesaid moss of "the wheel," as in virtue no whit inferior to that of the tree.

And there is no superstition, no emptiness, no mere wind of pedantry in all this? Certainly not. There is nothing diabolic—nothing superstitious, in compounding moss—the periwig of a dead cranium—with other ingredients, for the perfect restoration of the wounded. The hurts of society are so admirably cured by it, that, as the Doctor says, elsewhere, "nothing but a handsome cicatrice remains." Besides, the apothecary being licensed to deal in this moss, with other awful simples, the state becomes *particeps virtutis*. Van Helmont—with upraised eyebrows—asks:—

"But I beseech you, what of superstition hath the *armary unguent*?"

whether because it is compounded of the moss, blood, mummy, and fat of man! Alas! the physician uses these inoffensively, and to this purpose the apothecary is licensed to sell them. Or, perchance, because the manner of using and applying the medicine is new to you, unaccustomed to the vulgar, but admirable to both; must the effect therefore be satanical! Subdue your passion, and calm your rage, ere long you shall be more fully satisfied."

And Van Helmont, with the sweet complacency of the over-learned, thus proceeds to give his disputants satisfaction:—

"You smile, because Goclenius chooses for an ingredient into the *unguent*, that moss only which is gathered off the skull of a man of three letters. [*Fur*: thief.]

"Nor in this truly is there any ground for your conjecture, that in the herb there lies a snake in ambush, any vain touch of superstition couched. For if a Jesuit, put to death by strangulation, or any other kind of martyrdom, be left *sub dio*, in an obedient position to receive the influence of the stars, yet his head will yield the same crop of moss, equivalent in use, and equally ripe, with the head of a thief: since the seminality of the moss drops down from Heaven upon Mount Calvary. For sometimes there distils a frothy dew, which is called Aurora; and after that, a more tenacious viscid mucilage descends, which is called *sperma siderum*; sometimes the Heavens have showered down clouds of frogs, spiders, locusts, and other such insects, which in their descent became solid, tangible, and vital substances; in other mountainous places the prodigious clouds have rained milk and also blood; frequently also there is found lying upon stones and bones a white bituminous matter, sweat from the celestial orbs, which turns into moss. This candid substance, in some places, where it petrifies and is changed into stone, induces a crustaceous surface or parget upon stones; in other places it degenerates into a moss."

There is, in the commencement of this, a very short-coming compliment to the Jesuit. Be it remembered, it is not necessary for the Jesuit to be a thief: a simple Jesuit, with fingers untainted of his neighbour's goods, is all that is necessary: he is at once elevated by his order to the rank of robber, without once crying stand, or insinuating his palm into another man's pocket. In a word, a mere Jesuit, for the growth of the medicinal moss, is at once as good as a thief. But wherefore—after the lapse of even two hundred years, we are compelled to ask the question—wherefore is the Jesuit no better than the thief? When we reflect upon the fertility of the Jesuit head; when we know that all history, that every travelled land, since the time of Loyola, bears witness of the rich and teeming soil of the Jesuit cranium; we are disappointed to find that when the Jesuit is strangled, his head will only yield "the same crop of moss, equivalent in use, and equally ripe, with the head of a thief." Ignatius Loyola himself is then of no more value than Jack Sheppard. This, we think, a hard

and grudging valuation of the ripeness and value of the head of the elder brotherhood.

The vegetative principles of the moss are quickened by the influence of the stars. Mercury must look down with especial benignity upon the pendent skull of his votary of "three letters." The astral principles operating upon the latent moss, have done much, avoucheth Van Helmont: for—

"By these the prudent have attempted and achieved many notable designs; and, indeed, they being enriched with the favour and continual influence of the Heavens, want not the ground and foundation of excellent and generous faculties. The moss therefore of a skull, since it hath received its seminality from the celestial orbs, but its matrix, conception, and increment from the mumial and medullary substance of the skull of man; it is no miracle, that it hath obtained excellent astral and magnetical virtues, far transcending the common lot of vegetables; although herbs also, in the capacity of herbs, have their peculiar magnetisms: I will insert an observation of my own:—A certain soldier of a noble extraction, wore a little lock of the moss of a man's skull, finely enclosed betwixt the skin and flesh of his head; who, in friendship interceding betwixt two brothers, that were fighting a mortal duel, unfortunately received so violent a blow with a sword on his head, that he immediately fell to the earth. With which blow his hat and hair were cut through, as with an incision knife, even to the skin; but he escaped without the smallest wound or penetration of the skin. I need not anticipate, yourselves may without much difficulty guess, to what cause the guard of the skin may be justly ascribed."

Of course, to the *Usnea*; the moss of the skull of a thief, hanged and left *sub dio*!

Had phrenology obtained in the days of Van Helmont, he would, no doubt, have improved the science—as the phrase goes—with wisdom profound, imaginative. We should then have had a peculiar moss for every phrenological development: and every moss produced—according to Goelenius—by the vital spirits violently retreating into the skull—would have carried some distinct and peculiar virtue, curative of some distinct moral malady. The moss of acquisitiveness, "finely enclosed betwixt the skin and flesh" of the hand, might have cured a constitutional lightness of finger. And so with the moss, tufting every other organ, and growing, in distinct patches and colours upon the skull, like many-coloured moss upon the knobs of an apple-tree. It is enough for us to suggest the variety of moss—of various moral and medicinal virtue—with which Van Helmont would have adorned his *hortus siccus*, could he have culled the simples by the lunar light of phrenology.

The translator of Van Helmont's book—the learned Doctor Charleton—is addressed in verses commendatory of his labour, by Thomas Philpots, who has, at least, one couplet of very pretty quaintness :—

"We're now convinced, that sympathies combine,
At distance ; that dispersed mummies twine ;
*That nature, on one string, like coupled beads,
Her rosary of twisted causes threads."*

And are we to laugh at Van Helmont ? And is the laugh entirely of our side ? Why, we do at this very time perpetuate the absurdity.

The soldier's skull was not mortally cleft, because—of the defensive moss of the dead criminal. Is not this ridiculous ? Stay a moment.

Wherefore, in the present day of increased light, do we hang men ? Why do we take life ? Why—it is said—for the beneficial example of the death of the culprit. We kill him that men may cease to kill. We deliberately, dispassionately, and as ceremoniously as the impatience and demoniacal drollery of the crowd who have come to witness the awful blow of justice, will permit—we strangle a man, to teach to the living a love and tenderness towards the throats of their fellow-creatures.

And this is the magic *Usnea* of our time ! Why should we laugh at Van Helmont, when statesmen still acknowledge and defer to the saving virtues of the "Moss" that, dewed by blood, still flourishes on the walls of Newgate ?

D. J.

THE GODS OF GREECE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AZETH THE EGYPTIAN."

ATHENE. APHRODITE. HEBE.

IF Hera represented the matronly dignity, and Artemis the virgin innocence, of womanhood, and both were types of that future race which should create, and be in turn created by, their influence, Athene comes before us with something of a Celtic hardness mixed up with her Hellenic beauty—with a northland strength of will and nerve to lend her more mystic attributes a physical reality. Yet she was one of the most intellectual of the Greek deities, not even excepting the "bright-haired" son of Leto; and she expressed to the fullest one portion of Greek character, in her patronage of those who thronged through the Stoai, or Porticoes, and gathered beneath the olive trees of the Academe, listening to the words of Socrates and of Plato, of Aristotle and of Epicurus—of those who held Wisdom to be the divine thing of life. And so it is; but not under that particular manifestation. As love, truly; but not as a mere intellectual creation—not as a subtle sophism, a cold unloving mind, which philosophers, aye, and later Christians too, have so falsely made it!

Under this form of abstract wisdom Athene is peculiarly Greek; as a humanity she is less national, wanting in the refinement, the gentleness, the affection, of the other dwellers in Olympus, but possessing as much individuality, with more of an universal character in her combination. You may find her under other climes than those of Hellas—but not among other gods than the Kronids; for the Scandinavian, the Hindoo, the Chinese, and the Persian, may bring copies of all save the virgin-warrior, the blue-eyed Tritogeneia! A present human life still dwells with her, visible especially to us of the rough northman race; and it gives individuality to that which else were but the emblem of immaterial truths, or the impersonation of natural phenomena. And not only with Athene, but with all the gods of Greece, dwells this intense individualism, visible even through their highest point of ideality, teaching us to love where else had been only wonder; to possess,

where else had been only worship. They live still—they live ever—those gracious deities ! You may find them in your pathway of life, standing before you under some bright form of youth or maiden, dazzling with their beauty, subduing with their purity, abashing with their dignity, or conquering with their strength. And the same divinity which the Greeks knew of, and expressed under god-like forms and names, still exists, even in living beauty. It is well that this cold hard day of the actual has left us *this* for our bosom mate ! As a snowdrop in the winter, as the acacia in the desert, beauty, and its love, beam on us through the dull deadness around ; reminding us that there is a higher and a holier life than the present, and that God has given us other than mere gain for our aim, mere sensuous pleasures for our enjoyments. Even simple beauty of form is something divine ; let it not be mated with any deeper-lying loveliness,—of itself, simply as a superficial thing, it is a portion of the great court of heaven,—one of the brightest flowers which wave therein ! And under no form is it so lovely as under the female. The most beautiful of the characters and the idealities in the past, set forth as men, owe half their perfections to the union of the feminine with their masculine attributes. The Apollo Sauroctonos, the youthful Hermes, the Dionysos, the Lycian and Pythian Apollos, and all the crowd of youths and genii, Ampelus, Ganymede, Hyacinthus, and others, have much that is woman-like in their characteristics and their conceptions. On the other hand, Athene, and Artemis in some of her statues, possess a certain manly form, which gives them great strength and vigour, but does not beautify.

Though Athene is so Greek in one of her intentions—the purely mental force which she embodies—yet the northern shrewdness and hardness which distinguishes her, given by the utter absence of all passion, and of all individual temperament, except itself, make her as easily comprehended by us, as Hera, or Hebe, Aphrodite, or Artemis. Her hard blue eye, her muscular frame, the firm planting of her broad foot, her rigid modesty, a little savage perhaps and more masculine than effeminate, her unrelentingness in the cause of justice, yet, as in the case of Arachne, a certain rough-hewn pity coming in after her first anger—all these make her so thoroughly northern, that we might believe her our own tall Scotch nurse, affectionate but hard, sternly proper in her notions, strong-limbed and staunch-hearted, a rigid disciplinarian, and an unappeasable moralist—a worthy, but scarce loveable

woman. Nothing could be more pure or free from any stain of mortal passion than the idea of Athene, as represented by Pheidias. As the Promachus, or armed champion of the city, whose glittering spear the sailor coasting round Cape Sunium could distinguish, far above all the marble columns and glorious statues of the Acropolis—and as the milder Athene Parthenos, grand, severe, serene, and dignified, standing with her weapons deposed, holding a winged Nike, or Victory, in her outstretched hand—and even as that most strange and mystic olive-wood statue which fell from heaven, the blackened Athene Polias, for whom the Peplos was worked and the great Panathenæa instituted—as these three particular forms might the goddess be found in her favourite city; and these three particular forms expressed the whole of her attributes,—ideal, human, and mystic.

The Amazons were the humanised embodiment of her strength and valorous energy. Muscular and unpitying women, despising their womanly beauties, and searing off at once their loveliness and their love, living a life of harsh actualities, unsoftened by art, by poetry, or by passion, they are types of what even women, gentle and tender as they are, may become, when they have learnt to look on softness as a disgrace, and on love as a crime. Now Athene had much of this same temperament. With more idealism, as was fitted for a divine conception, she had the same actual and utilitarian bias as these warrior dames whom Theseus slew, and who expressed, in their own rough warrior fashion, that class of Mothers of Modern Gracchi, female lecturers, “strong-minded women,” champions of “female privileges,” and retailers of “women’s missions,” with which society is deluged in our present nineteenth century. The gods send us soon the Theseus who shall put them to the rout, and give us genuine women, and no counterfeits, half men, in their stead! The Amazons might be fine specimens of animal life, but they fell short of all womanly moralities, as these are comprised in womanly love and maternal instincts. They knew nothing of either, and so were imperfect: their chiefest beauties both of mind and body mangled and foregone. These, together with their divine prototype, expressed the philosophic and the practical parts of the Greek nature, but left the passionate unembodied. This was for Corinth and Cyprus, and Lesbos and Paphos, where nought but temples and statues to Aphrodite and Eros filled the groves and gardens—this was for these to deify; and right well did they perform their task! But

for Athene, unloving, unwedded, the virgin-warrior, type of a calm clear intellect, springing forth full-armed from the head of the Great Father—she, at whose birth the clouds rained down gold—Athene, who fought for the subtle Greeks against hapless Troy, and smote the “laughter-loving” queen so rudely on her breast—who with the hands that drove the javelin home, wrought Hera’s robe so cunningly, and, by the same token, chastised Arachne so ungently—who slew the giants, and buried Enceladus beneath the Isle of Sicily;—Athene, who formed the flute in imitation of the plaintive hissing of Medusa’s snaky curls, and flung it beneath the flood in anger at its distortion—who dropped Mount Lycabettus from her stalwart arms, and deprived the unhappy Teiresias of his sight—for her was no love-song raised—to her no maiden paid her young vows—no lover breathed his passion at her shrine.

The games instituted to her in Athens had the same hearty character, the same absence of anything enervating or impassioned, the same influence of simplicity with herself. The Apaturia, a political or state festival, on the second day of which libation was made to Athene in concert with Zeus, Dionysos, and partly with Hephaistos,—the Panathenæa, that most gorgeous and most glorious spectacle, eleven days of which were devoted to games and contests in poetry, music, gymnastics, and other manly exercises, and the last, the twelfth, to the procession of the Peplos, or sacred robe with which the statue of Athene Polias was indued—the Arrephoria, in which were chosen the four young “well-born” maids, who should weave that same sacred peplos, and bear the holy vessels of the goddess—the Chalkeia, originally a national festival to her, then changed into one sacred only to Hephaistos, a festival of all the working classes, a festival of the practical, the operative part of society:—these and other such show right well in what the Athenian’s worship of the Blue-eyed Pallas consisted, and how far it was removed from any connexion with æsthetic love, or more sensuous passion. Intellect, on the one hand, unencumbered by form, and on the other, the useful, the actual, the real—these were the two sides of the medal on which was graven Athene’s nature!

Have we no parallel in our gradual unfolding of society? Have we nothing that reminds us of Athene’s diverse characteristics in the education of our time—the change which has come over us from abstract monkish learning to our present deification of the useful? Not that such deification is wholly good, wholly perfect!

It wants much to render it worthy of its present large place in life ; it wants somewhat of that purely mental grace, that intellectual elegance, which formerly had too excessive and exclusive cultivation, and so led to its own destruction—but without which there can be no perfection. BEAUTY is the magic zone which compasses the universe ; strip life of this, and you deprive the goddess of her spell. And as in grander, so in minor matters ; as in the boundless spheres, so in the atom-like dealings of man ; without beauty—call it what you will, grace, refinement, taste, cultivation—there is no perfection, there is no wholeness.

Athene's character as a woman is evident enough ; as a goddess it is extremely difficult to understand in its higher ideal. We can see her as the armed heroine, the peaceful protectress of arts and trades, the victorious champion of her favourites ; but as the mystic child of Metis, absorbed by Zeus, and from him reproduced—the same myth as the birth of Dionysos, though with a somewhat different signification—it is almost too subtle for our grosser intellects to comprehend. Like the Brahminical impersonations, over which is flung the veil of Maya, or Delusion, the higher divinities of Greece fade away into an ethereal essence—a thought, an idea, when we think to grasp them as bodily materialities. But are these the only divinities which thus elude the bodily eye, which thus fade from the sensuous vision as we look nearer, and become mere spiritualities, mere mental ideas, and no impersonations after all ? Are these the only divinities which connect men and gods—the one so imperceptibly blended with the other, that none may say where earth begins or heaven ends ? Nay ! Nay ! Again the limitation of humanity meets us—again are we humbled, abashed, struck down with shame, at the finiteness of man's mind ! Other names, other forms, a strange garment, a new fashion—and all the past is forgotten, and men fall down in wondering awe at the New Thing, the Only Truth presented to them. Poor foolish children ! That on which ye have hung your souls, in conviction of its truth, by its birth now in full time, is only the transcript, altered by local fashions, of the truths of all ages ! Man cannot create ; he does but adapt, from the material and the spiritual, according as his mind and the different education and the different climate under which he lives, would modify ; but his gods of the East are the gods of the West ; his mythology now is the mythology of the past. Aye, and further than this, may the parallel be drawn. As this education

of his changes—as it becomes first a fixed polity, from a rough savage life, that must needs fight hand to hand for every footpace whereon to die—as it then becomes a rude barbaric luxury, and then a refined art—still further, a mental culture that would do away with the actual—further still, a useful and a practical day—as it thus completes the cycle of human requirements, the last coalescing with the first in an eternal revolution—it adapts its religion to its daily needs, and frames a mythology, varying as much as the legends of the Titans and the tale of sweet Psyche vary in Hellenic progressive education. Say we not truly, when this day of ours—this railroad day of hurrying speed for gain—of unrest, instability, mockery, and earnest striving—when this hard harsh day of all that is practical, and real, can give us again the monkish legends of the past, can seek to bind its giant engines with spider webs of miracles and portents—say we not truly, when such things pass before our eyes, that the last coalesces with the first—that Christian mythology but runs through the same cycle as the Hellenic, as the Scandinavian, as the Persic? Oh never call that alone which is but the later born of many! Never close the eyes so willingly to Truth, and worship in solitariness, loving it for its unity, that which is but the copy of a past original, one of many, one of all, human embodiments! Love it for its truth? Aye! that indeed! But not for its falsehood. And surely it is but the Brahmin's robe of Maya, that fond timorousness, which dreads to see *that which is*; which would hedge round its own faith in a superstitious isolation, and love it all the more because of this isolation. Cast it down, though we cast down our life with it! Cost what it may, away with falsehood and delusion from the earth!—Though we cut asunder all the dearest heartstrings of our life—though we sever from us all of childhood's holy recollections, all of youth's first pure aspirations—though we leave ourselves alone, naked, and deserted, away with Superstition, away with all but TRUTH!

Though other mythologies have each their impersonations of divine wisdom, we do not, as we said before, meet with one like to Athene. We have Mithras and Brahm, Ormuzd and Amun; but we do not find, amidst all the deities, or of creation or of ideality, one whose peculiar characteristics are like to hers. There is not that same mixture of a hard humanity with the most æsthetic and subtle principle; there is not that same idea of a woman rendered strong, the weaker made more mighty, by the interfusion of a

higher power. Men softened by the female element—the stronger refined and purified,—of these we meet with many examples ; but none of the same class as our own Glaukopis, our generous, blue-eyed Triotgeneia. This is the extent to which mythologies and religions differ in the peculiar impersonation;—the fundamental idea lying, as it does, in the heart and brain of universal man, alike in the north and in the south, brings forth the same creation, modified by climate, progress, education, race, and manners. But itself is the same ; and whether as Vishnu or Apollo, as Freia or Aphrodite, it is but the one thought, the one necessity, spoken in the dialect of the country, but meaning the same things in the wide language of humanity.

Turn from Athene to Aphrodite, from the Divine Wisdom to the Divine Love of Greece. We have seen that this wisdom consisted, mentally, in a cold, unloving stoicism, practically in utilitarianism,—in the protection of handicrafts, the maintenance of freedom and a strict civil polity, and in the love of heroism,—the greatest virtue of a rude unsettled time. And this ideal was in keeping with the character and society of its day. In Aphrodite, again, we meet with the same wonderful harmony between the thought and the expression, the god and the subject. Love, with the Greeks, was wholly a poetic sensuousness, unrefined by any of northern sentiment : a passion not coarse, because so beautiful ; but containing nothing æsthetic, nothing moral or divine ; retaining strong hold on the Greek heart, because of the perfection of those two portions of their character which were most fully developed—their artistic love of beauty, both in form and in idea, and their mystic union of individual human life with the grandest, widest, and most immaterial, spiritual truths. As an earlier goddess, Aphrodite was much more matronly, and her characteristics, both of person and stature were less sensuous and more in keeping with a simple people, whose morals were not yet vitiated by a declining and effeminate art, than they were in later days. The Aphrodite of Pheidias—the Urania, with her foot upon a tortoise—was surely a different conception to the Aphrodite Pandemos of Scopas, the couching Venus of the bath, or the voluptuous Callipygos ! The mother of the laughing, wanton, mischievous Love, who now chides and now caresses, and herself takes part in his thoughtless freaks, is not the chaste Junonian deity of the elder worship, whose modest form, clothed and armed, was styled Heavenly by her votaries. She, too, partook of the

education and progression of the times ; and became, from the veiled emblem of an obscure and mystic truth, the perfection of naked physical beauty—the idealisation of womanly loveliness. Art transformed that first rude effort, which was intended but as a sensuous type of a spiritual and physical fact, into its after-creation of a womanhood, of which the *Hetairæ* were the embodiments, as were the Amazons of that of *Athene*.

It is like tracing the gradual depravation of a mind, to trace the change between the early Heavenly *Aphrodite*, and the later goddess of a licentious populace. In the beginning, still, modest, and severe, considered more as the mother than the mistress—the child of the gods, but not the lover of mortals or of Olympians—she contained the inherent power to become that after-being ; but had not yet developed or her energies or her character. In the next stage we find her with a virgin's bashfulness, mingled with a woman's consciousness of beauty ; not yet fallen, nor yet the *Hetaira*—goddess of the future—simply a being of beauty, just awakening to the knowledge of herself, and to the possession of her power. She is then like to a maiden of our own times, whose heart is first awakening to love, whose pure recollections of fleeting childhood are mingled with the delicious sensations of a poetic and love-charmed youth. We have all lived through such a time ; and if life had given us nought but this time, it had given us heaven ! Pain enough at the hour it contained ; but distance softens this, as all other unloveliness ; and we now remember only the ecstatic rapture in which our days passed dreamingly, as if in one stream of music—a fairy-peopled world—a home within the entrance-court of heaven,—and forget all the tears with which that heaven was bedewed. And this is *Aphrodite's* life, in the next stage of her gradual development. Passing from the strict purity of the childhood's conception, the matronliness, the motherhood, she becomes then the mistress of the youth's dreams—the maiden blushing at herself, half-conscious of her state, but ignorant, still, of all its meaning. She is then the *Anadyomene*, then that loveliest of all the plastic representations, the couching *Venus*,—then the *Cnidian Aphrodite* ; but this is somewhat later, and slightly more consciously voluptuous in its forms and expression. Her loves, too, were then more beautiful than they became afterwards—more poetic, though possessing enough of actual passion to give them consistency ; but they had nothing of that vulgarity, that coarseness, which we meet with afterwards. She is the lover of one,

not the mistress of all ; and Anchises and Adonis are as dear to her imagination as to her more passionate sensations. And in this consists the whole difference between the pure and the impure, the true and the false ; passion without ideality is the offspring of the Aphrodite Pandemos—a sensation shared by all creation, the lower as the higher, called up by the Eros of the later poets ; while, mated with sentiment or idealism, it is an affection worthy of the gods, and one which makes men themselves to be gods by the breath of the divine Phanes.

Our ideas of Aphrodite are derived more from sculpture than poetry. Beautiful as she is in both, the plastic art represents her more completely even than the poetic. And yet, what most exquisite ideas the last gives out ! The smile-loving, golden Aphrodite, with her dainty limbs and roseate neck, aiding her darling son, brave Æneas, in the siege of Troy, but wounded by Diomed, flying terrified to heaven, where the stately Hera and the dauntless Athene taunt her with her woman's cowardice, and call her wound " a scratching from her bracelet-band ! " The cestus-girdled queen, with her small light feet unable for an independent gait, her rounded limbs and long-languishing eyes subduing men and gods as she looks—making all earth her subject, as she lands on the flowery shores of Cytherea ! Most beautiful and dear of all the Olympian gods !—in the beginning, an idea of grace and purity ; but, in the end, destroyed by the influence of a depraved taste—a fallen art,—and thou thyself cast down from thy high place, to become the Hetaira of the heavens ! The æsthetic and original idea of Aphrodite was a very different thing to the later conception : as different as that young, warm, and modest maid, of whom we spoke, to the same maid, when her heart has been rifled by many, and her love profaned by the participation of all. Her pantheistic emblemisation gave rise to the tale of her inconstancies ; and as soon as she became the type of woman's life and was made the perfection of form alone, the physical truths which had been hinted at, as she herself hinted at an universal law in her various connections, became lost in their symbols ; and the myths which had at one time meant nothing more sensuous than elemental phenomena,—nothing more impassioned than spiritual truths,—were made gross living stories, to suit the vitiated morals of a luxurious time.

It is sad and weary that the most beautiful thoughts of men should be thus depraved by time and by imperfect knowledge !

The first worshippers of the Aphrodite Urania little dreamt of that coarser sensualism of the Pandemos, unto which posterity would debase their glorious goddess ; as little as the elder cosmogonists, when they spoke of the mystic Eros, eldest of all the gods—the Spirit of Life, who gave being and order unto Chaos—looked to the future, which should dwarf this glorious thought into the pretty, petty, wayward child of Ares and Aphrodite. But in this, too, the Greeks obeyed the universal law which governs all men. Vague, mysterious, and full of awe in the first,—speaking reverently, because knowing nothing, and gazing, like children, on the dazzling truths about,—then bolder, and more accustomed, fixing the shape, and giving a definite being to the illimitable vastness,—then, last and saddest of all, the reverence gone, the awe fled,—and nought but a gross, mean reality left of all that higher, wider, though so unknowing veneration. And thus was Aphrodite degraded—thus cast down from her high place, as the mystic emblem of creation, to the lowest of all sensual imaginings !

We pass from her to Hebe, the young goddess of freshness, youth, and glee. She, though her attributes are scant, and her character sketched, rather than defined, has a marked and distinctive nature ; more of humanisation, and less of ideality, than the greater goddesses ; but a sweet and poetic being has she : assisting at the banquets of the gods, with a vivid grace that we can see ; and yoking the horses of Hera to the chariot—her light fingers busied among the golden studs and silken reins, smoothing down the flowing manes, and patting the sleek coats of the divine steeds right out before our eyes. We can see her quite plainly as she stands, caressing those beautiful horses, putting her sweet face against their hairy heads, her rosy hands wandering with a child's lovingness about their arching necks, her "gold-wreathed" hair falling far and wide down her slender shoulders, and, it may be, mixing with that luxuriant manè, as you may see an infant's, when in its innocent fondness it loves man and beast alike. A higher function she assumes, our fair and gentle Hebe, when she tends her wounded brother, the "war-delighting" Ares ! bathing him and clothing,—like Heaven's own sister of mercy on an errand of charity and love. It was a beautiful thought, that of mating these two so different offices in the one fair goddess of youth ! There is a kindliness and a gentle appreciation of woman's higher moral worth in the combination, that promises more worthily than its fulfilment in social practice. In Hebe's

three offices,—her graceful task of cup-bearer—a task of only gaiety, and blitheness, and delight—her usefulness in a practical action, and her care and sympathy in a work of mercy,—we find the highest ideal of woman's nature, an ideal more perfect than Athene, for she wanted the love, the gentleness, the softened beauty, and the grace, which this daughter of the gods possessed.

Hebe was beautiful—so was Aphrodite; and both were of a beauty eminently feminine; yet how different! In the one, a vigour with all her girlish bashfulness, a fresh and hearty glow with all her gentle refinement of bearing, a palpable life in spite of her ethereal nature, a practicality through all her æsthetic grace; in the other, a languor even in her first-awakened innocence, a full sensation of love, as if her whole being was framed for that and that alone, a yielding softness, rather than Hebe's childish caresses, a sleepy dreamy voluptuousness that loved heavy-scented flowers, warm airs, and sunny skies, that loved the darkened glades and groves, and thought no worshipper were well unless he were beautiful to be loved.

Yet all these different impersonations, how truly they set forth the Hellenic nature! Volumes may be written in explanation; but the most unerring text for the people is the gods. Nowhere have the gods such distinct human characters as among the Olympiads—nowhere was the future race more fully told of than in that heaven. The Mohammedan houris, the Persian jinns and peris, can scarcely bear comparison with the Grecian gods. True, they are spiritual essences incorporate in human forms; but they lack both the ideality and the individuality which the Kronids possessed so eminently; above all they, and every other of mythology, no matter what, lack that intense influence upon the character of the nation which formed one distinguishing feature in the Greek religion. Nothing is so beautiful as this; nothing fulfils its intention so entirely. Other climes may bring forth other idealities, and the further development of the human mind may demand further and more spiritual conceptions; but we need never hope to see any religion which shall have so much effect upon the education, rather than the spirit, of its votaries. If it left the deeper mind untouched, it formed the temper; if the thoughts were unwarped, the feelings were all its own. And this is the distinction between the present and the past; in the first it was more the intellect, in the last it is the soul; in the first the temper, in the last, spiritual morality. Man has

progressed, slowly but steadily ; and from a child pleased with the surface rather than with the reality, he has become a man who cannot find his image in an infant's puppet, nor yet his god in even the most splendid of lifeless statues ! He needs truth, and a reality more real than he has yet attained ; he needs that the great thing of life should be definitively marked, if it be necessary to be definitively understood ; else let the Pantheism of the past still be of the present—let nature still be the sole instructress—let there be universal tolerance, not only as a state question, a political decree that gives an equal right of tenure or of sufferance, but let there be in the faith of every man an all-embracing belief in the universality of Truth and Good. Let not one who worships his God in fasting, penitence, and abasement, say to him who sees his truth in love and harmony, “ Stand off, I am holier than thou ; ” let not the lowliest faith be slighted, the oldest superstition be despised. For sure as the course of the eternal stars, is the course of men's minds ; and true as the return of the seasons with their fruits, is the revolution and production of the same, but differing, truths. Again and again we repeat it ; in our faith, our mythology, our education, our creeds, do we find transcripts of the original in the bygone—do we find the universal laws of mind reproduced. Be reverent, then, to the past : be gentle even to its errors, for in them do we censure our own.

SONNET.

It were a happy lot, if, every day,
 One had the power some act of grace to do—
 Some pious hope, or effort to renew,
 Where hope had swoon'd, and strength been swept away
 By suffering or grief ! Oh, who can say
 That *he* is wretched who hath still the power
 To soothe one sorrow, or to make one hour
 Of pain or poverty seem briefer ? They
 Who pass thro' life, nor wish to shed the flower
 They pluck upon a brother's path, be sure
 Have not the blessed privilege to feel
 The very chiefest bliss in Life's great dower !
 He who one sore doth salve, one hurt doth heal,
 Hath founts of joy no world can make impure !

Glamorgan.

EWAN GWYN.

A SHORT AND TRUE STORY.

It was upon the 7th of October, 182—, a merry party started from Calcutta, to spend the day pic-nicking under the umbrageous shade of the great banyan-tree, at the Company's Horticultural Garden in Garden Reach. The day was propitious, and after enjoying themselves, the budgerow was ordered in the evening, just after sunset, when they all embarked. A strong "fresh" being in the river, and the tide running down, the boat was pulled close up on the larboard side to keep out of the strength of the stream; it had got so far as the island opposite the "Cooly Bazaar," and whilst the ladies were chatting and singing, that Miss —, in rising from her chair, by some accident stumbled, and with it went overboard. Unfortunately falling over the starboard side, she went at once into the mighty current; all was hurry and confusion, and the men, mistaking the orders of the Mangee, pulled the starboard oars, which at once shot the boat upon the mud! My friend Tom, who was lying half asleep on the top of the round-house, worn out with the fatigues of the day, (having been laid up with fever and ague for three months) no sooner saw what had occurred, than he plunged into the river and swam towards the unhappy lady, who was by this time far down the stream—her head just visible! A few seconds, and both were out of sight! The feelings of those in the boat may be imagined, but not described. I must here pause, and use my friend's description of what took place. Reader, have you any idea of the Hooghly? If not, ask of those who know it, and you will find few that got into it ever came back to tell the tale! And if you can imagine a poor devil just recovered from the ague, which had beset him for three of the worst months in the year, with a thermometer ranging about 96°, drinking *hot* lime juice and water: four blankets, a large counterpane, and four "palkee bearers" on the "top of all," when the shivering fit came on: you may conceive what strength my poor friend had, to contend against a fine buxom damsel of twenty-eight.

"When I got up to her," said Tom, "her head was just

above the ripple, and the tide running like a sluice. I held out my arm, and was about saying, 'Allow me to get hold of you,' when, seizing it, she rose immediately and clung around me with desperate energy. We sank struggling. I got clear and came to the surface; again I caught her; still she confined my efforts, and a second time we went down! Once more we rose together, and almost instantly went under; finding my strength failing, and feeling the eddy whirling us round, I made one more arduous struggle towards the shore—this time it was for life! By great good fortune I felt my toes just touch—one more rush, and I was comparatively safe on the mud, she with her arms around my neck! How they got there I cannot tell. Struggling further, I was obliged to go upon my knees, and upon looking about could discover nothing but the dark shade of the trees at Garden Reach, and the lights in the houses upon the opposite side; no sound save the rushing waters, and the cry of the jackall upon the shore. I found we were abreast of Kyd's Dock-yard, and just opposite the place where two pet alligators used to frequent!—not mentioning the sharks. My gentle companion had by this come a little to her senses, and began something about her 'preserver.' I besought her to compose herself and keep quiet. After recovering my own wind I tried to make our situation known, but no answer came for some time; and then I discovered the two boatmen wading inshore in search of us. With the assistance of the others we were carried up to the boat—you know the rest."

Such was the daring, perilous feat of an invalid, and if ever a man deserved a medal, Tom did; but beyond that small circle it was little known; medals were not given in those days, and 'tis too late now. Yet there lives one, who, if ever she sees this little history, will recollect, amid the blessings that now surround her, the waters of the Hooghly and the evening of the 7th of October! Some of the party may also be yet spared, but few must be their number, to testify to the truth of this tale. To resume: we got them on board, and the moon, by this time risen, showing a sickly, clouded light, we pulled with all speed to Calcutta. The ladies soon rigged out Miss ——, and a "leetle brandy paunee" put all to rights; but what was to be done with my friend? 'Tis true there was "a change" in the gentlemen's wardrobe; but, alas! being none of the shortest—considerably above six feet—the "smalls" only reached Tom's knees, and the jacket very little below his arms, that reached beyond the sleeves into "empty

space" a long way ! With a white handkerchief about his head he landed at "Colvin's Ghaut," a ghastly figure ; but no ill effects ensued from his gallant action !

In my latter days I have often thought of the scene ; and upon reading the record of many "gallant things," conceive I am only doing justice to one I was an eye-witness of in the "Far East."

O.

NEW DEVELOPMENTS IN HOUSEHOLD ART.

STATUARY PORCELAIN.—PARIAN.—CAST IRON.

It has been our reproach among the nations that we are not an artistic people. We may, if we please, mutter the name of Flaxman, and declare this a slander ; or we may invent new canons of criticism, to prove that there has been no legitimate development of Art out of our own country. But a more candid course will be to admit that we are *not* an artistic people ; or, if we be potentially, yet that "it hath not appeared." We may find some solace under the mortification incident to such an avowal, in considering the disadvantages under which Art has laboured in this country. They have been many ; but the most important has been the difficulty of popularising it, owing to certain conditions of our climate, religion, and social habitudes. In Greece and in Italy, manners, religion, climate, all combined to give popular interest to Art. If the metopes of the Parthenon had suffered from no other cause than exposure to the atmosphere for two thousand years, upon the Acropolis of Athens, they would appear in a much more perfect state than we find them in now ; and frescoes on the fronts of Italian palaces have borne the rains of three or four centuries, yet are fresh at this day. Greek temples were, as Italian churches are, shrines where the people bowed down and worshipped the work of the chisel or the pencil ; and the streets, the squares of Rome and Florence, are, as those of Athens were, galleries of Art in its various developments.

In our own climate, marble and fresco do not bear exposure to the weather ; and to introduce a picture into a church is regarded as a "removing of the landmarks" of purified Christianity. Art, therefore, is driven to asylums where it must be sought out : it

does not obtrude itself upon us ; and does not present itself in any of those forms that necessarily give it a place in the mind and heart of the people. It must be introduced to them under some other conditions than served to popularise it in Southern Europe, if ever it is to be truly loved by them, and exert an influence upon them. It must adapt itself, indeed, to the genius and circumstances of the nation. Englishmen live by fire-sides ; not in fora and piazze : they visit their churches to seat themselves in snug pews ; not to wander about and make themselves cool with cold marble and dark shade. For them the huge fresco must be exchanged for the cabinet picture ; and the colossal god must be dwarfed down into the lar. The Greek sculptor wrought for the Athenian people—for Greece—for the world—for all time : this he felt ; and the inspiration was proportioned to such consciousness. The English sculptor works for Lord this or Lady that, whose flunkies will have opportunity to study his productions at leisure. The Italian painter wrought for galleries, through which a broad stream of life, swollen by tributaries from all parts of Europe, would be constantly pouring. The English painter works for drawing-rooms, muslined up during six months in the year, and open, during the other six months, to a "very select set," few among whom descend to the vulgarity of examining the "furniture" of the walls. How should English Art, then, attain to the excellence, the dignity, of Art in Italy and in Ancient Greece ? When we think how the products of the patient labour of genius are destined among ourselves to be withdrawn from the world, we scarcely can wish, much less hope, that it should do so. The great works of genius are the treasures of the world, and belong to the abstract MAN as his own triumphs. It were better they should not exist at all, than that they should exist only for the few ; for the latter alternative would be an outrage on the rights of the many.

Far be it from us, however, to assert that it is undesirable Art should advance in this country. We say only that it should be popularised, so that all should be benefited by its advance ; and we believe that it is only by becoming a thing for the people that it can attain to the full excellence which English genius may be capable of reaching. But, we repeat, popularised it cannot be by the means which popularised it in Italy and Greece. In the South, the people live out of their houses, and have drawing-rooms and corridors in common, ceiled with the blue heaven, and called squares and streets. There they have their works of

Art about them ; works upon a *grandiose* scale, to suit with galleries so wide and lofty : works in which all have equal property. In England we live within doors ; the climate makes us domestic rather than sociable ; our public ways are at once too busy and too dingy to encourage our converting them into galleries of Art ; we have nothing in common but wood pavements and bituminous footways. *We* must have our pictures and our statues about *us*,—we must have them in our studies and our parlours. They help to make our rooms look comfortable.

But however sufficient artistic genius may prove, to meet the requirements of a people who club their wants, what amount would furnish supply where each individual makes separate demand ? The desire must remain unsatisfied : the cost of production could not be so reduced as to put it in the power of all to gratify their tastes ; nor could talent enough be drawn together to execute works of a creditable kind ; unless the genius of a people, so differing in their requirements from the old creative nations, solve the problem by some new development of productive skill. We must manufacture Art.

The words do not sound well. They seem to involve an union of incongruities. But they would have sounded worse five years ago. Since that time "Art Manufactures" have made great advance ; and we may say of them now, in the same confidence with which we should speak of the future progress of science, that much greater advance are they destined yet to make. Some of the early essays were unsatisfactory, not only as being necessarily imperfect in execution, but as designed upon false principles. Such were the attempts at manufacturing Gothic enrichments for our churches, without regard to some essential proprieties of relation between material and the figures it was made to assume : as when particular forms of panelling, which were developments of the constructive capabilities of wood, were imitated, without modification, in cast iron, a substance wherein their significance was lost. But mistakes such as this, and a certain mechanical hardness in most early attempts at Art Manufacture, led many to too hasty a conclusion that there was a fixed incompatibility between Art in its higher sense, and the rapid processes of the manufactory.

A little reflection would have shown this conclusion to be unfounded ; for we have long had an illustration of the powers of Art Manufacture in the various means by which pictures, reduced from colour into light and shade, are multiplied *ad infinitum*. We

are in the habit, and justly, of classing engraving in all its varieties—wood-cutting, lithography—among the Fine Arts; yet all these are but methods of *manufacturing* pictures.

Sculpture, too, has had its multiplying processes; but they have not been so satisfactory as those that have illustrated painting. A material has been wanting. A bronze statue is a manufacture; but the difficulties attending casting in metal have prevented this from becoming to any extent a method of popularising Art. Casting in plaster has most nearly fulfilled for sculpture what has been accomplished for painting by the burin; but the cheapness and frailness of the material have prevented that value from being attached to the works executed in it, which could alone lead to their being prepared with the highest artistic care. Sculpture is even a more exquisite art than painting; the stainless purity of marble enhancing the idealism of poetic conception. But it is one with which, from its costliness, and the long toil necessary to its production, the public cannot be made so easily familiar, unless some more adequate means than have usually been employed, be resorted to for multiplying copies of its beautiful creations. A substance at once durable, of moderate cost, and possessing something of the fine texture and delicate purity of the Pentelic and Carrara stones, has been therefore a most important desideratum.

Very lately, a plastic composition which answers to these requirements much more nearly than anything previously in use in this country, has been applied to statuary purposes. We hail its introduction as opening the way to most important developments in Art: and believe that casting in "Statuary Porcelain," as an Art ancillary to sculpture, is destined to fill a place of like importance with that which engraving holds in reference to painting.

It is true that in the last century the execution of statuary in porcelain was carried to a high degree of excellence in the Sèvres manufactory. We have seen statuettes which were formed some sixty or seventy years back, more admirable in their modelling, and more marble-like, than anything that has yet been executed in England. Such, for instance, was a Bacchus from the antique, about a foot in height, of which the material nearly resembled a close-grained marble which had borne some exposure to weather. The majority of the works of that period, however, though beautifully white, and perfectly free from the waxy look so common in the modern English figures, had somewhat too vitreous an appearance; and, unlike the porcelain works of this country, showed a

perfectly vitreous fracture. The fact that the Art of forming such statuettes has long ceased to be practised at Sèvres, might abate our expectations of the results to arise from the opening of this branch of manufacture in England, did we not take into consideration the very different spirit of the times. If art and luxury at that period were not withheld from the people by any absolute sumptuary law, yet their general diffusion was an object never contemplated ; and there were no well devised systems of combination by which the poor might command in part the advantages of wealth. The precise cause of the decline of the Sèvres manufacture we shall not attempt to explain.

The first experiment in the new English material was made about two years since in Copeland's Porcelain Works at Stoke-upon-Trent ; when a miniature copy of Gibson's Narcissus, one of the most poetic productions of English Art, was executed for the subscribers to the "London Art Union." The beauty of the texture and colour of the artificial alabaster, and the artistic excellence with which the work was produced, obtained immediate acknowledgment ; and the manufacture of statuettes and ornamented works, in the new composition, has since been actively progressing.

The statuary porcelain has not the snowy lustre of the Parian or Carrara marbles, nor the sugary sparkle of Pentelic : but it is as close in grain as either, and as smooth in surface ; and has a pleasant light creamy tint ; though the colour varies a little in different specimens. In the best moulded works there is such an easy undulation of surface, so much sharpness without hardness in the more defined parts—as in hair, fillets, flowers—as scarcely to suggest the idea of a casting. The artist's own touches seem to appear upon the work.

And to some extent this is true. For besides that the separate portions of a figure have to be fitted together with the utmost nicety after they are taken from the moulds, the clay in other respects frequently requires to be wrought upon by hand before it can be committed to the furnace. Small parts may be ill-defined ; the finger-tips, for instance, shapeless ; portions of the surface rough ; the joints of the mould traced upon the figure. These defects have to be remedied by a skilful modeller : a meritorious artist, who performs a part as necessary as the "bringing up" of a copper-plate or wood-block for the press. Some intervention of a hand under the direction of cultivated taste, will in all cases

probably be requisite to confer on manufactures the character of Art.

A disadvantage which has hitherto attended most works moulded in a composition afterwards to be submitted to the furnace—the change of form incident to irregular shrinkage in the baking, or to settlement from the gravitating power of the moist material—has, by the skill of our present manufacturers, been, to a considerable extent, overcome. There is yet, however, and probably will continue to be, a good deal of uncertainty; failures are frequent, from the clay cracking, or falling out of place.

Messrs. Copeland have already executed, in their new porcelain, statuettes, busts, figures of animals, vases, jugs, garden ornaments, and other works possessing artistic character. Among them may be instanced—a charmingly imagined “Ondine,” from Pradier;—“Apollo, as a shepherd,” by Wyatt: a graceful figure, though by no means expressive of the intellectual grandeur of the god: the artist would have done better to have called it simply a Grecian shepherd;—“Paul and Virginia,” by Cumberworth: a pretty group, treated with some originality and poetic feeling, though not with quite so much simplicity as desirable in sculpture;—an exquisite bust of Flóra;—one of Jenny Lind, by J. Durham: pleasingly managed in the introduction of some flowers in the hair and drapery, and well executed; a likeness, though not a flattering one:—one also of Daniel O’Connell, by J. E. Jones: excellent in its portraiture, and in the workmanship of the head, but somewhat clumsily draped: this work shows in another manner the application of mechanical ingenuity to the purpose of multiplying works of Art, the miniature model having been reduced from the original bust by Cheverton’s Reducing Machine;—a “Chained Cupid;” —the “Portland Vase.” A piece, called the “Armada Bottle,” shows in the most conspicuous manner, in the leaves and tendrils of the vine-wreath around it, the extreme delicacy of workmanship of which the material is susceptible. These foliated ornaments are of course fashioned separately by hand, and applied upon the moulded form. In a small bust of Shakspeare, we must object to the too exact rendering of the lace; a sort of trickery unworthy of Art.

The Messrs. Copeland are not without rivals in this new field of productive ingenuity; though to them belongs the merit of first having entered upon it. At the Porcelain Works of Minton and Co., in the same town, a similar material, under the name of

Parian, has been employed with like success ; and, indeed, to the latter firm we must award the palm as to the choice of subject, and, in the largest number of instances, as to the excellence of the modelling. Many of our readers have no doubt noticed in the shop windows, their miniature copy of Danneker's exquisite "Ariadne : " no piece of sculpture has been more caricatured, by clumsy modellers in alabaster and biscuit china ; but the work now referred to, though not doing full justice to the Frankfort original, is still a charming little drawing-room ornament. Bell's "Una and the Lion," executed as a companion-piece, and modelled, we believe, to the miniature size, by the sculptor himself, is more satisfactory, as regards the rendering in porcelain ; whilst the design, though inferior to the German work for originality and poetic luxury of conception, is perfect for its grace, ease, and the air of idealised innocence imparted to the figure. Mr. Bell has been a very active contributor of designs to this and to other departments of Art Manufacture. His "Dorothea" is worthy of the lovely picture drawn by Cervantes, whose description no one with a fondness for Art can have read without wishing to see its embodiment in marble. We greatly prefer the reduced copy to the sculptor's full-sized original. The casts we have examined of these works are a little disfigured in parts by the marks of the moulds ; and in the two former, particularly, the attachment of the arms just below the shoulders (these portions are cast in separate moulds, and afterwards united by the modeller) is disagreeably visible. The foregoing designs have been brought out under the auspices of Felix Summerly, the originator of the series of works in several departments of mechanical ingenuity, called the "Art Manufactures." Messrs. Minton and Co. have produced others unconnected with him, and which are equally deserving of attention. Of these we must particularise the beautiful groups of "Naomi and her daughters ;"—"The Guardian Angel ;"—a "Madonna and Child ;"—"St. Joseph," and "The Annunciation." Among the humbler purposes to which the art has been applied at the same factory, is the embellishment of a beer-jug, from a design by Townsend, called "The Hop Story," and representing hop-gathering and coöperation. This is rich in effect, but the form is not elegant, and the cover is ugly. Kedgrave's water vase, a very graceful design, is about to be executed in Parian. We should add that two beautiful statuettes of praying children, by Bell, of which we have seen

imperfect exemplars, are nearly ready to be added to the subjects already issued to the public.

The "Parian" is somewhat whiter than the "Statuary Porcelain;" but from the limited number of specimens of each that have come under our examination, we cannot offer a decided opinion as to which presents the most marble-like appearance. The works produced at the same potteries vary in this respect; and some have rather an unpleasant, waxy aspect. Our first impression was in favour of Copeland's; but we have since been disposed to reverse that judgment. Much, probably, depends upon the amount of heat to which the works are subjected. Copeland's composition, however, seems less liable to flaw in the baking; and the works executed in his factory appear to be turned out with the fewest superficial blemishes, caused by the joinings of the parts separately moulded, or by other causes. Still, Minton has produced the greater number of works of striking artistic merit. Very great praise is due to both; and their rivalry will lead yet, we doubt not, to important improvements. It is fair to mention that we have seen specimens formed of a new "body," (as their material is called by potters), produced by Messrs. Rose & Co. of Colebrookdale, which, if they can obviate an apparent tendency to too high a vitreous gloss of surface, is likely to surpass both the former. This composition they have named "Carraran;" but have not yet executed in it any works of merit sufficient to be made public.

Whilst we hail with much satisfaction an art which will supply us with "sculpture in little," we are sorry we cannot express unqualified approbation of all that has been done, or of all that has been attempted. Many instances have we met with in all departments of Art of strange perversions of taste; but none do we remember so ludicrously abominable as that which could cast a lace veil over the otherwise naked figure of Eve. So Bailey's sweet "Eve at the Fountain" has been treated at Messrs. Minton's pottery. "*Spectatum admissi, risum teneatis amici?*" It outdoes all that Horace could devise of incongruity. And we have "Rebecca at the Well," too, clad in a slip of purple lace, which sets off to advantage the, literally, snowy whiteness of her flesh; but then, beneath the slip, she has a petticoat, and wears a turban and slippers, and other articles of dress. She does not make a compromise (a very indecent one) between Almacks' and the garden of Eden. The naked Eve is purity itself; but the

lace is suggestive of the drawingroom ; and where attire is needed is quite insufficient. We have heard of an African queen sitting at the door of her hut, very jauntily attired in a cocked hat, and a pair of Wellingtons, but without the due medium between these extremes. We recommend the subject to the modeller of the Eve, as calculated to furnish a companion-piece to the Honiton and fig-leaves.

We suppose the chief blame must be thrown on the ill-taste of the public, which can make such sins against propriety and common sense profitable to the manufacturer. The manufacturer must be expected to deal with Art in a mercantile spirit ; and it may be necessary for him to pander to the perverted taste of his patrons, even to obtain means to bring forward its remedy. No doubt, the lace, imitating so exactly real lace, and suggesting infinite labour and most delicate workmanship, as necessary to produce it in such a material as porcelain, is calculated to win ready favour with the ladies. But might not a modern drawing-room bride—some figure not pretending to the character of Art—be modelled as the support to spread this article upon, instead of subjecting us to the humiliation of seeing our general mother clad in costly finery, which she could not have come honestly by. Let it be remembered, that when Eve was at the fountain, she had not been an hour in existence ; and as she had not yet seen her husband, the net-work scarf could not have been a present from him. But, ladies, the lace is not formed with all the labour you suppose. It is made by dipping real lace in a solution of the porcelain clay ; and the original threads are destroyed in the baking, leaving the earthy coating. After this information, you will perhaps attach less value to it.

The impulse given by the public demand for Art-manufactures, at the same time that it has introduced the use of these new porcelain clays, has led to improvements in the casting of iron for ornamental purposes ; and the Colebrookdale Company have lately produced works in this material that quite deserve to be admitted into the category of works of Art. The most successful experiments that have come under our notice have been directed to the representation of animals ; and we can speak, particularly, of a stag browsing, and of a brace of partridges, as having all the truth of character and the skilful expression of the hair and feathers, that we find in the best sculpture of similar objects. Two goats, and a group of a lion and wild boar, are almost equally excellent. This art, too, will progress.

Attention was first turned to embellishing manufactures by the superaddition of Art. Manufacturing power already discharges the obligation. Art ornamented the beer-jug and the knife-handle ; manufacturing appliances multiply statuettes. Here is a field of industry open, suited to the genius of the land. We have confessed that we are not an artistic people ; but all admit our manufacturing skill ; and did we hold a lower rank than is in reality the case, in respect to artistic talent, great results might, nevertheless, be expected from the coalition between Art and manufacturing ingenuity. For it must be remembered that the purpose of Art-manufacture is not invention but reproduction. Its special function is to put the beautiful within reach of the many ; and for the attainment of that object, to select wisely and copy well is all that is important. We have already noticed the similarity of the offices to be fulfilled by engraving and by porcelain casting. Engraving is a fine art in itself ; and yet the proportion of its works which include original design is very small indeed. We cannot, however, feel that it is less important when it eternises copies of the fading Parma frescoes, than it would be should Signor Toschi present the world with a series of works wholly of his own invention ; and so with the new art—for as a new art we must regard it—if it would do no more than give us well-executed copies of the best existing sculpture, we might well rest satisfied. If it should serve but to bring the people acquainted with those, it would be ploughing up a never-broken ground of feeling, imbedded in which may lie dormant seeds of taste and invention, to spring and flower where they find air and light.

But to say that we are not, or have not approved ourselves an artistic people, does not imply necessarily that we have among us no artistic talent ; and in sculpture, certainly, we hold a fairer position than in painting. What has already been done in porcelain moulding shows that native original genius is at command ; and to work for a public will be favourable to its development.

And an interesting question arises : What will be the extent to which these new means will be effectual in popularising the inventions of the artist ? The cost of the porcelain casts is considerable, and must necessarily be so. Though the models and moulds are of course expensive, where many copies are produced, that original outlay would cease to be a consideration of much importance ; but the fitting of the parts separately moulded, and the finishing of those which come from the moulds in an imperfect

state, by the hands of artists who earn in that employment several guineas per week, together with the large proportion of casts which fail in the baking—(we understand that works in Parian are submitted to the fiery ordeal twice, and occasionally three times, from periods of from seventy to eighty hours each)—necessarily cause the prices to be high, whatever be the numbers produced of any individual work; nor does there seem much prospect that the casualties, whether of the moulding or of the furnaces, can be rendered so much lighter, as in any material degree to reduce the cost. Statuettes, therefore, will not find their way into the labourer's cottage, and the ten-pound house; unless through such means as proposed by W. B. J., in his scheme for an "Art Manufacture Union," set forth in the last December number of this magazine. But among the middle classes, also, of society, Art has to be popularised; and it will fall within the means of most of those constituting these classes to have some specimens in their drawing-rooms or parlours. This is all we could expect. We must not hope at once to refine the tastes of the multitude to a high standard. They will receive indirect benefit, if no otherwise than as the shop-windows serve, to a certain extent, as repositories of Art for them. The Ariadne and the Una, the Ondine and the Dorothea, the Guardian Angel and the St. Joseph, the Flora and the Jenny Lind, are not passed without notice by those even who have been little familiar with Art. The shop-windows do more than we are aware in the gradual and unconscious education of the eye, and refinement of the taste of the people.

We hope, however, to see Galleries of Art for the people, established on the plan proposed in the January number of this magazine;* and into them some of the works we have been considering might with propriety be admitted. In the meanwhile, those who are friendly to the diffusion of Art among the multitude may do something by exerting any influence they may possess, to induce the introduction of works tending to refine the taste into the club-rooms, lecture-rooms, and other places frequented by artisans, (the reader may probably smile, and suggest gin-palaces), and into schools, no matter of what kind. The most rigid of our

* We take this opportunity of noticing an Erratum in the paper referred to, page 73, line 5, from the bottom: for "Panton-street," read "Hemming's-row."

modern iconoclasts would scarcely object to the admission of the "Guardian Angel," or of Bell's "Children Praying," into a Sunday or Infant-school. To do so would but show that themselves needed the humanising influence of Art.*

SIGMA.

A MARRIAGE OF "LETTERS."

JOHN JONES was by no means what ladies would call a fine man—neither was he very young, nor very talented, nor very rich, nor at all highly connected—he was, in fact, a middle-aged, matter-of-fact stockbroker, in a moderate way of business—but what gave him an interest in the eyes of the opposite sex was his evident intention to get married. He smiled in a meaning manner when his intimate friends joked him about Miss Arabella Willsden, and did not deny that he had confident hopes of succeeding in that quarter.

Miss Arabella Willsden was a young lady with whom he had first become acquainted as a partner in a quadrille. She was the only child of a lieutenant in the army, who called himself, and was always called, Captain. Captain and Mrs. Willsden managed to live and to bring up their daughter almost entirely on the half-pay accruing to the retired soldier for past services. But though poor, they were excessively "genteel." They always managed that Arabella should go once to the opera during the season; in September they invariably went out of town for one week, and on the 15th of May in every year, they gave a regular evening party, with pianoforte-quadrille-player, real wax candles, oyster patties, and trifle complete. Heaven only knows how they did it, but it *was* done, and without going into debt too.

Mrs. Willsden had a small sum invested in the funds, and, in matters of transfer connected therewith, Mr. John Jones, the stockbroker, became known to Captain Willsden, and, in due

* Specimens of Copeland's statuary porcelain, and of the Colebrookdale Company's iron castings, may be seen at Eldred's "Art Exposition," in Old Bond-street, Mr. Eldred being agent for this manufacture; Minton's works in Parian at Cundall's, in Old Bond-street, White's china-shop in Regent-street, and other places.

course, Mr. Jones was invited to the annual party. After this he was a frequent guest at their family tea-table, until at last, the marriage of Mr. Jones to Miss Willsden was set down as a thing of course by the gossips of their acquaintance. In spite of this, however, Mr. Jones had neither declared, nor been asked, his "intentions." They had hitherto appeared only in deeds, not words. His almost constant presence at the Willsdens'—numerous presents to the fair Arabella—tickets to the opera, theatres, concerts, and so on—evidenced that he was, or ought to be, a candidate for the honour of being son-in-law to the Captain.

One morning, however, Mr. John Jones sallied forth to call at the Willsdens', filled with a most important resolve. It was no less than a determination to bring affairs to a crisis at once with Arabella. The Captain, like most idlers, was usually busy about some small matter or other, and might be expected to be found gone out for the day; Mrs. Willsden, like a considerate mother as she was, commonly took an opportunity, whenever Mr. Jones made a morning call, to leave him for awhile alone with Arabella. Mr. Jones, therefore, calculated on having a clear stage, and was determined to "pop the question," or die in the attempt. He had "read up" the manner of doing this in all the books he could meet with, and rather flattered himself that he should come off with credit.

Judge his disappointment, therefore, when he had been at the Willsdens' some time, to find that Mrs. Willsden was the only person he was likely to see at all. Arabella was not in the room, and did not appear to be coming. "She was unwell," Mrs. Willsden said; "she was out late the night before at a large party, and was suffering from head-ache." Mrs. Willsden herself talked with extreme volubility about a great many things. The weather was cold, she remarked, but that was only seasonable at that time of the year. The influenza, she heard, was going about a good deal. The price of all provisions was dreadful, and, by what she could learn, they were likely to be dearer still. Prince Albert, she was sorry to learn, had been very unwell with a chilblain on his right foot, but was now happily doing much better. From this strain of light and generally interesting conversation, however, she now seemed to deliver herself by an effort, and to make herself up for some particular communication. A sort of fidgetty gravity took possession of her countenance, as she exclaimed, in a voice of forced calmness, "Mr. Jones, I am glad

you called this morning, as I have something important to say to you."

"To me, ma'am!" said Jones, starting, for he felt sure that he was now about to be asked his "intentions."

"Mr. Jones," resumed the lady, "of course I have not been insensible of the attentions you have paid Arabella, and I own that, at one time, I contemplated the probability of your union with some degree of satisfaction. But this must be at an end; Mr. Jones, I confide in your preserving the secret when I tell you that Arabella is *engaged*."

"Engaged!" faltered Jones, in a most dismal tone of defeat.

"Yes," said Mrs. Willsden. "A gentleman of large fortune and eminent connexions has for a month or more evinced great interest in her, and last night, at the party I mentioned, he took an opportunity of making an offer, which I felt it my duty to advise her to accept."

"This is pretty conduct!" exclaimed Jones, getting indignant.

"So, under the circumstances," continued Mrs. Willsden, without taking the least notice of poor Jones's excitement, "you will see the necessity of discontinuing your visits here for awhile. I will do myself the pleasure of sending you a parcel this morning containing all the letters and presents which you have been so kind as to send to Arabella at various periods."

"Allow me to say, I think this very strange," exclaimed Jones; "very strange indeed, Mrs. Willsden!"

"Let us part friends," said Mrs. Willsden, with a sweet smile.

"God bless you, my dear Mr. Jones; you are a worthy man."

"But——" began Jones, in a bewildered manner.

"Good morning," continued Mrs. Willsden; "good morning, my dear Mr. Jones. We shall always esteem you as one of our best friends."

The "worthy man" found himself on the other side of the street-door in less than a minute afterwards! How he got there he has never been able to say, but I have no doubt that he walked out quietly, and was by no means *turned out*, as he has been heard scandalously to hint his method of leaving the premises should properly be termed.

He proceeded homewards at a tremendous pace, filled with anger and disappointment. But though his rate of progression was rapid, he was beaten by Betsy, the handmaiden of the Willsdens, who was just quitting the door of his house as he arrived at it.

A parcel was put into his hands, which Betsy had left, addressed to him.

He took it into his "study" in a contemplative mood, and opened it. There they were indeed! All the letters and presents he had ever bestowed upon the ungrateful Arabella. The letters had a confoundedly *unworn* appearance, as if they had been but *once* opened and read; which Jones remarked with much bitterness. He had been very fond, too, of having the initials of Arabella Willsden and of himself put upon everything, when possible. Thus all the books were blazoned forth as, "To A. W. from J. J." Jewel caskets were the same. Hardly one of these unfortunate gifts but was so marked, or, as Jones now savagely thought, *disfigured*. "She had better have kept them," said he. "The brand of her proprietorship makes them disagreeable to my sight!"

Just as Jones reached this point, a loud double-knock sounded at the street door. He had barely time to hurry all the letters and presents into a drawer, when the servant announced "Mrs. and Miss Wood."

"How annoying," thought Jones, "that they should come to bother me when I am in such a state of mind!"

"Mr. Jones," said Mrs. Wood, after the usual greetings, "are you engaged to-night?"

"What's the matter now?" thought Jones. "No," he said aloud. "I am disengaged at present, my dear Mrs. Wood."

"Then will you escort Ann and myself to a concert?" said Mrs. Wood, "We have tickets for three, and I am sure you will like the music?"

Now Ann Wood was a young lady whom Jones had known for some time, but had never cared much for. She was certainly not pretty, but she was not plain either. She had no money; but then again, she had no expensive tastes. She was the daughter of a fancy bread and biscuit baker; but she possessed the great merit of not being ashamed of her father. As Jones now looked upon her, either her own good qualities, or indignation against Arabella Willsden, made her appear altogether different in his eyes from the Ann Wood whom he had been accustomed to consider as a very commonplace young woman. He resolved to accept the invitation to the concert.

"It will give me great pleasure to accompany you and Miss Wood," exclaimed he; "very great pleasure indeed! It was very kind of you to think of me."

"Oh, Mr. Jones!" said Ann; but she said no more.

"She is a very nice girl, indeed!" thought Jones, with a certain almost unconscious tone of defiance. "A very nice girl! I don't know a nicer girl!" Here he was struck by a remembrance which almost destroyed his equanimity at once by its oddness. He had been execrating his own folly for having had the initials of Arabella Willsden put upon the presents he had given her, but here they were already prepared for another. "A. W." answered for Ann Wood, just as well as for Arabella Willsden. He ran over rapidly in his mind all the young ladies of his acquaintance, and found that Ann Wood was the only "A. W." he knew. It seemed a dispensation of fate. Now, amongst other peculiarities of Jones, was one which was quite notorious amongst all his friends—a curious sort of *meanness*, which yet did not refuse to combine with frequent extravagance: thus he would drink champagne, but make the most strenuous efforts to get it *cheap*. He once travelled for three months on the continent, and the matter connected with this tour, which he dwelt most upon ever after, was, that he had done it throughout for several shillings a-day less than had been spent by any of his acquaintance on similar excursions. On the present occasion, it seemed to him a most important point that he might now find a use for these presents just as they were. There was a certainty now that none of them need be "wasted." He determined to make a beginning, at all events, as that would not compromise him, however he might feel *afterwards* as to proceeding in the affair.

"You were speaking of music, Miss Wood," said he; "and that reminds me how beautifully Moore has adapted words to the old Irish melodies. I know that ladies are fond of this charming poet; and, feeling assured that *you must be so*, my dear Miss Wood, I have ventured to procure a volume, which I beg you to accept. It contains all the words of Moore's 'Irish Melodies.'"

Here Jones, going to the drawer, picked out from the rest of the presents a volume bound in green "morocco elegant," which he had given to Miss Willsden soon after the commencement of their acquaintance.

"Oh, Mr. Jones," exclaimed Ann Wood, "I'm sure I don't know how to thank you enough! I do so dote on Moore! To get this book for *me*! And see, mamma!" she exclaimed, "Mr. Jones has written my initials inside! How very, very kind of him!"

I am sorry to say that Jones did not blush during Ann's speech, and worse, that he received all this thankfulness with a mild deprecating smile, as if the wretch *had* got the volume for *her*, and *had* written *her* initials inside. He was now so occupied with the idea of Ann Wood, that I really believe he almost forgot that these attentions were originally paid to Arabella Willsden.

Why need I detail the history of the other presents? It is enough to say that, one by one, they all found their way to Ann Wood; who, when the series was exhausted, became Ann Jones. John and Ann Jones lived a happy, wedded pair, but, to this day, *she* knows nothing of the real history of the *presents*.

ARTHUR WALLBRIDGE.

THE SNOWDROP IN THE POOR MAN'S WINDOW.

It was a darksome alley
 Where light but seldom shone,
 Save when at noon a sun-ray touch'd
 The little sill of stone
 Beneath the poor man's window,
 Whose weary life was bound,
 To waste, at one dull ceaseless task,
 The passing seasons round.

Spring's dewy breath of perfume,
 And Summer's wealth of flowers,
 Or the changing hue of Autumn's leaves,
 Ne'er blest his lonely hours.
 He knew, too well, when Winter
 Came howling forth again—
 He knew it by his fireless grate,
 The snow, and plashing rain!
 Pierced by the frost-wind's biting

His cheerless task he plied;
 Want chain'd him ever to the loom
 By the little window's side.
 But when the days grew longer,
 He stole one happy hour,
 To tend, within a broken vase,
 A pale and slender flower.

(How tenderly he moved it
To catch the passing ray,
And smiled to see its folded leaves
Grow greener every day!)
His faded eyes were lifted oft,
To watch the Snowdrop bloom—
To him it seem'd a star of light
Within that darksome room!
And as he gently moved it

Near to the sun-touch'd pane—
Oh! who can tell what memories
Were busy in his brain?
Perchance his home in childhood
In a sylvan valley lay,
And he heard the voice of the running streams,
And the green leaves rustling play!

Perchance a long departed
But cherished dream of yore
Rose up through the mist of want and toil,
To bless his heart once more.
A voice of music whisper'd
Sweet words into his ear;
And he lived again that moonlight hour,
Gone by for many a year!

Or but the love of nature
Within his bosom stirr'd—
The same sweet call that 's answer'd by
The blossom and the bird!
The free, unfetter'd worship,
Paid by the yearning soul,
When it seems to feel its wings expand
To reach a brighter goal!—

An aspiration, showing
Earth binds us not her slave,
But we claim a brighter being,
A life beyond the grave!

HOW SOLDIERS ARE MADE IN PRUSSIA.

WHATEVER strictures may be passed on the policy and tendencies of the Prussian Kings, there can be but one opinion with regard to the principles which have always led them in the *general* organisation of their armies. Prussia is a decidedly military state: the Prussians are a military nation throughout. That country occupies a territory of no more than 5000 square miles, with a population of less than fourteen millions. By extent and by the number of its inhabitants it ranks among the second-class states of Europe; but by means of its military system it has acquired, and seemingly still possesses, a first-rate influence in European politics. This has always been the case; and though the course of events sometimes changed the minor features of the system, the fundamental principle has remained unaltered. That principle is the principle of intimidation: it is to acquire influence by means of an imposing attitude, to command respect on the strength of a numerical superiority. The Prussian State has always relied on a large and well-drilled army. It may be said that the great problem, "how to keep the greatest number of men for the smallest given sum of money?" has been satisfactorily solved by the Kings of that country. The Prussian Kings cannot boast of any hereditary talent for generalship running in their family. Two of them only, the Great Elector, and Frederic I., showed themselves competent to the chances of war and the leadership of armies; but a strong talent for *Sergeantship* is unquestionably developed in the bumps of all the heads of the family of Hohenzollern. The Prussian Kings were always great drill-masters; they could at all times defy the whole world on parade; they are capital-hands at the organisation and minor discipline of a regiment. They always delighted in the leadership of a company of the Grenadier Guards. The Princes of that house are soldiers from their very cradle. The moment a male infant is born, he is enrolled on the lists of some regiment; when he can scarcely walk, he is drilled for the parade. A Prussian Prince is a lieutenant at four, and a colonel at fourteen

years of age ; and what is more, his knowledge of the routine of barrack service at those respective ages is almost equal to that of most lieutenants and colonels in the Prussian army. He knows all the rules and regulations of the service, as far as they regard the dress and appearance of the soldiers ; he has been taught to march in the ranks, and to keep his distance to a hair ; his eye has been sharpened to the finding out of a speck of dust on a grenadier's musket, or a fusilier's cartridge-box ; he knows all the signals on the bugle, and talks as a connoisseur of the merits of a grand review. Some of the Prussian Princes are great amateurs in military tailoring. The late King of Prussia, Frederic William III., belonged to that class. He had a curious collection of dummies, as large as life, dressed in the different uniforms of the officers, sergeants, and privates of all his regiments. It was his great pleasure, and seemed almost to be the object of his life, to walk about the rooms containing this collection, and to improve on the costumes. He shortened a cuff, or lengthened a collar, or tried what an additional inch in breadth would do for the strap of a knapsack. Any change on which he determined was immediately introduced among all the corresponding regiments in the army. Unluckily he consulted only his taste in these alterations, and never gave a thought to the comfort or convenience of the soldier who was to wear the uniform. It looked well, at least to him : that was enough. The coats, czakos, and straps of his invention were so many instruments of torture. The fatigues of a few years' parade service were enough to ruin the strongest constitutions, Brain fever, loss of hair, inflammation of the eyes, and consumption decimated the Prussian army in the very midst of peace, and did more execution among them, than a batch of battles could have done. The present King of Prussia seems to favour the dummy-school less than a certain martial appearance, breadth of shoulder and profusion of beard, which give his soldiers the appearance of having come back from the middle ages. It may be said, to his praise, that he invented his clothes first, and next tried them on, to see how they would wear. This is more than can generally be said of the inventors of military hats and coats.

We have said before that the Prussians are essentially a military nation, and it may be right to add, that their kings have made them so. They came to the throne, and they maintained their possession of it, by military force. They were, for a long

time, the kings of their army : their dominion ended with their outposts. They were soldiers and always wore the uniform. It was on their army they had to rely : their other subjects could only come into consideration so far as they provided the food and pay of the soldiers. The Prussian kings have proclaimed the principle, and they have acted up to it : that the army ranks highest in the kingdom. It would be needless to inquire how far this principle is just and right. It is enough that it served their turn. Military persons were always much more forward than civilians. The military profession was, for a long time, and is, to a certain extent, even now, the only one by which a Prussian can obtain a station in the society of his own country. The royal table and the palace are, in a manner, open to every lieutenant ; that is to say, the etiquette of the court prevents civilians, even of very high rank, from appearing at court, while it admits all military officers of the rank of a lieutenant. A system from which regulations like these emanate cannot have been in force for any length of time without exercising a strong influence on the minds of the people. The army in Prussia excites not that curiosity and that romantic enthusiasm which other armies are the objects of, but it is, nevertheless, an object of general and serious interest.

There is, indeed, nowhere so close a connexion between military and private life, as in Prussia. In that country there is no barrier, no line of demarcation between the civilian and the soldier. Every civilian of moderate size and strength has either been a soldier or he is preparing to enter on that career. Only one-third of the Prussian soldiers wear the red and blue coat and the King's cockade. The other two-thirds go about in the dress of peasants, of merchants, of mechanics, of tradesmen : they are in the church, in the schools, in the courts of justice. It is almost impossible to walk three yards in any Prussian town without meeting a soldier. He is not a yeoman or a militiaman : no, he is a *bond fide* soldier, whose years of drill are over, and whose exercise and manœuvring is by far more regular and correct than that of the troops of the line. The distinguishing feature of the Prussian army and of military life in that country lies in the conscriptional radicalism of her recruiting system. Recruiting by conscription is by no means a new invention ; the thing has often been tried by the arbitrary rulers of different countries, and some modifications of that system are even now in force in some of the continental states. But however severe these systems of

conscription may be, there is always a loophole for rank and wealth to escape through ; and whatever the provisions of the statute may have been in theory, the burden of military service fell always on the poorer classes of the people. Such is not the case in Prussia. The framers of the present military system were even more severe with the wealthy than with the indigent ; for a man may be excused from military service on the plea of the poverty of his family ; whereas no riches whatever can save a strong healthy young " gentleman " from being enlisted. The Prussian legislators are not generally over careful of the poorer classes ; but in their military legislature it was their plan to make the army an object of interest to the people at large, and especially to the most influential members of the community. They were very right in presuming that the best way to do this, was to enlist wealth and influence.

The Prussian law of conscription is most simple and sweeping. *Every* able-bodied native of the Prussian dominions is bound to serve the State as a soldier, from the beginning of his twentieth year till he has reached the age of fifty. That is the fundamental principle. Such a law, if adopted by a free country like England, would be an example of the generosity and heroic devotion of the people, the like of which is not to be found in history. In a country like Prussia it is nothing more than a most arbitrary measure, which, strange to say, has hitherto had some good effects, and done little harm. The law is a very fair one, in so far as its burden lies alike on all classes and all ranks. It is vigorously executed. A Commission, consisting of a major of the army, a lieutenant, and an army physician, sits during the first weeks of May in the principal town of every borough. All the young men of that district who in that year *enter* the age of twenty are bound to appear before this Commission. It is a very curious sight to see them arrive from all parts of the country, dressed in their best dresses, and excited by their anticipations of military life, to which many of them look forward with great joy. They are usually accompanied by the principal civil officers of their respective parishes, who take their places at the board, for the purpose of protecting those of their parishioners whose circumstances entitle them to a dispensation from military service. The young men are marched up in files, measured, and examined by the doctor. If they are too small or too weak, they are told to come

back next year ; if crippled and totally disabled they are at once struck out of the list. Those whom the doctor declares fit for service are successively called upon by their names, to shew cause why they should not be enlisted to serve in the army. Young men of good conduct, who can prove that their parents are unable to provide for themselves, are put back for one or two years, until their brothers and sisters are grown up. The only son of an aged and poor couple is usually set down as free ; the only son of a widow is free by an especial provision of the statute. All applications for freedom from military service are sifted with the utmost severity : poverty is almost exclusively the availing plea. The effect of a man's being married is of no help to him. He is told he had no business to marry before he appeared before the Commission. All fit and proper persons—usually eight out of ten—are dismissed till the first week of August, when they have to appear before another Commission, which is emphatically called the *Grand Commission*. Its business is to distribute the recruits among the different troops and regiments of the service. Each man is again carefully examined. The finest and tallest fellows are picked out to serve in the guards. Those who can prove that they belong to the profession of huntsmen and foresters are sent to join the rifle-brigade. Powerful and active fellows are distributed among the horse artillery, the cuirassiers, and lancers. Young men of lesser size are incorporated in the light cavalry, and infantry. Eight days after the *Grand Commission* has been held, the recruits are again assembled, and marched off to join their respective regiments. Their term of service in the ranks is three years. It is a very short time for a soldier to learn the whole of his duty in ; and indeed the Prussian recruits are almost too much worked in the first six weeks of their service. They must learn to handle their muskets and sabres, and to march in files. They have from six to eight hours' drilling each day, besides attending at three musters, when their dress and appearance is minutely inspected by the officers. When the rudiments of the service have been taught the recruits, they are at once received into their respective companies and battalions, and instructed in the field service, to march and manœuvre in companies, in regiments, in brigades and in divisions. They are practised in shooting at the mark and fighting with the bayonet ; and those who do not know reading and writing are taught to do so. Each soldier has, moreover, to

attend for one or two hours a-day at a school, where an officer first lectures, and then examines on various theoretical points connected with the service. They are taught how to behave on guard, in the field, in bivouac; they learn something of the nature and qualities of fire-arms, and some of the fundamental rules of field fortification. Many of the young soldiers make great progress: others, on the contrary, are extremely stupid. Hackländer, in his "*Sketches of a Soldier's Life*,"* tells an amusing anecdote of a recruit of the artillery, who could not be made to understand and remember what gunpowder was made of. The lieutenant, who lectured on gunnery, was in despair. The fellow could not remember the three articles: brimstone, charcoal, and saltpetre. The moment they told him, he forgot all about it. The colonel of the brigade was at last informed of the circumstance, and tried what he could do. "Gunpowder is made of saltpetre, charcoal, and brimstone," said the colonel, "now tell me: what is gunpowder made of?" "It is made of charcoal—and brimstone—and—and—". In fact he knew not. The colonel fancied the poor fellow was bewildered, and frightened by the idea of talking to one so high in command as himself. "Well," said he, "I see how it is," and taking off his hat with the large white plume, he put on a gunner's forage cap. "Now," said the colonel to the recruit, "you must forget that I am your colonel. Think I am your old friend and comrade, Jack, the gunner. Can you manage to fancy that?" "Yes." "Very well! Now, I come to you, saying, 'My dear fellow, do tell me what the deuce is gunpowder made of?' What would you answer to that? Speak freely!" The recruit thought for a moment, and then said: "What would I answer? I'd say: 'Don't ask me questions. You know much better what gunpowder is made of than I do!'"

Besides the necessity the Prussian generals are under, of finishing the education of their soldiers in three years, there seems to be the very prudent maxim among them, that a soldier must be hard worked to prevent him from getting demoralised and mischievous. Indeed, a private soldier in the crack regiments has scarcely one hour of the twenty-four which he can call his own. He is busy from morning till night; he is always either on duty

* *Das Soldatenleben im Frieden*. Von F. W. Hackländer. Vierte Auflage. Stuttgart, 1848. London, Williams et Norgate.

or preparing for duty. Sunday afternoon is, in fact, the only free time for a Prussian soldier, and even then he has not much time for mischief, for at eight o'clock the *retreat* is sounded. A great deal of bad behaviour is in this manner prevented, and the young men are accustomed to habits of cleanliness, industry, and good order. Besides their military duty, they learn a great many things, which in after life are very useful to them. They are taught, by necessity, to wash their linen, to mend their clothes, and to cook their dinners. A certain number of men, headed by an officer, are every day on duty in the kitchen. The officer has to see to the quality and quantity of the materials provided for the common dinner, and the men prepare the victuals and cook them. No soldier leaves the Prussian service without having acquired the rudiments of the art of cookery. Almost every article which is used in the barracks is manufactured by the soldiers themselves; their clothes, too, are made in a regimental tailor's shop, the foreman of which is a sergeant, who has given satisfactory proofs of his proficiency in the trade. This system is a capital one, on account of its cheapness. Indeed, it would be next to impossible for a country like Prussia, without colonies, and with none but her internal resources, to keep an army of between two to three hundred thousand men, if each individual soldier were one-half as expensive as the soldiers of other nations—for example, the English. A Prussian soldier gets about three halfpence a day for his food, but out of this he has to provide blacking and pipeclay for the cleaning of his shoes and arms. Besides, he has two pounds of bread a day. An English reader will fancy that the soldiers must be half starved on so meagre an allowance, but it is no such thing. The young peasants never look so stout and blooming as during the years of their military service—it fattens them. Most of them sell one-half of their allowance of bread to the poorer population in the neighbourhood of the barracks. The lower classes are very fond of the king's bread; it is very good, and the soldiers give it much cheaper than the baker. An infantry soldier costs the king of Prussia for his clothes, arms, and victuals, between six and seven pounds a year. The expenses of the cavalry and artillery are proportionably greater. But the grand economic feature of the plan is, that after a three years' service, the man is sent back to his home to follow his trade or a profession. From that moment he costs almost nothing, and yet he is still a soldier. It is to the Generals Scharnhorst

and Gneisenau that the Prussian state owes that admirable system of national defence, which is commonly known by the name of the Landwehr. According to this system the troops of the line are, in fact, only soldiers in training—young men to whom the state gives a military education. When that education is finished, they enter the regiments in which they have to pass the greater part of their lives, viz., from twenty-three to fifty. The military duties of the Landwehr are, in time of peace, very limited. The men of each battalion have, at certain times of the year (usually on Sunday afternoon), to assemble to muster and practise shooting at the mark. To keep them in military training, they are, once a year, collected in regiments or brigades, and, under the superintendence of the staff-officers of the line, practice field service and manœuvring for a term of from three to six weeks. This Landwehr is, indeed, the real military force of the country. Their uniforms and arms, the harness of their horses, their guns and field equipage, are kept in large storehouses in the provincial towns, ten to twenty miles apart. Their cavalry is mounted by means of those horses belonging to private individuals that are fit for field service, and for the use of which a certain sum is paid. Several trials have been made, and it has been found that the whole body of the Landwehr can be under arms and on duty on their different stations within eight days after the general order has been issued from Berlin. The Prussian line and Landwehr together muster in such a case above five hundred thousand men. To assemble a force of from sixty thousand to one hundred thousand men, at any given place in the Prussian dominions, would require no more than three days' time.

It presents a strange spectacle, and one which would make an impartial observer question the prudence of the system, to see so powerful a force under an arbitrary and unpopular government. There can be no doubt that the three hundred thousand men, Prussian Landwehr, are a formidable army to oppose to any invading enemy. But in the case of a revolution, they would be much more formidable to the government which should incur their displeasure. It has been generally considered a bold experiment to arm the people at large. The Prussian government have been bolder still; they have instructed the people at large in the use of arms and the tactics of warfare. The revolutionary bands of most countries are awed and effectually restrained by the presence of an organised

military force. They have the advantage of strength and numbers, but they are conquered by superior skill. They may barricade the streets of a town, but they are out-manceuvred in the field. They are, in plain words, a rabble, a mob; they are unaccustomed to act in concert, and if they have arms, they do not know the collective use of them. In Prussia the case is different. Two-thirds of any Prussian mob are soldiers. A party of rioters want but a commander to draw up in ranks and files, and to form a regiment. If they storm an arsenal, and find muskets, they are prepared to fire in volleys or in ranks, to form a column or a square, and to charge with the point of the bayonet. If they carry off a cannon, there are the artillerymen ready to work it. They enter the storehouse as a mob, and leave it as an army. They have been broken to the trade of arms, and their strength is likely to surpass that of the troops of the line.

It is but justice to the originators of the Prussian Landwehr to say, that this formidable plan was adopted for the express purpose of the expulsion of the French armies from Prussia, and at a time when an unpopular government could not be thought of in that country. The Landwehr was first organised when the late King of Prussia, Frederic William III., promised his subjects constitutional liberty, if they succeeded in restoring him to the throne. It need scarcely be observed, that that promise has been most shamefully broken by the late king, and no less shamefully evaded by his successor, Frederic William IV.

The aristocratic feelings of an Englishman would perhaps revolt at the idea that, "gentlemen by birth and education," should be forced to live for three years among, and share the barrack-room with, a set of peasants and mechanics; and some such idea seems to have influenced the Prussian War-office, when they issued their very judicious regulations on the subject of *volunteers*. The Prussian government have, indeed, found it necessary to make some distinctions, and they have proceeded from the principle, that the mere casualty of birth, or the possession of a certain annual income, cannot make a "gentleman;" and that he who claims to be treated as such, at the hands of the state, ought to furnish some more convincing proofs of his "gentility." A man who has the advantage of education, and of a certain income, may, if he chooses, apply to be examined by a Commission appointed for that purpose; and after having passed his examination

he is entitled to the privilege of a volunteer. He enters the army on the condition of receiving no pay, and of finding his own accoutrements, board, and lodging. His military education lasts but a twelvemonth: the officers are bound to treat him with greater respect than the mass of the soldiers, from whom he is distinguished by a thin border of yellow round his shoulderflaps. He is not bound to keep in doors after the *retreat*; and after mounting one guard, he is at liberty to hire other soldiers to mount the guard instead of him. After one year's service he has to undergo another examination, which, if successful, entitles him to the rank of officer in the Landwehr. His clothes on duty are of the same coarse cloth as those of the other privates, but he is generally permitted to wear a uniform of better materials in his hours of recreation. Mr. Hackländer, whose adventures in the Prussian army have greatly amused us, was not allowed the latter privilege; and an excess of youthful vanity, which led him to disobedience, was quickly discovered and punished. "We found it very annoying," says Mr. Hackländer (speaking of himself and his fellow-volunteers), "that we should no longer be permitted to wear our own clothes, with a nice clean waistcoat peeping through the negligent buttoning of the jacket. It was awkward, too, to wear the heavy regulation sabre, when we went out, in lieu of our own private swords, with belts of white patent-leather and gilt buckles, which were exactly like those worn by the officers of the brigade. We talked the matter over (*en petit comité*) on a Sunday afternoon, and agreed to show off in the town with all the splendour of these prohibited articles of finery. But we resolved at the same time, *nem. con.* to proceed to the gates by back ways and deserted alleys, and—if our colonel should happen to meet us—to run for it. Consequently, we sallied out from the barracks in a most punishable disorder. One of us had a pair of black trousers on, another wore a patent swordbelt; a third almost strangled himself with an enormous cravat, and shirt collars to match; and as for me, I wore my jacket all open, with a white waistcoat under it. We had proceeded through some streets—with fear and trembling, of course—when all on a sudden the cry of terror was heard: 'There goes the colonel!' We ought to have cut our sticks, but we did no such thing. We were fascinated, spellbound, transfixed. All we could do was to make 'front.' I endeavoured to button my jacket. The fellow with

the cravat being nearest to the colonel, tucked his shirt-collar in on one side, but he could not do so on the other, for our colonel came up at that very moment. At first he did not remark the enormities of our toilette, for he began by saying—‘Hem! Hem! the young gents look very dashing; I like it.’ One of my comrades told me afterwards, that he had muttered an inward prayer to God that the colonel might pass by this once. But he did not pass by. All on a sudden he looked fearfully black; he had seen those confounded shirt-collars, and seizing them, he pulled them out to the whole of their length.

“‘Oho! what is that? dog of a million!’ cried Colonel Tuck, who had risen from the ranks, and whose language had still a strong flavour of the guard-house. ‘Oho! what is that? and you’ (turning to me)—‘I’ll be damned if your shirt doesn’t stick out of your trousers!’

“I cast an anxious look to the region he alluded to, and found that, between haste and fear—Heaven knows how—my jacket had got buttoned awry, and part of my waistcoat was exposed.

“‘Well!’ continued the colonel, ‘isn’t it the shirt? Speak out!’

“‘Nein Herr Oberst!’ muttered I, ‘it’s my waistcoat.’

“‘Hm! Hm! waistcoat? Very well! I’ll waistcoat you. And as sure as Heaven’s above me, that fellow has got a pair of black breeches! Donnerwetter! Are you aware, sir, that black breeches are expressly forbid in the rules and regulations of his majesty’s service? The service, damn it! goes to the devil with such jackanapes! And here’s a young snob, that has a sword-belt that would be too good for his colonel! Move on to the barracks, all of you! I’ll go with you!’”

To the barracks they went, the colonel leading the way, and abusing them all the while. The colonel asked for the serjeant, and ordered him to send the offenders to arrest for twenty-four hours.

The description which Mr. Hackländer gives of a Prussian military prison, justifies the fear which he and his comrades had of their colonel.

“The serjeant,” says Mr. Hackländer, “wrote a short note of introduction to the keeper of the prison. We dressed in fatigue suits, and got a piece of black bread of two lbs., which we carried along with us to our new quarters.”

A Prussian military prison is always a tower, fitted up for the accommodation, or more justly speaking, the torture of soldiers, under arrest. In the different stories of this tower are wooden cages, of five feet by eight. The doors are exactly like the doors of the cages of a menagerie; each is secured with two strong bars. Above the door is a grated hole of one foot square, to keep the cage airy. There are loop-holes, too, all around the tower. But the doors of the cages are so constructed, as *not* to correspond with the loop-holes: the aperture admits air, but no light. The furniture of each cage consists of a kind of low table (*Pritsche*) to sleep on, a water-jug to drink out of, and a pail for inexpressible purposes. The prisoner's food is his bread, and his drink the water in the jug. This state of existence is, in Prussian military language, called the "*Middle Arrest*." The "*Lenient Arrest*" is a little less disagreeable, inasmuch as the prisoner is confined in a cell with a window, and accommodated with a straw mattress, a Bible, and the usual barrack allowance of soup and meat. "*Severe Arrest*" is a place where not a ray of daylight ever shines, and where the prisoner must lie on the cold stones. This punishment is usually dictated by a court-martial, and varies from three days to six weeks.

Middle arrest is the common means of discipline in the Prussian army, and Mr. Hackländer came, of course, into middle arrest. The jailor, or Inspector, searched him and his companions for any hidden stores of victuals they might carry about in their pockets and boots, and took away their pocket-handkerchiefs, for nothing beyond the usual articles of fatigue dress is allowed to enter the cage. This was the first time that Mr. Hackländer was under an arrest; he felt revolted at the sight of his new residence. He could not help exclaiming:—

"'Am I to go into this pigsty?' At which the Inspector, a broken serjeant of the infantry, grew very angry, and cried, 'Ha! ha!—Greenhorn! Greenhorn! wants to be better off than other honest folks. Get in! get in!' I obeyed, and the door was bolted. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon. I never knew time go so slowly. I counted the quarters by the clock, and fancied there was half an eternity between each. I walked about my cage. Two steps was all I could make. I turned round and round like a wild animal. I ate bread to pass the time. I sat down on the *Pritsche*, counted my fingers and my toes, and

drank water. The clock struck ; it was but another quarter. I tried to sleep, but my limbs hurt me with lying on the hard wood. I was most shamefully plagued by the blues. All this was, in a manner, bearable during the day, for there was a faint glimmering light in my cage, which rendered it possible to walk to and fro without knocking one's head against the wall. There were also noises from without ; the speaking and laughing of the passengers in the street, the calls of the sentinels, and other things, to occupy one's mind. But night came on. It grew as dark as pitch, and dreadfully still. I felt cold, too. I worked as hard as any man can do, to fall asleep. I counted up to one hundred thousand, and conjugated all the irregular verbs. I knew it was all in vain. Then came the faint sound of the bugle ; it was the *retreat*. It was nine o'clock. I had to wait eight hours more for day. I made serious preparations for sleeping. I rolled myself up on my piece of board, like a hedgehog, and pulling off my jacket, covered my arms and chest with it. It is warmer in that manner. After shifting and changing my position a great many times, I fell asleep, and had one of the wildest possible dreams about heroes and serpents. Something, I know not what, woke me. I had dreamed so much, (thank God !) it must have taken no end of time to do so many things, even in a dream. It must almost be morning. I got up from the Pritsche, and moving my limbs, for they were quite stiff, waited patiently until the clock struck. Hark ! One—two—three—four—all the quarters !—But what hour ?—One—two—three—four—(God be thanked ! four-o'clock already !)—five—(I jumped up)—six—(Impossible ! there ought to be more light !)—seven—(Dear me ! can it be that it is no more than twelve o'clock ?)—eight—nine—ten !—I was completely floored. Ten o'clock ? Goodness gracious ! ten o'clock only ! Have I then slept but one single hour ? Impossible !—But it *was* possible. The town clocks, one after the other, struck the hour of ten. There was nothing to be done but to go to sleep again ; and, after many unsuccessful attempts, I did so. Prison dreams are provokingly disagreeable. In my dream I was no longer the giddy volunteer whom a white waistcoat had brought into trouble—no ! I was a murderer, and this was my last night ! Morning came ; the muskets of the soldiers rang on the floor of the corridor. They had come for me ! The bolts of my door were noisily pushed back : a strong light

broke dazzlingly upon my eyes. There were the soldiers of the Guard leaning on their muskets, and there was the Inspector creeping into my hole. 'Halloh, Greenhorn! Greenhorn! Up with you, Greenhorn!' 'What's the matter?' said I, angrily, 'Confound you, let me sleep!' 'Ah! Ah! Don't chaff me!—don't chaff me!—I am the Inspector, and come to see that all is in good order. So! so! devil's baby, you've taken off your jacket, in the very face of the rules and regulations of His Majesty's service! I've a great mind to report this Greenhorn at the Commandantur, and they don't joke there. Give you three days Middle Arrest, that your soul whistles within you. On with your jacket in double quick time! Ah Greenhorn! you've spit on the floor! What's the pail for?—what's the pail for?' Saying which he hobbled out, and I was again left in the dark."

This was the first, but, by no means, the last time that the author of the "Sketches" was accommodated with free quarters in the tower of Cologne, for the Prussian military code has two grand penal features; arrest and additional duty. The latter is the most lenient way of punishing negligence and carelessness in the service. Corporal punishment may be said to be almost wholly abolished. Indeed, with a class of soldiers like those of Prussia, such a mode of punishment could never be admissible. Disgraceful offences, such as theft, &c., are however punished by depriving the culprit of the cockade; and, if the offence is repeated, he can then be sentenced by a court-martial to receive a certain number of lashes. Such a case occurs very seldom, for so great is the abhorrence of corporal punishment in Prussia, that the officers themselves will protest against this punishment being resorted to, because "they feel it a disgrace and a torture, since their duty obliges them to attend." Court-martials are, therefore, little inclined to sentence a man to corporal punishment, they prefer sending him into severe arrest for six weeks; or, if the case is very bad, they condemn him to hard labour in a fortress. This punishment varies from three months to three years. Men who have repeatedly deserted from the ranks are punished in this manner.

Mr. Hackländer's book furnishes us with capital specimens of the way in which the discipline is enforced and the duty carried on in the Prussian army. The manner in which the soldiers are treated is akin to the treatment which the boys of a large school receive at

the hands of their masters, and their offences emanate, for the most part, from a boyish spirit of laziness or mischief. The majority of the men are, indeed, "children of a larger growth ;" their ages varying from seventeen to six-and-twenty. Their soldiering is but another stage of their education ; their faults are the faults of their age. There are no inveterate vices to contend with : insubordination is checked in the germ, and habits of drunkenness are extremely rare. The men are too young and too much occupied to get drunk. The greater part of the soldiers, and especially the Volunteers, are extremely fond of boyish freaks ; and the officers are often obliged to exert a considerable degree of severity to keep their exuberance of animal spirits within bounds, and to check them in their tricks, or "dumme Streiche," as they emphatically call it. Mr. Hackländer tells of one of these tricks, by which some of his friends got into trouble. They were on a march, and quartered for the night in a little town ; the Volunteers met in the evening to walk through the streets, and to "ulk." This is a slang term. It comprises all the amiable tricks by which very young men become, not unfrequently, public nuisances ; it means singing in the streets, ringing the house-bells, and carrying off the bell-handles, annoying the passengers, changing the sign-boards of the shops and public-houses, breaking windows, etc. One of the favorite "ulks" of the Volunteers in that brigade was to enter boldly and in a body the door of any large house, and to proceed up stairs to the top of the house, with as little noise as possible, to answer no question from the servants, but on a signal being given, to rush down stairs with clattering of spurs and sabres, laughing and howling. "This trick we had frequently played with impunity, and we were bold in consequence. We found a fine, large house, which seemed expressly built for our purpose : it was four stories high, with broad, comfortable stairs, and lamps on all the landings. The house-door was wide open. So charming an opportunity could not be allowed to pass : we entered, and were met on the first landing by a servant, who wished to be informed whom we wished to see ? The great thing was not to answer, but busily and quickly to mount higher up, and so we did. The servant followed us to the door of the loft, when we halted ; I turned round and said very coolly, 'Does not Mr. Müller live here ? Where the deuce is his room ?' The servant looked rather sheepish. 'There must be some mistake about it, gentlemen,'

said he, 'for there is no Mr. Müller in the house;' at which we set up an appalling howl, dropped our swords noisily on the steps, and rushed down the stairs screeching and clattering. In going up I had led the way, so I brought up the rear in coming down; my sword too got entangled with the banisters, and my comrades had already gained the lowest stairs, where they howled like so many devils, while I was still clattering down the upper one. No time was to be lost: doors were being opened in all directions. A couple of servants with lights came down stairs after me: I cleared the last ten steps of the second stairs with one bound, and stood suddenly transfixed with terror, for a voice, which I knew but too well, rung at that moment through the house. It was the Colonel!

"'Ho! ho!'" roared he, 'confound the good-for-nothing dogs of a million! Tausend Schock Donnerwetter crush you! Ho! ho! a whole troop of them! Stand still all of you. If one of you move I shall do something which I shall be sorry for tomorrow! Lock the doors and send for the guard. You Schwere-nöther! I'll have you up before a court-martial!'

"To this moment I am ignorant how I managed to stop myself in my violent rush. I did it somehow. I stood like a statue, pressing my sabre to my breast to prevent its rattling. It was a trying position—the servants above, the Colonel below. Where was I to hide myself? There was not even a dark corner. At that moment I saw a door at my left slowly open and a light shining through it. I made a violent rush against that door. There may have been some opposition from some person or persons inside, but I did not feel it. In a moment I found my way into a nice little bed-room, where two pretty girls, its inmates, did all they could to make up for their want of drapery by hiding behind the bed-curtains. They trembled violently, but they spoke boldly.

"'What can you want here?' said they. 'Get out.'

"'For God's sake, don't betray me!'" said I.

"Their answer, if any, was drowned by the voice of the Colonel counting the number of his prisoners.

"'Two—four—five! Who told me there were six of them? Where the devil is that fellow Hackländer, for I'm sure he is one of you. Birds of a feather flock together. Look about the house some of you and try to find the young donkey!'"

This was the critical moment in Hackländer's adventure, for the

ladies seemed almost inclined to give him into custody. However, they did not do so, because (as they afterwards informed our hero), they had brothers who were Volunteers, and who were also fond of making "dumme Streiche." Mr. Hackländer's comrades were marched off to prison, while he escaped. When all was quiet, he was conducted by the girls to a back-door which communicated with the garden; he climbed over the wall, and was in safety. Mr. Hackländer's military career lasted above two years, for it was his intention to get promoted to the grade of officer: indeed, he passed through the ranks of bombardier and serjeant, but quitted the service at the age of nineteen, because he got disgusted with the tedious routine of a soldier's life in peace. He travelled afterwards in Syria and Egypt, as secretary to one of the lesser German princes, and wrote a clever and amusing description of his journey under the title of "Daguerreotypes from the Orient." After his return he was appointed Reader to the Crown Prince of Württemberg, and has, of late, been attached to the court of that Prince in the quality of "Hofrath." He has, therefore, no reason to regret his having quitted the Prussian service, for unless an officer possesses a private fortune, he is greatly to be pitied. A lieutenant's annual pay comes hardly up to thirty pounds. After deducting the charges for his mess and clothes from his monthly allowance, he has but a few shillings left to meet all his other expenses for the month. His position, as an officer and a gentleman, forces him to keep up appearances, and his pecuniary difficulties make his life one continual torture, and cause him to envy the lot of the non-commissioned officers, who may do as they please, and whose incomes are comparatively much larger. The case has frequently happened that promotion was offered to non-commissioned officers, but they almost invariably refuse it. They refuse it, not on account of any ill-will or contempt shown to them by the other officers of the regiment, but because they prefer their own comparative affluence, to the semi-starvation of a lieutenancy. The economical principles of Prussia, however judicious and praiseworthy, are very hard upon the poor young men who devote themselves to the service of their country; for there is scarcely any chance of promotion to a higher grade. The lieutenants of a regiment rise by seniority. The death or promotion of an higher officer causes a gap new and then, but it is almost imperceptible in the lower regions. Some time ago I fell in with an Army List of the year 1819, and was led by curiosity

to compare it with a list of 1846. I found that a very great number of the junior lieutenants in 1819, were lieutenants still in 1846. Many of them, I knew, had nothing to live on but their pay, and I felt my heart ache at the idea of the sorrow, misery, and hopelessness of these twenty-seven years of their lives. And how long may they yet have to wait till they obtain the rank of captain, and a competency—that is to say, one hundred per annum! Thirty years' service, and at the end of them, one hundred pounds a-year, or an annual pension of fifty pounds instead—these are the allurements of a military career in Prussia!

There is a hackneyed proverb about great effects and small causes. The low pay of the Prussian officers may one day be of importance to Europe. There are no hopes for them in time of peace: they are mad for war. "Death or promotion!" is their cry. It has been said that economy is the least important of the reasons which makes the Prussian War Office so cruel to the poor lieutenants, but that they are starved on the same principle as keepers do dogs in a kennel—to make them more eager to hunt down the game. But the experiment, at best, may prove an unsuccessful, if not a dangerous one. Dogs have been known to turn upon their keepers, whom they have devoured. Starvation, though it has produced a warlike enthusiasm in the minds of the Prussian officers, has failed in making them enthusiastic on the subject of the reigning family. They have been demoralised by hopelessness and misery. The proud among them are sullen and discontented; the less lofty of mind are toadies and sponges. Other absolute governments lean on a strong military party; they brave the people by petting the army. The house of Hohenzollern has no such party to lean on. Their lower officers will fight for them, it is true; but so impatient are they of a change, that they will also fight against them. The policy of the Court of Berlin is selfish in the extreme. Half a century of that policy has not been lost upon the people; it has made them selfish. The Prussian national defences, though perfect in their kind, can, under existing circumstances, only serve to intimidate. The Court of Berlin has, on the strength of them, a voice in the Council of Kings; its representatives *seem* to hold a heavy weight, which they may drop into any scale. But this is *seeming*, and seeming only. The Prussian armies, though ready to shed their blood in the real defence of their country, will be found on trial to be very

backward to promote a policy, from which they can expect no good result for themselves, or to defend the throne of a king whom the natives of the Duchies of Cleve, Itlich, Berg, of Westfalia, and of Posen, consider almost as much a foreigner as the King of France. The intrigue, which, according to documents published by Louis Blanc,* was being hatched between the Emperor of Russia and the King of France, Charles X., may appear improbable in our days; but it is not impossible. The Courts of Petersburg and Paris had almost agreed on a plan of dividing Prussia in the manner in which Poland had been divided. Russia was to have the Polish and France the Rhenish provinces of Prussia, while Austria was to come in for Silesia. A project of this kind would find the King of Prussia perfectly helpless. It is a great question whether the Landwehr of those provinces would risk their lives and property in the cause of a king, who has not realised one of the hopes that were founded upon his accession to the throne. They would remember the *old* fable of the donkey and its master. But even if they would fight, they would have formidable odds against them, from their being unaccustomed to real, matter-of-fact, war. A peace of thirty-three years' duration has left Prussia but a few veteran officers who have actually seen a field of battle. Even they have half forgotten what they then did learn. The wars of 1813 to 1815—the wars of *liberation*, as they were called at the time, were never great favourites with the kings of Prussia. A pledge was then given, which has since been violated. The old warriors of Leipsig and Waterloo, the men who fought under Gneisenau and Blücher, have been left to starve on miserable pensions. But few of them remain, and those few are not fit for war. Almost all other nations of Europe have regiments and armies that have braved the dangers, and know the vicissitudes of battles. England had her Chinese and Indian wars; France had Algiers, and Russia the Balkan and the Caucasus. Prussia alone has an army that has seen no fire, that has had none but prepared bivouacs; an army, whose knowledge of dangers is confined to the casualties of a parade, and whose skill has only been tested by grand reviews. Her soldiers are men of peace; her veterans have grown hectic over the desks of village courts, or their limbs have got cramped by

* Louis Blanc: *Histoire de Dix Ans*, Vol. 1.

the hard seat of a diligence. On a fine summer's afternoon in 1843, I was a passenger in the diligence between Elberfeld and Hückeswagen. As the carriage was slowly proceeding up the mountain, at whose foot the town of Elberfeld is situated, I heard the report of small cannon from the valley below.

"What does this mean?"

"They are firing cannon," said the guard, who was sitting by my side; "it is the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo; the more fools they!"

He was a fine old man, with snow-white hair. He had a deep scar on his forehead; one of his arms was lame. He wore three orders on his rough blue coat.

"You have been in the wars, conducteur?"

"I have. I fought from 1807 till 1814. I was of the King's own Hussars; a fine regiment, sir! I have four wounds on my body; the last was a ball, which broke my arm."

"But you are a bad Prussian, conducteur. You say the patriots down there, are fools!"

"Damn Prussia, sir! But no! I will not curse my country! May God pardon those who make an old man curse on the very day he received his last wound! But they are fools, sir, with their firing. What has the battle of Waterloo done for them? What has it done for us, who have fought in that long and cruel war? Here I am, a broken cripple; here I am in my carriage, going my stages, summer and winter, day and night; week-days and Sundays. There is no rest, no sleep, hardly any bread to eat! Could they not spare some gold from the spoils of Napoleon, to feed the invalids who rescued the Prussian Crown by their blood and their limbs? Fools! fools! are they who rejoice on this day!"

The old man's face was as pale as death, and his thin body trembled with the violence of his passion. He was right; there was no food, no rest, no sleep for him! I have often thought of that Prussian veteran. Poor old man, he is now at rest!

XAVER XANTEN.

New Books.

POEMS.

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BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES OF THE BRITISH POETS OF THE
 PRESENT CENTURY, WITH SPECIMENS OF THEIR POETRY. By ALFRED
 DIXON TOOVEY. Fcp. 8vo. Kent and Richards.

The title-page of this book suggests more, much more copiously than
 it realizes. Specimens of the British Poets of the Nineteenth Century,
 measured by the standard of Mr. Toovey, or even the popular feeling,
 would require a much larger volume than the present to indicate their
 merits, or even their demerits. Mr. Toovey seems to have some mis-
 givings of this nature himself, and murmurs something about its being

very far below the standard prescribed by some reviewer ; and he has evidently rushed in to fill a void, still existing as he thinks in the already over-laden shelves of every library ; and fearful of being forestalled, has hastily thrown together such names and extracts as have most readily suggested themselves. His sins of omission are more reprehensible than his sins of commission ; for those who might object to Atherstone, Cottle, Drury, Still, and others, being included, would yet only suffer a negative evil, as they could pass over the pages so misapplied : whilst those lamenting the omitted would suffer a positive wrong. When we find no mention made of Horne, Heraud, Moultrie, Bailey, Browning, Mrs. Browning, Clare, Elliott, Milman, Motherwell, and many others, who have developed the true "faculty," if not the "energy" divine, it is useless saying any more of the book. It contains but the crumbs of a bread-basket that has never been properly filled. We cannot actually fling the book into the waste basket, because it contains fragments of a glorious feast ; scraps from books, which however imperfectly represented, are still suggestive, and have a restorative effect on the fancy. But it is a great injustice both to those who are included and those who are excluded. The former are merely introduced like a dried leaf brought as a specimen of a noble tree ; a simile, by the way, to avoid a simile, in use—the serviceable, but hackneyed one, of the brick from the house. The descriptions appended to these fragments, (which it would take a miracle to expand into right ideas of the original poems, or their makers,) are not without a certain logical correctness of appreciation—though a man should pause twice ere he even utters once, that aught that Wordsworth, or Emerson, or Tennyson writes is merely childish or absurd. The selector is, moreover, too unqualified in his decisions, and too unreasoning in his judgments. We must, however, at once dismiss the book as short-coming and abortive ; although we are not sorry to have it, as we are not sorry to have a few flowers presented to us, although we cannot consent to take them in lieu of a whole garden of Eden.

We have selected the book for notice as enabling us to say something on the Poetry of the age, ourselves, and as the means of introducing some slight notices of the innumerable poetical publications, that come up like the daisies in the meadows, across which there are no footpaths, and which are ruthlessly cropped by the lazy cattle, unseen by all else.

Poetry, like your pearl, must, we fear, be considered a disease. It is certainly too frequently fatal to its possessor, and only indirectly advantageous to the world. Like all spiritual operations, it never operates directly. In so far it assimilates to mercy, and like the gentle rain from heaven, penetrates into the earth, is buried, and rises in the shape of beautiful actions, as flowers, in the minds of those it has penetrated. Prose and Poetry are two grand distinctions that all recognise (except Molière's "*Bourgeois Gentilhomme*"), and are as marked as land and water : yet have philosophers and critics never been able to scientifically define their essential difference, or their essential similarity. Our less

inquiring ancestors took metre as the substantial difference, and verse established the claim to poetry. But no one, at the present day at least, is satisfied with this mere outward distinction; we all know we have a great deal of verse that is not poetry, and some unmeasured prose that is poetry. We have, ourselves, from boyhood, through youthhood, and far along manhood, been seeking for a full and apprehensive definition of poetry, that might be applied, Ithuriel-like, to the vast flow of verse that yearly gushes forth, but have not found it. In our early days, the great reviews, the mighty "Edinburgh" and the fierce "Quarterly," dealt frequently in the subject; and many were the definitions we copied into our common-place book. The test was continually shifting. Energy of thought and feeling; fervour of fancy; glow of imagination; harmony of numbers; profundity of thought, and innumerable other epithets were alternately produced, but our faith in the great northern swaggerer was ultimately destroyed, for it declared with much fury and bluster, that Scott was, and Wordsworth was not a poet. This judgment was ultimately reversed, but still no real feeling for poetry was ever manifested in the review. A poet, however, vindicated himself and his fellow-songsters, and other definitions of poetry have been obliged to be sought for. Men, more competent to analyse it arose; and the poets themselves began to test their own art. Wordsworth, in the preface to the second edition of his lyrical ballads; Campbell, in his lectures at the Royal Institution; Bowles, in his controversy with Byron about Pope; and Southey in the "Quarterly," all threw separate but powerful lights on the essential nature of poetry. But above all other dissertations are those of Coleridge (the greatest genius of our age), in his noble lectures, which were never seen by him in print, and which we have only from the recollection of intelligent friends. "You might as well ask me what my dreams as what my lectures were," says the author of them. He at once strikes the right key, and says, "Poetry is *not* the proper antithesis to prose, but to science;" and the following gives much insight to the essential requisites of poetry.

"Milton says incidentally, poetry must be simple, sensuous, passionate. * * * Had these three words only been properly understood by, and present in the minds of, general readers, not only almost a library of false poetry would have been either precluded or still-born, but, what is of more consequence, works truly excellent and capable of enlarging the understanding, warming and purifying the heart, and placing in the centre of the whole being the germs of noble and manlike actions, would have been the common diet of the intellect instead. For the first condition, simplicity,—while, on the one hand, it distinguishes poetry from the arduous processes of science, labouring towards an end not yet arrived at, and supposes a smooth and finished road, on which the reader is to walk onward easily, with streams murmuring by his side, and trees and flowers and human dwellings to make his journey as delightful as the object of it is desirable, instead of having to toil with the pioneers and painfully make the road on which others are to

travel,—precludes, on the other hand, every affectation and morbid peculiarity ;—the second condition, sensuousness, insures that framework of objectivity, that definiteness and articulation of imagery, and that modification of the images themselves, without which poetry becomes flattened into mere didactics of practice, or evaporated into a hazy, unthoughtful, day-dreaming ; and the third condition, passion, provides that neither thought nor imagery shall be simply objective, but that the *passio vera* of humanity shall warm and animate both.

* * * * * *

‘Doubtless, this could not be, but that she turns
Bodies to *spirit* by sublimation strange,
As fire converts to fire the things it burns—
As we our food into our nature change !

From their gross matter she abstracts *their* forms,
And draws a kind of quintessence from things,
Which to her proper nature she transforms
To bear them light on her celestial wings !

Thus doth she, when from *individual* states
She doth abstract the universal kinds,
Which then reclothed in diverse names and fates
Steal access thro’ our senses to our minds.’ ”

Before proceeding to test any of the publications before us by these criteria, we must remark a little upon them. And we cannot pass over that pregnant expression stating that the “common diet of the intellect” would have been of a much more serviceable nature, had readers been able to discriminate good poetry from bad ; capable, as he so justly remarks it is, of “enlarging the understanding, warming and purifying the heart, and *placing in the centre of the whole being the germs of noble and man-like actions.*” This brings us up close to the office of criticism, and to an excuse for our present article. It is one of the many mysteries of our situation and being, that results of the most magnitudinous kind seem to arise from trivial chances. A copy of Spencer’s “*Faerie Queen*” is left in the window-sill of a parlour, and we have Cowley, the poet ; a copy of Bayle is open to the silent reading of a vivacious boy ; and we have a satirist in Voltaire who revolutionizes a continent. The resulting consequences can perhaps be traced to remoter causes than these accidental diversions of thoughts and feelings to particular channels ; but still no doubt can exist, that the energetic reader of the poetry of the eighteenth century would be a different being from one who was an equally energetic reader of that of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. If poetry does (and doubtless it does), “place in the centre of the whole being the germs of noble and manlike actions,” or the reverse ; then it becomes a moral duty to cultivate the highest taste ; to diet only on the wholesome food, and to have some test to detect and thus avoid the spurious imitation which fosters only a morbid sentimentality, and to seek the genuine nutrition that nourishes “the germs of noble and manlike actions.”

We have so far progressed in taste and power, that the nineteenth century does not, like the eighteenth, consider poetry a mere amusement for an idle hour ; to take the place of cards when they wearied ; or of lap-dogs and loungers when they were fractious or tedious. It is acknowledged to be the most powerful mode of addressing the spirit ; the most stimulating application to the intellect, as well as to the feelings. Some may still read to trifle their time, and some "write to show their breeding ;" but the number of such lessens every day. Before quitting this portion of our subject, we must not omit to refer to Mr. Henry Taylor's excellent and elegant review of the poetry of this century, in the preface to his "Dramatic Romance of Philip van Artevelde." A singular instance, by the way, in our opinion, that a writer may know what is right, though he cannot accomplish it.

"The poetical taste, to which some of the popular poets of this century gave birth, appears at present to maintain a more unshaken dominion over the writers of poetry, than over its readers.

"These poets were characterised by great sensibility and fervour, by a profusion of imagery, by force and beauty of language, and by a versification peculiarly easy and adroit, and abounding in that sort of melody, which, by its very obvious cadences, makes itself most pleasing to an unpractised ear. They exhibited, therefore, many of the most attractive graces and charms of poetry—its vital warmth not less than its external embellishments ; and had not the admiration which they excited, tended to produce an indifference to higher, graver, and more various endowments, no one would have said that it was, in an evil sense, excessive. But from this unbounded indulgence in the mere luxuries of poetry, has there not ensued a want of adequate appreciation for its intellectual and immortal part ? I confess that such seems to me to have been both the actual and the natural result ; and I can hardly believe the public taste to have been in a healthy state whilst the most approved poetry of past times was almost unread. We may now, perhaps, be turning back to it ; but it was not, as far as I can judge, till more than a quarter of a century had expired, that any signs of re-action could be discerned. Till then, the elder luminaries of our poetical literature were obscured or little regarded ; and we sate with dazzled eyes at a high festival of poetry, where, as at the funeral of Arvalan, the torch-light put out the star-light.

"So keen was the sense of what the new poets possessed, that it never seemed to be felt that anything was deficient in them. Yet their deficiencies were not unimportant. They wanted, in the first place, subject matter. A feeling came more easily to them than a reflection, and an image was always at hand when a thought was not forthcoming. Either they did not look upon mankind with observant eyes, or they did not feel it to be any part of their vocation to turn what they saw to account. It did not belong to poetry, in their apprehension, to thread the mazes of life in all its classes and under all its circumstances, common as well as romantic, and, seeing*all things, to infer and to instruct : on the contrary, it was to stand aloof from everything that is plain and true ; to have little concern with what is rational or wise ; it was to be, like music, a moving and enchanting art, acting upon the fancy, the affections, the passions, but scarcely connected with the exercise of the

intellectual faculties. These writers had, indeed, adopted a tone of language which is hardly consistent with the state of mind in which a man makes use of his understanding. The realities of nature, and the truths which they suggest, would have seemed cold and incongruous, if suffered to mix with the strains of impassioned sentiment and glowing imagery in which they poured themselves forth. Spirit was not to be debased by any union with matter, in their effusions ; dwelling, as they did, in a region of poetical sentiment which did not permit them to walk upon the common earth or to breathe the common air.

"Writers, however, whose appeal is made so exclusively to the exciteabilities of mankind, will not find it possible to work upon them continuously without a diminishing effect. Poetry of which sense is not the basis, though it may be excellent of its kind, will not long be reputed to be poetry of the highest order. It may move the feelings and charm the fancy ; but failing to satisfy the understanding, it will not take permanent possession of the strong-holds of fame. Lord Byron, in giving the most admirable example of this species of poetry, undoubtedly gave the strongest impulse to the appetite for it. Yet this impulse is losing its force, and even Lord Byron himself repudiated, in the latter years of his life, the poetical taste which he had espoused and propagated. The constitution of this writer's mind is not difficult to understand, and sufficiently explains the growth of his taste.

"Had he united a philosophical intellect with his peculiarly poetical temperament, he would probably have been the greatest poet of his age. But no man can be a very great poet who is not also a great philosopher."

And again, amidst some most just and penetrating remarks, he thus briefly, but ably, characterises the followers of Byron.

"The poetry of the day, whilst it is greatly inferior in quality, continues to be like Byron's in kind. It consists of little more than a poetical diction, an arrangement of words implying a sensitive state of mind, and therefore more or less calculated to excite corresponding associations, though, for the most part, not pertinently to any matter in hand ; a diction which addresses itself to the sentient, not the percipient, properties of the mind, and displays merely symbols or types of feelings, which might exist with equal force in a being the most barren of understanding."

Enough has been said and quoted, to justify our regarding the name of poet as something sacred : as not to be applied to every "puling whipster ;" and poetry itself as a great moving power of the world. If driven to a definition ; if a test is demanded whereby we pronounce judgment, we should say with Wordsworth, there must be the power to

. 'add the gleam,
The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream."

But to this power of idealizing must be conjoined, as Henry Taylor says, "the great philosophy," without which no man can be a great poet. Not the philosophy of the Schools, but of the soul, which, pure and vigorous, receives an elemental, in contradistinction to a conventional knowledge of things. A sentient power that apprehends in

their distinct and unassociated, but not unanalogical, relations all things. These faculties give the requisite freshness and power of originality, which pours knowledge, as a warm and living stream, into the mind appreciating such utterances; and also "the weight and sanity of thought" that Coleridge demands, as well as the "union of deep and subtle thought and sensibility," which he also pronounces indispensable.

If verse have not these, is it not "a snare and a delusion?" If it be merely a vehicle for a smart idea; a sentimental feeling, or even an earnest principle; is it not a false attempt to invest prose with the attributes of poetry? The jingle of rhyme, the trick of mechanical rhythm, is but a poor disguise or substitute for the higher qualities of the poet. If we are only to have the livery of the poet, let us, say we, have plain prose. The power of versification is a mere physical capacity; allied to the same that gives an ear for tune: and no more predicates a poet, than the power to hum an air does a musician. No average has ever been made of how many are gifted, or rather, oppressed with this faculty, but judging from the number of small poets, and as small musicians, we should say a tithe of mankind are cursed with it. It would seem to have been a more merciful dispensation, if all had been provided with it; or none but those possessing the true requisites of the poet.

That the present age has produced true poets, there cannot be a doubt; and that the latter portion of the first half of this century has also its claims for a purer taste, if not for an equal vigour with the earlier part. Mr. Toovey's book revives the recollection of some whose warblings have too soon ceased, or been but too feebly recognised. We should be glad to have from a competent man, Mr. Leigh Hunt, Mr. Horne, or Mr. T. K. Hervey, a classified selection, with an expository commentary, of the poets of the new era. It would be of service to the younger, who require to be introduced to them; and agreeable to the older, who would wish to renew their fervour and their faith at the fountains that nourished their youth.

We must now, however, proceed to some brief notice of the new aspirants, whose various coloured, and various toned volumes, have accumulated on our shelves. We have made a declaration of our faith, to remove the charge of asperity in our dealing with them. Few, but very few, are blessed with the faculty of poetry; or, according to the ancient and proper term, are inspired. It is true there are many choristers in nature's groves, from the willow-wren to the nightingale; but then we can afford to give ear to all as we walk through the woods; but life is too short to devote to mediocre literature.

Our first batch shall be those by ladies. We have seven volumes of them. All have the facility (the fatal facility?) of versification, and are as smooth and monotonous as glass. "LAYS OF ISRAEL" are readable—they possess definite ideas, some feeling, and the usual commonplace images are ingeniously disguised. The subjects, and, we suppose,

the persuasion of the authoress, impart a freshness and originality to it. "THE BRIDE OF IMAEL" has, as the authoress herself states, "a brusquerie of style;" and, we must add, "the right Butter-woman's rank to market;"—the common facility, that, once set-a going, may rhyme so, not only for eight, but eighty years together. But we are bound to add, not only this lady, but most of these poetlets, would have achieved celebrity by their smoothness, neatness, propriety, and common-places, in the days of Hayley and Whitehead; and that even much higher names have hundreds of lines no better than may be found in their volumes. This lady's muse is evidently an offspring of Scott's. Miss ISELIN's "DREAM-BOOK" seems more indebted for its inspiration to Wordsworth: the facility for verse-making is not quite so apparent; and the common-places seem abundant. THE "ANT PRINCE" has no symptom of poetic talent; though the lady is evidently well accomplished, the attempts at sprightliness render it painful. Such muses weep more gracefully than they laugh. Miss YOUNG's "WORLD'S COMPLAINT, AND OTHER POEMS," has the old images, the old expressions, with sometimes a good thought or two. Miss PENNINGTON's "POEMS" are prefaced well; and we are told in it that she is rather the victim than the wooer of the great god Apollo—"speaking as the words come to her, unbidden." We must accord "the facility," and a power of expressing the feelings natural to all. We think we can trace the contagion of Moore's muse in her verse; and she is not without gleams of fancy. They are pleasant to read. Miss DRURY's "ANNESLEY" is of the Goldsmith school, with a touch of Crabbe, and depends on its descriptive powers, which are apt and neatly expressed. This class of versifiers considers poetry as condensed prose. We do not. Though tagged with rhyme, it is still to us prose; and very good prose it is in the present instance. The story is well told, and the descriptions are graphic and close. Miss HENDRIK's "WILD ROSE" is of an ambitious character, being in six cantos. Mere "facility," and a dash of Don Juanism characterises it. There are also the usual additional stanzas to "Hope," "Memory," &c. "POEMS BY JULIA DAY" are simple in style, and evidently the offspring of an admiration of Wordsworth and Tennyson. They, therefore, have not the faults of the flaunting school. They have the merit of terseness, and are most of them invested with a definite idea. At all events, they are not common-place.

Brief as we have been with the ladies, we must be more brief with the gentlemen. And to enable us to be so, we shall classify them into those who seem to be inspired by their own impulses, and those who have been incited by their scholastic training. Amongst the first class, we have COLIN RAE BROWN's "LYRICS OF SEA AND SHORE;" "FIRSTLINGS OF FANCY," by GEORGE HUME; "SONGS," by ANDREW PARK; "POEMS," by CAPTAIN THOMAS; "WAYSIDE VERSES," by W. J. BROOK; "HEROIC ODES," by GEORGE ST. EDMONDE; "POEMS AND SONGS," by FRANCIS DAVIS; "POEMS," by SPENCER T. HALL; "THE SEA KING," by J. STANTAN BIGG; "AMBITION," by HENRY R. PATTERSON; "MODERN

LIFE," &c. Mr. Colin Brown, Mr. Hume, Mr. Andrew Park, Mr. Francis Davis, Mr. W. J. Brock, are decided lyric writers: they trust to the sentiment rather than to the fancy of their utterances; and, appealing to the feelings and sensations common to humanity, seek, pretty much in the same way, to kindle their readers. Mr. Davis and Mr. Park have acquired considerable celebrity in their own districts, and seem to be of a kindred genius: they are both fluent and facile, and their verses come trippingly from the tongue. They have a robustious tone that is likely to inspire a convivial meeting. Mr. Brown attempts more, but produces less. Mr. Hume's muse is of a more gloomy nature, but is not without delicacy of feeling. Mr. Brock has a closeness and vigour of expression, and a purity of sentiment, that make his verses agreeable. He can hardly, however, be lifted up into the tuneful choir of Apollo, though he is many degrees above common-place. Mr. St. Edmonde has a convulsive muse, whose contortions are not without occasional vigour; but she has not obtained the inspiration of the god. Mr. Spencer Hall seems to have a careless, slipshod muse, who babbles of the usual attractions to poets, such as home, flowers, &c., and which we can bear to hear repeated for ever and ever. Captain Thomas owns that his verses are the result of his feelings; and he might have added, of his admiration of the poets of the age. He certainly must be included in "the mob of gentlemen who write to show their breeding." Too well educated, and possessed of too much taste to offend, his smooth verse but re-echoes the sentiments and images familiar to us all. There may be, however, worse reading. "THE SEA KING," "AMBITION," and "MODERN LIFE" are all set poems. "THE SEA KING," the largest, is the result of much excited fancy in a well-educated youth. "AMBITION" is in the old, steady, heroic measure: axiomatic, antithetical, and abounding in all the rhetorical decorations demanded of its class. "MODERN LIFE" is didactic and descriptive, and seems to have sprung from a contagious admiration of Crabbe.

We must now pass to the more scholastic batch. MR. FERGUSON'S "SONNETS" ON THE PYRAMID are the result of an intelligent and cultivated mind: if metre, sense, and feeling could make poetry, they would deserve the name. They are not common-place, because many of them embody the ideas raised by the actual objects of his contemplation: but they are not poetry. Much the same may be said of MR. JESSÉ'S, "LONDON:" but the subjects make it more generally interesting. It is framed on the poetical school of the past century: and would have achieved the author a reputation a hundred years since. "THE ORPHAN'S TRIAL" is in blank verse: which Byron pronounced to be always blank indeed. We do not agree with him, remembering Milton and Shakespeare; but this instance would prove how vapid it may be. In one of the prefaces to these numerous volumes (by the way all teeming with theories of poetry), we found it said that "poetry is condensed prose:" now the present author is one of the

many who seem to consider it expanded prose. "THE PILGRIM OF INDIA," by MR. HUTCHINSON, professes to be illustrative of scenery and manners, and it seems to fulfil the intent: but we should have preferred it in simpler prose. LORD (that is Judge) ROBERTSON'S "GLEAMS OF THOUGHT" are designedly on the principle of expanding prose into verse, and so manufacturing poetry. The principle in this thick volume is carried to such an extent, and the evaporation is so great, that in the steam of words scarcely a particle of thought remains. Words, words, words, thrown into fantastic forms, weary the sad reader who wades from page to page. Now and then an idea may be gleaned, and a display of learning found: but we eagerly return to the versifiers who proceed on the condensing process. We are revived by turning to BURRINGTON'S "REVELATIONS OF THE BEAUTIFUL," the nearest approach to poetry we have met with in our weary pilgrimage. Mr. Burrington has many of the qualifications of a poet: amongst which, we foremost place imagination, next good sense. This volume has many beautiful verses and just sentiments, and a sparkle and vigour that interest and excite: but there is a conscious exercise of the intellect, and an obvious skill, that prevent our saying "this is poetry." It is very good and pleasing, but so are many literary productions that are not poetical. All we will venture to say is, he may some-day be a poet.

DR. MACKAY'S "TOWN LYRICS" are of that kind which a cultivated and enthusiastic nature is ever ready to throw off, when it is gifted with "the facility" of verse. He versifies very aptly some popular sentiment, and his taste and his knowledge prevent his being absurd: but fluency is not fancy, and clever verse is not poetry. With such writers verse is a kind of rhetorical adornment of prose. "THE CHILD OF POVERTY," by MR. CREASE is in blank verse, and the "fatal facility" is observable. Thoughts are expanded into a vapour of words, and the mind is fatigued by the constant endeavour to grasp some definite and condensed idea. We have nearly completed our laborious survey. But three remain, which aim to be more than poetical. DONALD BAIN'S "ÆRA ASTREA," a vehement address to "The Sovran Lady" on political rights and virtues. MILNE'S "ESSAYS, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS IN VERSE," a creditable specimen of self-education; but respectable prose can by no process be transmuted into respectable poetry: for poetry transcends respectability, which is mere deference to outward manners, and has a soul of its own.—If madness would make a poet, then should OMICRON have the bays; as it is, we fear it will end in his having the chain. "THE MILLENIUM" is not a midsummer but a dark December madness; and it must sadly have called on the printer for capitals and italics.

We have not noticed some translations and dramatic pieces; for really, whilst there are so many native poetizers, we think foreign mediocrity should not be encouraged; and, as the theatres do not perform poetical pieces, it is useless to indite them. We have now

travelled conscientiously through forty or fifty volumes; and have put them altogether, in the hope that the number and the quality may be some check on the fervour which induces every rhymester who can "couple but love and dove," to rush into print. After reading thousands of lines, we find no new images, and scarcely a new thought. We believe that the following skeleton of a poem on "Nature" "Poesy" "Woman" or "anything you like, my little dear," contains all the images of all the poets we have reviewed. It may serve as a clue to as many more: we have collected the epithets and subjects in our progress, and are surprised to find the vocabulary so small.

Stream—mountain—straying
 Breeze—gentle—playing
 Bowers—beauty—bloom
 Rose—jessamine—perfume
 Twilight—moon—mellow ray
 Tints—glories—parting day
 Poet—stars—truth—delight
 Joy—sunshine—silence—night
 Voice—frown—affection—love
 Lion—anger—tamed—dove
 Lovely—innocent—beguile
 Terror—frown—conquer—smile
 Loved-one—horror—haste—delay
 Part—thorns—meet—gay
 Sweetness—life—weary—prose
 Love—hate—bramble—rose
 Absence—presence—glory—bright
 Life—halo—beauty—light.

F. G. T.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S SHILLING MAGAZINE.

TWIDDLETHUMB TOWN.*

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

A WANDERING PREFACE TO THE TOURNAMENT TO COME—A FEW
WORDS UPON A NEW CUSHION.

It is, it must be indulgently allowed—it is hard upon a man, when he feels himself too short, too weak to make the best of his subject, his own brain-begotten property. Take it this way. Of what working-day use is a tall, broad, bright, keen sword to one who—although he should jump upon a stool—still wants inches and muscle to boot, to draw and flourish it? Of what use, we ask, this most magnificent weapon? In heroic hands, it would reap an abounding crop of glory,—a crop long and heavy in the ear. Whereas, possessed by a feeble owner, it rests in sheathed darkness.

We are in this plight of a pigmy with a tall two-handed weapon. Half-a-dozen times, have we essayed with all our might to draw out, though little by little, our giant subject,—the fight of Saint Sansage (the warrior was in after times smuggled into the Kalendar of Twiddlethumb,) and the Goose. Again and again, rising from our chair, have we taken, as we thought, a firm hold of the matter; and again and again, have we fallen back, without bringing to light one shining syllable. Notwithstanding, we have done our very best to get inspired. Let the reader judge; that when he shall pass sentence, he may condemn us very tenderly.

May it please your lordship,—we are upon our eloquent defence

* Continued from page 201, Vol. VII.

—we took every means, natural, curious, and equivocal, to arm and fortify our soul for this great passage, the duello of St. Sansage and the Goose. Knowing how forcibly extremes are apt to meet, we had the cushion of our chair—the weight and work of years had hardened it into a lapstone—newly-stuffed, and newly-covered. And not without a cutting of the heart-strings did we do this. For we had an old, young love for that first cushion ; whereupon, like a turf-reared lark, we tried our first twitterings, and our quills first grew. That cushion wherefrom, yet earlier, we hoped some day to spring up, lifted by a singing heart. Up—up—and still up ; and the higher above the earth, still richer the song, the music mellowing with the nearer heaven. A pleasant though an impudent hope this. But so it is. The audacity of youth will have nothing but the empyrean ; whereas the elder day feels lucky indeed if it reach a pantile.

Calmly desperate, we set about the renovation of the cushion, that we might have a firmer seat in the tournament to come. To this end, we waited upon the Stationers' Company at Foolscap Hall ; a noble cemetery, whereat a register of births is faithfully entered, the dead being left to themselves. We were very handsomely welcomed by the Master : a man of mildest deportment, and of the most scrupulous cleanliness. He seemed not compounded of mere human earth, but of the very whitest pipe-clay. His face was fair and open as a well kept ledger : and his high dome-like forehead was large, bald and pregnant as an ostrich egg. "Red or black," said the Master pointing to a couple of decanters upon the table. The liquor looked very like ink. The Master saw we thought as much ; and again waved his hand invitingly. By main force, we pulled up a smile to our mouth, and asked—"Is it blood of the grape ?" for we did not like even to think of ink. "Not exactly of the grape," said the Master, "but pray try it. 'Tis the Company's only drink, and"—here the gentleman lightly laughed—"and *we* like it." There was no more to be said. We took a bumper of the black ; and for ink—for it was no other liquid,—it had a flavour rich and spicy as the fullest wine. And its work upon us was very strange. In a few minutes, the room—it was enlarged, a hundred times its first dimensions,—was filled with flights of—what seemed books ; and yet when we endeavoured to lay hold of a quarto that flew very low, our fingers passed through it, as through moonshine. Upon the movement, the mystery was laid open to us. We were

surrounded by the shades, the ghosts of books—entered at Stationers' Hall—books from the weak, flaccid pamphlets of seven hours' gestation, to the folio of full nine years. With weak cries—so weak, it strained the ear to mark the cadences—the spectre-books, thick as a swarm of bees, flew about and about us; and looking very close, we could see the ink-marks grimed in their vapoury leaves,—the black sins with which they could not sleep in their early grave. We were saddened, confounded; and looked up to the Master hoping for comfort, explanation. Good man! He sat in his chair, and now taking a glass of the black, now of the red, he made his mouth up, whistling in truest sound, a song of sweet content. Feverish, restless, we too again and again emptied the glass. The ink flew to our head. Now, when this happens, we are sometimes very violent, committing all sorts of capers; with us, the liquor had a more beneficent operation,—we slept.

“You will find the gentleman as written here,” said the Master as we awoke. The ghosts had vanished, and the Master of the Stationers' Company stood before us, holding forth a card, four inches by two.

It was plain that, ere we slept, we had informed the Master of the Company of the purpose of our pilgrimage. We tarried not to explain, but took the card, and with a most distinguishing bow, shot from the building. A few words shall fringe this bit of our history.

We were possessed of the whereabouts of the maker of the Almanack of the Stationers' Company; and at this moment we sit upon a cushion, the work of his hands; a cushion which contains the zodiac, circling mystic figures all elaborated in many-coloured worsted. With this cushion, we received a certificate from the Almanack man; a warrant written upon yellow vellum, yellow as the astrologer's cheek. “Leo will give the writer raging strength; Virgo shamefacedness; Gemini innocence; Aquarius a power over the lachrymal dust that with the raising of the wand-like quill, shall gush with sympathetic crystal.” And so—for we will not inflict the round dozen upon the reader—the wizard warranted the whole twelve, as a watchmaker warrants a chronometer, to work well and faithfully for an entire year.

We now sit firmly upon this magic cushion; and if we fail to give the best possible account of the fight of Sansage and the Goose, let it not be charged upon us that we have not taken the

wisest and busiest means to compass our end. The fault will be in the cushion and not in our handling.

We have expressly written this long introduction to allow the steed of Sansage a fair and sufficient time to take his meal of beans and a snatch or two of hay and clover. After the first blow or two to quicken digestion, it is our belief that both man and horse fight better upon a full stomach.

THE COMBAT OF SANSAGE AND THE GOOSE.—THE SCISSARS OF THE KNIGHT, AND HOW THEIR MANY MEANINGS ARE INTERPRETED.
—THE VICTORY AND FLIGHT OF THE GOOSE FOR MANY LANDS.

THE lark stopt in its mid-day song—the swallow, with open bill, paused at the victim fly—the grasshopper ceased its chirrup—the sparrow hatching the third brood, shrank close upon the nest,—when the trumpets sounded the advent of the knight. Since brass first startled the world—and Tubal Cain must have turned pale when he first tried the scale upon the first trumpet made for Rumour who, when the world was thinly peopled, could do all she willed by unassisted word of mouth—since the world's ears first grew erect and were tickled with noisy metal—never did trumpets blow so loudly. There is a legend—let the reader believe it or not, as he will, we shall sleep none the worse either way—that when the trumpets brayed, every ass in Twiddlethumb brayed a joyous reply. And further: even the stone jackasses—the arms of the Twiddlethumbers—opened their marble mouths, and from their stone chests heaved the heaviest response. From which time, it is averred, that no matter by whom or wherefore a trumpet is blown in Twiddlethumb,—every ass in the township pricks up its ears, and brays in answer to it. Strange is the influence of trumpets upon asses!

When the brassy voice had died in its echo—like giant race failing in a pigmy—the knight Sansage, on his piebald war-horse, had already trotted from the Castle. Blot, of course, pawed the earth, but could make nothing of it. And then he neighed with a music and heart that spoke well for his beans. And then he cast his eye about him—a burning eye, with the white veined like a streaked cornelian—and seemed to ask wherefore was he brought there? Sir, it must be known that Blot was a most sagacious horse. Had he lived in these times he would have been shown at

fairs ; a wonderful horse that could tell a sixpence from a dollar, and neigh to the unconscious damsel who held a shilling under her garter. Blot, happy was his fate, lived in more heroic times. His talents were not lowered to the delight of a mob, but served the high and lofty purposes of a man-eating warrior. For, strange as it may seem to the light and scornful, Blot could read and write every bit as well as his master.

Blot, we say, looked round for the enemy, but saw him not. True, at some distance—though strangely close to the Duke de Bobs—there stood a simple goose upon one leg ; with its neck twisted round upon its back, and its golden beak half sheathed in feathers ; whilst with its wise, calm, grey eye, it seemed to take in all around it. The goose had subsided to its common poultry size ; and for a moment, young Sansage felt his blood prick him, like the nettle rash, as he reined round Blot to face the enemy.

Lists were formed, and again the trumpet sounded. “Tantara-rara-rara,” screamed the brass. Putting down its second leg, and giving its neck a shake to take the cramp out of it, “gaggle-aggle-aggle !” cried the goose.

Sansage did not draw his sword. That sword had drunk the blood of heroes, drunk it greedily as crocodile swallows water, and therefore would he not turn it to a kitchen blade. No : he had provided an ignoble weapon for the foe contemptible. At the knight’s saddle bow hung an enormous pair of scissars ; hung by a scarlet riband—a riband the late property of Sansage’s ladye-love. The riband was, in the morning, white as a cloud : but the ladye kissed it, ere she ran it through the handle of the scissars, and lo ! the riband took the colour of her lips. Stranger things than this have been known of a ladye-love.

Then young Sansage—turning Blot, who for once could not make out what his master meant, opposite the goose—laid hold of the scissars. Their long well-tempered blades bent like willow boughs. Very curious were the things inlaid and burnished along the steel. Chains and whips, and halters, were prettily twisted together ; garlanded like summer flowers. And on one side was a long procession : a villain led to the rack, with smug and jesting guards before, behind ; and the populace, with hungry faces, devouring the misery of the malefactor. On another side an offender laid his hand upon a block, whilst the executioner with uplifted knife stood by. One moment, there was that lovely, mighty mystery—that most cunning instrument holding and

controlling the tools of the work-shop world—that beautiful and glorious minister, the right hand of an honest man (a little while to be soiled with earth, and then to grasp the angels)—one moment, fair, complete, and masterly ; and the next to be a dead thing ; clay unstrung. On another part of the weapon, the hang-man bored the tongue of libel with a burning bodkin. Indeed, there was no pin-point of the steel that had not a part of some show—some mystery—some device ; pretty to look upon, wholesome for the exercise of divination.

Now, it was the resolve of young Sansage with one short, mortal snip, to cut off the goose's head with these wonderful scissars. Once more the trumpet sounded—once more the brass was answered by the goose.

“Twiddlethumb and De Bobs ! ” exclaimed Sansage, striking his spurs into Blot, and riding dead at the goose.

“Foolscap and Quills ! ” cried the goose ; or rather, as men believed and shook at the same time, the devil, that for his wicked purpose, had taken up his lodgings in the bird.

For a moment—only a moment—the knight's heart turned into a snow-ball ; for a moment Blot sank back upon his haunches. And then the knight's breast glowed like a furnace ; and Blot was beauful and vigorous.

Blot was brought up so close to the goose that his blowing nostrils stirred the down on the bird's undaunted breast. The knight swung about his head the lengthy scissars that, so fine was their temper, they sound like a sling of steel. They had, moreover, been sharpened on the hearth-stone of the Duke de Bobs ; a stone that in those ages would give the finest edge to the dullest weapon, if set for persecution or punishment.

And immediately the goose began to distend itself. Large and larger it grew. No Indian wilderness could nestle a serpent so huge, so lithe, as the goose's neck. Again its eyes were terribly bright ; brighter, larger in their angry dilation, than any sapphires in the Duke's jewel-house. The goose's feet were clothed as with plates of armour, of ruddy yellow ; and its beak had in it a strange look of danger. It was plain that Sansage began to think seriously, if not sadly, of his enemy the goose.

The scissars went swinging, swinging round the knight's head, whilst the goose—with out-stretched neck and lowered, swelling wings—kept a bright eye upon the foe. And now Sansage measures his distance ; brings down the scissars midway of the

goose's neck; raises himself in the stirrups, and as though he would mortgage all the future strength of his muscles to multiply their power in that effort, opened the scissars, and—took a snip. The forfex closed with a sharp click upon empty air; the goose sent forth a hiss, strong enough to blow even Comedy or Tragedy off her feet; therefore, it is no wonder that the knight bent in his saddle. It was one of those hisses—in certain hours the ear has a painful sensibility to a hiss—that, like cold steel, enter the marrow of the hearer: a hiss, the breath of which seems for a time to puff out the light of the world, leaving him who suffers the sound in darkness. The knight was fairly blown aback by that hiss, his hair lifted up his iron helmet; and the tongue in his mouth was melted to a jelly. And then the hiss of the goose was made the worse by the laughter, the plaudits of the multitude. The Knight of the Scissars, after a moment, dug his spurs in his horse-flesh, and wheeling round, and coming thundering back, and again brandishing his weapon, took snip the second. With this essay, the knight carried off at least a score of downy feathers. They rose in the air, and as he rode, still circled about and about his head; seeming the snow-white prophets of his final victory. We say,—seeming. For, reader, put not your faith in all goose feathers.

The goose was roused. Its downy loss, though trivial, had stung it. Whereupon, it cast about its neck, and shook its mighty wings with such a strength, they chilled the air around. And now, Sansage the knight, with a swelling heart, renews the battle. With a fine, grim, warlike smile plating his cheek, Sansage comes cantering towards the goose. Again the scissars fly around, cutting the winds into whistles. The goose flies from the blow, and with the lightness of a tit, drops upon the horse behind the knight. Blot feels the weight of the portentous bird, and every vein and every muscle start and thicken. The knight, indignant at the base advantage taken by the coward goose, tries to turn himself about in the saddle. The goose knows a better trick. With wings thrust forward, the bird holds to his sides the arms of Sansage; there sits the knight, fastened as between two walls of quills compact. It was a hard accident, a sad disgrace to befall so brave a knight. For while Sansage, with a mixed look of blood and shame, wriggled in his seat, the insolent goose thrust its neck over the left shoulder of the knight, and turning its head up in his face, stared with its fixed, bright eye upon the mailed warrior—

and he was, in truth, so much human flesh placed in an iron safe—as much as to say—“Well, my metal knight, and what do you think of goose quills now?”

And Blot heavily pranced, the scissars held downwards from the fixed hand of the knight, bending and sounding and, to the shame of Sansage, cutting nothing. At last, the goose a little unfolded its wings, and Sansage with fresh breath took a mighty gulp of resolution. By degrees the knight, loosening his right arm, at last flung it forth, and turning round struck the pointed scissars in the goose. A loud—loud gaggle answered to the blow; and then the blood welled from the goose's neck. But what blood? It was as black as ink, and poured in a torrent down the knight, washing the saddle, flooding the horse. And then came a shout from the multitude; and up went a thousand caps; as Blot still cantered about, and the knight again and again essayed to renew the blow. But again the goose closed its wings about Sansage; again he sat pinioned by the goose. And lo! the wonder of wonders!

Everybody looked for the moment, when the goose should drop its head, close its eye, and fall dump from the saddle, a goose exanimate. For the black stream poured so heavily, the goose must soon be bloodless. No; it was not so. That wound seemed the source of some mysterious Niger, so inexhaustible was the flood. And still as it bled, the goose compressed its wings, holding Sansage bolt upright like an iron bodkin in an iron vice.

Blot began to tire. For the goose kept up so terrible a gaggle, that still the horse gallopped and gallopped; and at length, with a groan from his chest, and with quivering mouth, Blot—that wise and noble steed—tumbled in a heap; a thing for hounds. And the knight, discomfited, exhausted, rolled from the horse. His face was stained with the black blood of the goose; dyed an Ethiopian dye. The goose unclosed its hold, and the knight lay alone prostrate on the earth. And the goose by degrees subsided to average goose dimensions; and the wound closed in its neck; and calm, contented, as any goose in a realm of stubble, the bird stood, preening its feathers, uttering self-satisfying sounds.

“The devil's in the goose,” cried the Duke de Bobs; and every Twiddlethumber looked a loyal assent to the dread thought. “But ho! some water,” shouted the Duke. “My faithful Sansage! He has some mortal bruise with such a dreadful tumble. Off with casque and breastplate, greaves, and—”

And behold the youthful Sansage was in a trice, as clean from

his armour as any filbert from its shell. Yes every bit of iron, at the lightest finger touch, fell away like sand. In a trice, young Sansage stood on his feet, and, shaking himself, every atom of his complete suit of mail, dropt in rust from his limbs ! How was this ?

Thus. The ink flowing from the goose—it was the very strongest ink—had, with its million sightless teeth, eaten through the armour of this man-of-war ; defeating, crumbling the homicidal iron. And the scissars ! The ink had devoured them too. Yet they lay, seemingly complete, upon the earth. Sansage, with a wildered visage, stooped to pick them up. And behold, he took between his finger and his thumb a pinch of dust !

A gust of wind blew low along the ground, and no man could see one atom of the scissars.

And then, the goose gave a loud, exulting scream, and rising in the air, flew in a circle thrice about—(the Duke de Bobs in amazement, in humility, took off his coronet beneath its extended wings, and every armed soldier sank upon his knee)—and after, the goose flew away, the sky growing bluer, brighter as it flew. A few moments, and that mighty goose seemed no bigger than the smallest leaf of white paper ; another minute, and no eye could reach it. Whither had it flown ? Would it ever return to Twiddlethumb ? These were the heavy thoughts of the Duke de Bobs as, withdrawing into the Castle, he gave a comforting look to the defeated Sansage, who, with a horse killed, armour crumbled to dust, and weapon vanished,—stood in an under-suit of sky-blue taffety, thinking of the sort of face he should manifest to his ladye-love.

HOW THE GOOSE OF TWIDDLETHUMB FLEW FROM LAND TO LAND,
AND HOW AND WHERE THE GOOSE LAID EGGS !

AND whither went the goose ? Whither did it carry its invincible quills—its steel-devouring ink ?

Why, in truth, the goose went off upon a visit to many foreign birds : to birds that, in other countries, had not yet learned to behave themselves ; to birds that the goose resolved to tame and civilise. Or rather, to teach the folks who put the birds upon bad diet, who made the poor things fight with other birds, and prey upon harmless kids and lambs, to treat and teach them better. Now was not this goose of Twiddlethumb a goose beneficent ?

And the goose first alighted in a country, the old king whereof kept as a special pet a very fine game-cock. It was always crowing, this cock; and folks swore its voice was so like a trumpet that no man or boy could hear it, without drawing his sword, flourishing it over his head, and falling into a soldier step. Now, this old king—as he said, to keep the cock in fighting trim; and to do what was only needful for the comfort and dignity of such a magnificent bird—picked the pockets of his people, as he declared that the cock might have, at least, a hundred thousand pair of steel spurs always ready—that he might have millions of quarters of golden barley,—besides pearls and diamonds to peck at and play with. It is not to be told how the poor people were gulled, and cheated, and put into prison,—and all for the food and the majesty of the cock.

Upon this kingdom, then, alighted the goose of Twiddlethumb. And with what purpose? Why, to lay an egg there; that in due season a goose, mighty as herself, might do good to the poor people, much maltreated and bamboozled by the king.

Now, there is not a farmer's daughter in the land, who knows not this sweet and touching truth. This one. When the hen leaves her nest to stretch her legs and peck a bit, the cock will very often, thinking nothing of his tail, condescend to keep the eggs warm. We, the chronicler of this history, have seen the cock upon the nest. Mind; we do not aver that the bird, caught in the tender act, did not look a little out of his place; as though he acknowledged the weakness of too much tenderness. Let us take it to ourselves. It is not every man of six foot—say even something less—who cares to carry in the highway his own baby in long clothes. He feels that, albeit he is only playing an affectionate and conjugal part, he nevertheless believes that he may be seen in a more heroic light. We are not sure that a man, desirous of going down to posterity in oils, would by choice—the more to his shame—rather make the descent holding in his arms his own precious baby in long clothes. We may be uncharitable; but we think not.

Well, the goose of Twiddlethumb duly laid the egg. What a piece of innocent whiteness! yet was there in it a goose that in an after-day sent forth such a scream, the world seemed to split asunder at the sound; and kings shook their robes, and took their crowns from their heads, wiping the dust and cobwebs that—beautiful in true antiquity—had somehow gathered about them.

The goose of Twiddlethumb, we repeat it, laid the egg : and the cock, odd as it may seem, hatched it !

But where was the parent goose ? What a wicked act of exposure ! What a heartless case of egg-dropping. By no means. The goose knew very well the work it had to do. Besides, the goose had other eggs to lay.

And the cock hatched the bird. A very fine gosling ; and though it was a good deal hurried and persecuted by the commands of the old king—for he knew very well what the cock had done—nevertheless the gosling thrived ; and its pinions, though again and again the king, calling for the sharpest sword, cut them to the quick—the pinions grew with every day. And the goose would drop its quills here and there : now at the doors of poor men, now in the walks of the rich : and, in lapse of time, it was wonderful to know how many hands worked with those quills to the great grievance of the king ; who every day called for some greater sacrifice to be paid to what, he vowed, was for the strength and glory of the cock aforementioned.

Well, it fell upon a time that the subjects of the old king were going to make a feast. Whereupon, the king—striking his umbrella upon the ground—the sceptre had long since gone to the melting-pot—swore that it was rank rebellion to the cock to think to feast at all. On a sudden, there was a rustling of a thousand goose-quills !

In three days, the great king was turned out of house and home ; and was found upon the sea-shore, dining upon periwinkles ; picking them from their shells with a pin borrowed from a farmer's daughter.

And then, all the world began to shake itself. The triumph of the goose—in her many goslings—went round the earth. For you must know, that the goose of Twiddlethumb—wise bird !—had laid eggs in eagle's nests ; even in the nests of two-headed eagles. And the goslings had grown strong ; and as they grew, like the bird that was hatched by the cock, they dropt their feathers in the way of ready fingers. When it was too late, the eagles did all they could to devour up the geese. The birds of prey whetted their beaks, and looked on all sides with their four treacherous eyes to swoop down upon them ; but somehow, as it was with the cock, so it was that in every land, the goose was too strong for the eagle ! Everywhere the lance was shivered by the quill ! Everywhere, was the cruel heart of murderous iron eaten out by ink.

LOUIS BLANC'S HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

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THE author of this work was, a few weeks ago, a political writer : he is at present a member of the Provisional Government of France. The historian of the first French Revolution, has become an actor in the third. Interesting as the history of that event is at all times, it grows into a subject of absolute importance, now that a similar drama is acting before our eyes. We will not therefore offer any apology for noticing the work mentioned at the foot of this page, in its fragmentary condition. M. Blanc is at this moment struggling with the very difficulties which he formerly exerted his genius to delineate. He will not find time to finish the great work he has begun. The two volumes now in print, trace the Revolution from its earliest commencement in 1414 to the 4th of August, 1789—from the council of Constance to the ultimate destruction of feudal rights in France. To consult the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries for an explanation of the events of the eighteenth, may seem strange, and if the system were generally adopted, our historical literature would be more bulky than it already is. M. Blanc is fully sensible of this objection, and claims the indulgence of his readers on account of the vast importance of the subject. He pleads that history has neither beginning nor end ; that there is no event whose first cause or last effect can be pointed out. We agree with his opinion, on the authority of the ancient writers of chronicles, who have always begun their writings by an account of the creation of Adam and Eve. "How then," says he, "shall we fix the real starting point of the French Revolution ? The subject is immense. What a history of blood and terror ! But these recollections ought not to awe us : on the contrary, they are gratifying. If the intellectual part of the task has been reserved for us, it is because the men of the Revolution took the rough work upon themselves, and left us a calmer destiny."

We trust he may be right. We hope it, for the sake of liberty, for the sake of France, and for his own sake. But what, if he

* *Histoire de la Revolution Française.* Par M. Louis Blanc. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. 951. Brussels. 1847.

had learned the wrong lesson?—what if the conclusions, which he has drawn from former events, be false?—what, if his political principles rest on an imaginary basis? The consequences would be dreadful. A flaw in his logic would convulse Europe: an erroneous presumption might suffice to deluge the world with blood and tears! For M. Blanc's views are not his views alone; he is but the expounder of a new Social Doctrine, which counts already many millions of adherents in all countries. The political society, which they aim at, has no precedent in history: their opinions are as yet mere hypotheses; they may be practical, but they have not been in practice. It is not our intention to contradict, we do not mean to refute them; for History herself, the history of our own time has taken that office into her hands. The theories of the French Communists are on the point of being submitted to a practical trial: they will stand and fall according to their worth. *We* take a humbler office, and content ourselves with *reporting* the principal matter of that extraordinary book, M. Blanc's "History of the French Revolution."

M. Blanc thinks that the Catholic Church stood formerly in the place of the State of our day, and that what we call revolt, was at one time branded by the name of heresy. The Revolution, prepared by the philosophers, and continued by the politicians, can only be accomplished by Socialism, and must naturally have commenced in Theology. The Council of Constance condemned in Huss the principle of modern revolutions, which it unfettered by that very act, by establishing the doctrine of the supremacy of Councils over the Pope. This was a deathblow to ideal Monarchy, for it paved the way to the stormy government of Assemblies. The execution of John Huss was the signal for violent convulsions of the old world, and the birth of a new one. The cruel wars, the hardships, the miseries which people suffered in those times in order to obtain the right of taking the Communion in a double form, need not astonish us, for that ceremony is an act of *equality*, a pledge of *fraternity*, if all take it in the same manner. But there must be no exceptions. By claiming an exclusive privilege on this head, the clergy destroyed the loftiest form of social equality. The question turns up again at the end of the eighteenth century. Its form is altered, but it is intrinsically the same. The political formula has taken the place of the theological. The same idea which inflamed the dark enthusiasm of Ziska and his Taborites, animated Robespierre and the Convention.

The revolutionary tendencies of the sixteenth century found a voice in Martinus Luther. Papal power was in its decline : a Bull of excommunication was publicly burned at Wittenberg. Laymen went about the country, preaching the gospel. This was certainly one of the precursors of the Revolution. To teach people to dispute the authority of Popes, taught them to dispute that of Kings likewise. The blow was directed against Rome, but it struck others too.

M. Blanc speaks with great eloquence of Luther the German Reformer, whose career he follows with minute criticism, and greater candour, than the bulk of historians. Very great things are often done by very little men. Luther's inconsistency, pusillanimity, superstition, and many other traits of his character, such as they appear in his Table-talk (*Tischgespräche*), are justly appreciated by Louis Blanc, who designates Luther as "the tool of his time." Luther's insurrection were an "incomprehensible audacity," if the revolt of this man had not been that of his country, which rose indignant against Rome, where everything was sold, cardinalships, bishoprics, and the entry to heaven. For the Church was a market ; religion a system of taxation ; popedom the model of a fiscal government, the Christian world a prey.

The starting points of Protestantism are defined with astonishing precision, and at once applied to the subject. The Pope, against whom these principles were directed, was a spiritual King. His overthrow preceded the fall of others, for the principle of authority, (which up to that time had ruled the world) could not stand, after it had been struck in its most respected form, in its loftiest representative ; a Luther in religion must be followed by a Luther in politics. The very reformation roused the peasantry to a war of extermination against their oppressors, and the "Bavarnkrieg" was a legitimate offspring of the demonstration at Wittenberg. Nor is this an isolated fact. Charles V. at Mühlberg, the Duke of Alba in the Netherlands, French Calvinism armed against the League, Gustavus Adolphus, Wallenstein and Tilly on the plains of Leipzig and Lützen, England under Cromwell's Ironsides, and the tragedy of Whitehall, belong all to the same family. The principle of Authority ended with the Reformation, and the reign of Individuality began. Calvinus represented it in religion ; Bodin, Hoffman, and La Boëtie in politics ; Montaigne in philosophy. Blanc remarks of the latter that Individualism was never preached with so much depth, excess, and brilliancy.

The European nations have been, according to him, subjected to two leading ideas, or principles: Authority or Despotism, and Individuality or Egotism. We are actually under the influence of the latter, but the reign of the third principle, of Fraternity, is fast approaching.

The principle of Authority was represented by the Roman Church; that of Individualism is embodied in the Bourgeoisie. But here we must beg leave to insert the interpretation M. Blanc gives of some of his technical terms, without which the following pages would be incomprehensible. He says:

"By *Bourgeoisie* I mean the mass of the citizens who, possessing either the instruments of labour or a capital, can exert their faculties, and are, to a certain degree, independent of others. They are more or less free.

"The *People* is the mass of citizens, who do not possess any capital, and cannot be 'independent.' Their liberty is merely nominal."

The *People*, in the sense as it stands here, are not, as has been supposed, a creation of modern times. They are not a production of our civilisation. The most ancient records in France, speak of "*bourgeois et manants*," thus distinguishing another class. And here M. Blanc brings us at last on French ground, for the Revolution, begun in Germany, was consummated in France. It was the last battle of that long war, which the Bourgeoisie had made against Feudalism. The *People* in their turn overthrew the Bourgeoisie in the Revolution of 1793, but the superior genius of Napoleon robbed them of the fruits of their victory.

This view of two different Revolutions, one in 1789, and the other five years later, is, to the best of our knowledge, peculiar to M. Blanc, who is, besides, an advocate of historical necessity. Nothing furnishes a more convincing proof of it than his account of the struggles and ultimate triumph of the Bourgeoisie, over Feudalism. He is deeply read in the chronicles, documents, and memoirs of the time he treats of, but he has read with a prejudice. He has less studied, but rather made *researches*. All his discoveries go to strengthen his doctrine, and we know no better way to acquaint our readers with that doctrine, than by following him step by step as he approaches the grand catastrophe of his work.

Feudalism, the remnant of Authority, was overthrown by the power of Associations—by the Bourgeoisie, organised in communities,—a community being a confederation of Bourgeois, who took the

engagement, and confirmed it with an oath, to assist one another.* Gibbon traces the fall of the Roman Empire from the fact of so many towns and nations being admitted to the freedom of the city. The kings of France were blinded by that *fate*, which turns the remaining strength of a falling system against itself. One of the causes of the decline of monarchy in France, and a comparative gain on the popular side, was the manner in which the French kings abused their power of conferring nobility. The magistrates of the towns of Poitiers, La Rochelle, and Tours, were made nobles. During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries there was an unlimited sale of patents. Batches of them were sold in blanks. The wisdom of kings had little to do with the fall of Feudalism—their cupidity was the real cause, and the Bourgeoisie gained each step of ground which the opposite party lost. Their seeming defeats were real victories. The French Bourgeoisie shelved the religion, but kept the principle of the Reformation. Their Calvinism was drowned in its own blood, and from it sprung the party of the Politicians.

It was a party neither of faith, nor of devotion, nor of strong virtues: it was the party of moderation, of common sense, of a quiet, demure egotism. It began with Erasmus, and found its acmé in Voltaire. Its doctrine, which the eighteenth century completed, and asserted for the profit of the Bourgeoisie, was called by turns:—in philosophy, Rationalism; in politics, Balance of Power; in trade, Illimited Concurrence. In the sixteenth century it bore the name of Toleration.

It was opposed by the League of Peronne, where, in 1576, a party of noblemen swore to uphold the Catholic and Roman religion, the privileges of Royalty, and their own. Authority rose against Individualism. But even they could not escape the revolutionary tendencies of the time. Their acknowledgment of the supreme authority of the Pope was a virtual protest against any imprescriptible and inviolable right of kings, who, if they overstepped certain religious limits, became unworthy to hold office under the Church, and it was in the power,—nay! it was the duty—of the People to dethrone them. Papal sovereignty merged into the supreme power of the People. Then came the wars of

* "Omnes communiam jurabunt." . . . "Juraverunt quod alter alteri secundum opinionem suam auxiliabitur." . . . "Unusquisque jurato suo fidem, vim, auxilium, consiliumque præbebit."—*Extracts from the Charters of French Communities.*

the League, where the People won the field and asserted their power, and the last act of this great drama was the Convocation of the States to *elect a king*.

The progress of the Bourgeoisie became more rapid. They received a military organisation in their communities and wrestled with Feudalism. Trade made them wealthy ; they opened their purses to the kings and deprived nobility of one half of its splendour, by buying titles. The kings, it is true, had the first spoils of Feudalism, but the Bourgeoisie bided their time : *la logique de l'histoire finira par avoir raison !*

The States-General were a great step in the right direction. They sprung from the decline of feudal power. Their importance *in right* was very great, but up to 1789 their importance *in fact* was very small. But they were, nevertheless, pregnant with an immense Revolution on account of the principle which they contained. This principle was *the supreme power of Assemblies*.

Next came Richelieu with his sweeping despotism. He prepared the aristocracy of France for civil equality, by equality on the scaffold, by crushing the nobility by the Code Michau, and the creation of Intendancies, and by establishing the royalty of the mind. He was the friend of literary men ; the protector of Poussin, the rival of Corneille, and the founder of the French Academy. Under his patronage appeared the first newspaper in France. The press was then intended for another instrument in the hands of despotism. It has not answered the purpose.

Richelieu's successor, Mazarin, the Fronde, and the schism of Jansenism—they all contributed to raise the Bourgeoisie. The financial measures of Colbert tended to the same end, and Louis XIV. did his utmost to undermine the nobility and clergy by absorbing the former and exciting the latter to persecution and fanaticism. He caused the assembled clergy to deny the temporal authority of the Pope over kings ; by thus making an appeal from Royal power impossible, he left the People nothing but to appeal to the People, and by the declaration, that the General Council was above the Pope, the sovereignty of the National Assembly over kings was inferred. The burial of the "grand monarch" was a sign of the times. It was the burial of royalty in France. The people of Paris had long wished for some merry-making, and thought this a fit opportunity. The fields, surrounding the Abbey of St. Denis, were covered with a joyous crowd. There was meat and drink in stalls—there was

laughing and dancing. It was a fair, not a burial. A Revolution was evidently approaching.

The eighteenth century began under auspices like these. Signs followed each other in quick succession. The will of Louis XIV. was torn to pieces by an assembly of magistrates ; for by destroying this will, the Parliament gained the restoration of the right of remonstrance.

The dissolute character of the Regent, Philippe of Orleans, and of Louis XV. quickened the approach of the catastrophe. M. Blanc, adverting to the popularity of the Regent, says, "The Bourgeoisie and the House of Orleans went always hand in hand, and will fall together *before the people*." That remark has been prophetic.

The Scotch financier Law and his wild schemes of superseding coin by paper, increased the distress of the People, and their contempt of their government. Nevertheless, we find that M. Blanc speaks very highly of Law, and he details his system with an alarming degree of affectionate minuteness. We have forsworn criticism, but we cannot but confess, that some parts of this work have actually frightened us. Our temper is not affectionate enough to aspire to a general Fraternisation. We do not like the word, and we do not like the thing. This history of the Revolution is made up with it—it is its purpose, its moral. In turning over its leaves, we are haunted with the idea of Fraternity : like the nightmare in *Manfred*—

" Though you see it not pass by,
You can feel it with your eye,
As a thing that, though unseen,
Must be near you and has been,"—

which is uncomfortable. But when we read that the system of Law was good and admirable, and that nothing could be blamed in it, except its not going far enough ; and when we consider that the writer of these opinions is a member of the Board of Trade in France, we feel a secret dread which we cannot get rid of. "The principle of individualism," says the author, "is suspicion and its money, cash. The principle of association is confidence, credit, and its money is paper. Law felt this. The system of his National Bank was to make the State the rich man's cashier and the poor man's banker."

Law's system rose, it grew to admirable proportions. If Commerce be a fountain of wealth in a country when exercised

by isolated individuals, who mutually harm and ruin one another—what would it be in a kingdom which were to trade as a body, without, nevertheless, prohibiting trade to individuals? And if a merchant's speculations are in proportion to the funds which he commands, what can we not expect from a vast Association which, mixed up with the State, using its credit, propped by a National Bank, would concentrate in one focus the whole of the capital, talent, and strength of the country, and which, armed for gigantic enterprises, for vast designs, would go forth to conquer the happiness of the human kind, under the standard, and with the treasures and applause of a great nation?

It would be useless to waste our space with arguments for or against the financial system of Law. What we wish to point out is, M. Blanc's opinions on political economy, running in the same rut. Law's system is based on general solidarity, and contains the germs of modern Socialism. That is the secret of M. Blanc's admiration, which extends even to the wild scheme of doing away with the necessity of loans and taxes, and abolishing the national debt at the same time,—a scheme which fathered the assignats of the first French Republic. Never indeed did any man succeed in inspiring people with such a frenzy of confidence. The South Sea Bubble—the Railway Mania in our own days—are nothing to it. Bullion was a mere drug in the market. To offer a man gold was considered an imposition and resented as an insult. Paper—Law's paper—carried everything before it. Men were found fighting in the streets. They were buyers and sellers of shares. The sellers insisted on being paid in paper, while the buyers had the effrontery to offer mere gold. Then came the bursting of the Bubble, with all the miseries attending such a catastrophe, and all because Law did not go far enough. His speculation came down with a dreadful crash, because he carried it not to the extent M. Blanc would have done. He forgets the application of his own beautiful and true words, when speaking of Montaigne—"We were always deceived, and yet we are greedy of deception. Our last faith is *the* faith: it is infallible; and till we shelve it with our former errors, we are eager to sacrifice everything to it, honour and life and happiness;"—and, let us add in the present instance, impartiality in history.

The author seeks and finds, in the time immediately preceding the Revolution, two ideas of distinct character and opposed to each other. The first aims at an association of equals, and

emanates from the principle of Fraternity; the second leans on individual right. Morelli, Rousseau, Mably, and, in some respects, Necker, were inspired by the former. The latter was represented by Voltaire, D'Alembert, Condorcet, Diderot, Helvetius, Turgot, in short, by the Encyclopædists. Robespierre was the legitimate offspring of the first idea, and Mirabeau of the second.

The splendid picture of that great man is consequently drawn with a bold and determined harshness. Mirabeau, the representative of the Revolution of 1789, can expect no mercy from the advocate of the *fraternising* Revolution of 1793. We are convinced of Mr. Blanc's sincerity, but sincerity is not always truth. But such as Mirabeau appears to Louis Blanc, such may he stand here :

“Dazzling ugliness, a bloated physiognomy, awful and livid, the effrontery of the lip allied to the lightning of the eye—that was Mirabeau. His face bore the stamp of his mind. All the vices and virtues of the tempestuous race of the *Riquetti* seemed to be jumbled together in him. Full of vehemence and cunning, with the manner, the accent of a tribune, he braved the kings, he dared to rouse a Revolution, to use it for his purposes, to license it, to calumniate it; and, he alone of the men of his century, tried to direct popular indignation against the objects of his own insolent private dislikes. For his revolutionary audacity was but a burst of pride and egotism. He had neither the moral vigour nor the virtues of equality, and his venality was awed by the austerity of Republicanism.”

Johnson, who liked a good hater, would have been delighted with M. Blanc. But there is such a thing as historical justice which ought not to be put aside. A historian should stand above the rancour of a party quarrel. He ought to eschew the hackneyed trickery of the hustings. It is delightful to turn from the envenomed invectives which M. Blanc flings at Mirabeau, to the calm and dispassionate sketch which the German historian, *Dahlmann*, gives of the leader of the Republican Revolution.*

The financial difficulties of France, the result of unjust taxation and royal prodigality, and the wretched state of the country, are generally assigned as the causes of the Revolution, but Louis Blanc admits them only as secondary causes. They were sparks

* Vide pp. 171—188 of *Dahlmann's* Geschichte der Französischen Revolution bis auf die Gründung der Republik. 2nd ed. 8vo, pp. 474. Leipzig, 1847. London: Williams et Norgate.

which lighted the train. It is nevertheless worth our while to enumerate them. The national debt amounted, in 1769, to 8,500,000*l.* sterling, and in 1787 to 25,200,000*l.* The nation had at all times been involved ; but since the debt of Louis XIV. the debt had gone on steadily increasing. The evil seemed almost irremediable. Law, Turgot, Necker, Calonne, each was in turn called in. Every one of them boasted of a nostrum of some infallible efficacy, but the evil grew worse. Each new plan of paying the national debt was introduced by a loan. The plans failed ; but the loans remained, and added to the enormous interest of the debt. Each year brought a new deficit of some millions. The royal exchequer was invariably empty, and the courtiers discontented. They grumbled, the people groaned ; for they were miserably poor. The country swarmed with beggars, whom the police arrested. In 1767, no less than 50,000 beggars were arrested in France ; and the year after they amounted to the almost incredible number of 1,200,000.

The hardships borne by the working classes and the inhabitants of the country (*peasants* they could scarcely be called) almost exceed belief. Every now and then they were thinned by downright famine, but generally they starved from one generation to another. At one time, when doctors were sent to Montargis, to cure an epidemic disease which ravaged the country, they found, after some fruitless experiments, that the patients died from inanition, and effected a cure by distributing the common necessities of life. France was indeed in a dreadful state, and one which we, in spite of Irish famines, are hardly able to bring home to our minds. Fancy a traveller of 1848 suddenly removed to the France of 1748. He would see that country cut up in every direction,—traversed,—divided by twelve hundred leagues of internal customs-lines. He would see a war organised on these artificial frontiers, all the passes guarded by fifty thousand men, of whom twenty-three thousand were soldiers, armed to awe and punish a population of reckless smugglers. He would see France composed of many provinces, strangers to one another, differing in laws and morals, locked up by custom-houses, distinguished by privileges or the want of them. There was one division for the Collector of taxes, another for the Fermier-general, another for the lawyer. The keeper of the salt-stores would show him the provinces of “*la grande et petite gabelle*,” the “*pays redimés*,” the free provinces, the “*pays de saline*,” and the “*quartbouillon*”—

all fiscal distinctions, for which the English language luckily has no equivalent. Salt alone paid an annual duty of above 1,200,000*l.*; but the aristocracy and upper clergy had their salt free of duty. The peasant's cattle were not even allowed to come near the sea-shore, lest they might defraud the Exchequer by drinking the salt-water. But there was not only a tax on salt: the people were obliged to purchase a certain quantity,—a certain number of pounds of salt being assessed on each head. If a family was too poor to buy their allotment, they fell into the clutches of the tax-gatherer, who sold their goods and imprisoned them. The nobles were not obliged to take the salt.

Hence the wretched financial position of France. Those who could pay the taxes were exempt from them, and their whole weight fell upon those who were less able to increase the revenue by their contributions. Among these was the *Vingtième*, a kind of income-tax of one shilling in the pound. It was first introduced under Louis XIV., with the promise of being abolished in a few years. But instead of this, it was doubled, and the poorer class were likewise the exclusive bearers of this tax. The poverty of the people would not have made any deep impression on that—what was then called—*society*; but its reaction on the Royal treasury was keenly felt, and begot new schemes and new loans, till every man in the kingdom wished for a change. But what change? None knew, and very few cared. The greater part of the aristocracy and gentry sided with the ministers, who, succeeding each other in quick succession, advised a convocation of the *States-General*, and were dismissed when they pressed the point. Monarchy had already fallen from its high estate: it was but a mockery and a painted tomb. An appeal to the people was therefore a very serious thing. Louis XVI. felt himself unequal to the emergency. He was not fit to reign, and least of all in a time teeming with the wrongs of centuries. And he felt it. When informed of the death of Louis XV., of that death which made him a king, he trembled, and going down upon his knees, with his wife, Marie Antoinette, he cried: "Guide us, oh, God! protect us! for we are too young to reign." He was then in his twentieth year. Louis XVI. was one of those kings whom nature intended for tradesmen. As a locksmith, (his favourite trade), he would have been happy and respectable,—as king he was neither. His wife, Marie Antoinette, was a daughter of Maria Theresa, the Empress of Austria. From the mass of contradictory evidence

on the subject of this ill-fated princess, it is not difficult to see that she had not only inherited the name, but also the character of the reigning family of Austria. She displays their love of splendour, coupled with extreme stinginess; their sensuality, their regardlessness of the feelings of others, their quickness in taking offence, and their lasting resentments. Hers was the suspicious haughtiness which to this day marks the family of Habsburg, and hers was also that foolish confidence,—the offspring of indolence, not of generosity,—which makes them mere tools in the hands of their servants. Her marriage with Louis XVI. was intended to cement the political union, which ended the feuds of the Bourbons with Austria. But Marie Antoinette was not made to reconcile the French people with their old foes. They could never forget that she was a foreigner: the hateful name of “l’Antrichienne” insulted her on the throne, and followed her to the very scaffold.

She and her husband were made to be the victims of the great convulsion which had now become inevitable. They were commonplace people in an extraordinary position and an extraordinary time. They were neither good nor bad enough to overcome the difficulties which on all sides hemmed them in. That was their crime; their fate was neither unprecedented nor unforeseen.

A member of the Academy had assembled a splendid dinner party at his house. There were many courtiers and philosophers, and among them a writer, who, at a later period, opposed the Revolution and perished in it. His name was James Cazotte. All were merry. They talked of the progress of Reason, of coming events which ‘cast their shadows before,’ and hailed the approaching reign of the mind, freed of its fetters. Cazotte alone was silent. They wished to hear his opinion. He said, for him the future was full of awful apparitions. Condorcet would have bantered him, but Cazotte said: “You, M. Condorcet—you will take poison to escape from the hangman’s hands.” Everybody laughed. Cazotte went on prophesying. He said, Chamfort would be reduced to open his veins. He told Bailey, Malesherbe, Rocher, they were to die on the scaffold. The Duchess of Grammont smiled. “For mercy’s sake spare our sex!” “*Your sex?*—You, madame, nor you alone,—you will ride in a cart to the place of execution, with your hands tied together behind your back.” Cazotte’s face wore an expression of deep gloom. His old age, his long white hair, the mournful glance of his eye, impressed his words with a lugubrious gravity. The guests trembled. “I am

safe," said Madame de Grammont, "the wretch will refuse me a confessor." "I do, Madame. The last victim whom they will indulge with one will be——" He hesitated one moment, and then continued—"will be the King of France." This was too much. All the guests rose from their seats. Cazotte himself was about to leave the room, when Madame de Grammont, intending to dispel the gloom which his words had thrown on the assembled company, went up to him, saying, "Well, Sir Prophet, what is your fate?" "Madame," said the old man, "when Jerusalem was besieged, there was a man who, for seven days, went to and fro on the walls of the city, crying out, with a loud voice, 'Woe to Jerusalem!' But on the seventh day he cried, 'Woe to myself!' And in that moment he was struck by a large stone, which crushed him." Saying this, Cazotte bowed and retired.

This extraordinary story is told by La Harpe, who describes himself as a witness of the scene. Cazotte belonged to the metaphysical sect of Illuminates, who were then very popular in France, and pretended to have a knowledge of future events. It is not one of the least anomalies of that extraordinary time, that the same people, who crowned Voltaire and revered Diderot, should have shown an equal respect to Mesmer and St. Martin. Scepticism went hand in hand with superstition. Nor is the name of sects, which they gave to the Schools in their philosophy, less characteristic; it shows how far the "Philosophical Century" was from practical reasoning. There were a few who thought, and many who believed. There were many ideas, many plans, many projects. Each announced itself as a revelation,—as a doctrine which could not be amended or discussed, but must be accepted with implicit faith. New ideas were not sounded, but adopted, no matter how they jarred with others. People swore by authorities. To this circumstance do we ascribe the many errors and wild experiments of the time.

After what we have said of *Law*, it need hardly astonish us that *Necker* too is a favourite of Louis Blanc. He does not indeed attempt to conceal the brilliant financial forgery of his notorious *Compte rendu*, in which Necker by a common trick of counting-house jugglery palmed an enormous deficit upon the nation under cover of a fictitious surplus of half-a-million of pounds. He sympathises likewise with the following remarks of the famous banker:—"The man who *first* put some paling round

a piece of land and sowed his grains therein, has he by this act obtained an exclusive privilege, so that he and his descendants should possess this land to the end of time?" And he next asks the landed proprietors, "Is your title of possession registered in heaven? Did you bring the soil with you from some planet? What power have you which you do not hold from society?"*

These are the sentiments of a French Minister of State in 1774, and another French Minister in 1848 gives them his adhesion, complaining at the same time that the former does *not go far enough*. And the society of France, who idolised Necker and his work, while they obstinately refused to take one part of the burden under which the people groaned, upon their unloaded shoulders, pretended nevertheless to be shocked by the excesses of a Revolution, to the horrors of which they had amply contributed. For the excesses of gentlemanly cruelty were quite as revolting, though less glaring than the unbridled fury of the populace. The harvest of the year 1774 had been bad. The people began to suffer; their minds were open to that vague feeling of restlessness, which precedes Revolutions. Threatening rumours are afloat—they listen. A word, which causes them to tremble, the word *Famine* has been pronounced. Dijon became the scene of an insurrection. A mob surrounded the town-hall. Their cry was for bread. The commander of the town came out on the balcony, to address the populace. His words were few and simple; the Revolution furnished them with a commentary. He said, "*Mes amis! l'herbe commence à pousser. Allez paître!*" He asked the famishing wretches to eat grass with the beasts of the field. The agitation spread. From town to town it proceeded towards Paris. Pontoise, Poissy, St. Germain, and lastly Versailles, rose in arms, and the 3rd of May, 1775, was fixed upon for an outbreak on the capital, when the rioters were at last dispersed. Two of the leaders were hanged on the Place de Grève. An old man, who had seen the Revolution from beginning to end, told M. Blanc the story of this execution. The death of these two men left a painful impression. They suffered for the excesses of the panic, and their last cry, addressed to the People, was that they died for their cause. The Court could afford to joke on these occurrences, and the ladies wore caps "*à la revolte*." But the People were serious and gloomy.—

* Vide Necker, Sur la Legislation et le Commerce des Grains. Part I. chap. 24.

Our space does not allow us to follow the course of events, from the convocation of the National Assembly to the ultimate destruction of Feudalism on the memorable 4th of August, 1789, which concludes what M. Blanc calls the *first act* of the "*Revolution Bourgeoise*," and which occupies the latter half of his second volume. But at a later period we shall perhaps be at liberty to resume our report. The subject will then have received some new lights from the events which have drawn our attention to this work.—

XAVIER XANTEN.

DAY-DREAM ISLAND.

A THOUSAND, yea, a thousand isles,
 Bedeck the sparkling seas ;
 Endear'd by Heav'n's sweetest smiles,
 And Heav'n's balmiest breeze.

Fair places, fresh as with the bloom
 Of Eden's fragrant bow'rs—
 Ere sorrow's tears, or passion's gloom,
 Defil'd the laughing Hours.

Ah, yes ! not yet hath vanish'd hence
 That grace of blessed price,
 That gives to human innocence,
 A human Paradise !

And not amidst these lovely fanes
 Still sanctified below
 From sordid hopes, and selfish pains,
 Man's vanity and woe—

Can aught more beautiful be known
 Than that delicious spot
 Where dwelt—a king on Nature's throne—
 A Fay of happy lot.

A very king that Fairy wight,
 Amidst a courtly throng
 Of creatures, lovely to the sight,
 And singing Truth's own song.

Ten thousand trees his courtiers were,
 With fruits, aye lowly bent ;
 And birds, that thro' the spicy air
 Their unbought music sent.

And myriad flow'rs of brightest dyes,
Endow'd with ev'ry sweet,
Did turn on him their laughing eyes
And kiss his straying feet.

The kid, the squirrel, and the roe,
The parrot, jay, and dove,
Did leap and scream, and murmur low
Their unaffected love.

'Twas thus that pigmy Elf was king,
And thus, by noblest right,
He fealty had of every thing
By love's supremest might.

It was, in sooth, a radiant home,
Where dwelt that pigmy free ;
All land of fairy you might roam,
Yet no such region see.

The Ocean, clad in glassy sheen,
Upon its breast did hold
An island of eternal green,
Beneath a sky of gold.

The cocoa and the foodful palm,
The plane of giant span,
The herb of medicinal balm
And bountiful banyan.

The fig, the tamarind, the vine,
The sago, and the cane ;
Pomegranates, and the luscious pine,
And fields of yellow grain.

The myrtle, deck'd in bloom of snow,
Where humming wild-bee feeds ;
The tulip-trees resplendent show,
And hyacinthine meads.

Each lovely and each gracious thing
Rewarding human toil,
Spontaneous in that isle did spring,
As erst in Eden's soil.

The very sand upon the shore
Was delicate and bright,
As that which tells the minutes o'er
To Wisdom's watchful sight.

And there, in constant murmurs fell
The placid, shining main ;
A haunting sound, a mighty spell,
To lull the aching brain.

To lay the fev'rish thought to rest
To hush the rising groan,
And harmonise man's jarring breast
With Nature's solemn tone.

And still the bounteous Ocean threw
Its treasures to the day ;
A thousand shells of burnish'd hue,
Made glorious the way.

And when the light of starry skies
Was trembling on the sea,
The Mermaid from her cave would rise
And warble melody.

And oft across the main would float
A strange and solemn swell—
The wild, fantastic, fitful note
Of Triton's breathing shell.

And sounding still that music sweet,
The sea in silver spray
Would break beneath the sea-nymphs' feet,
And glitter in the ray.

In ev'ry star, in every air,
In ev'ry sound and sight,
A look and voice of love was there,
And peacefullest delight.

And pond'ring on that lovely scene
Of land and sea and sky,—
The dearest, fondest thought had been,
To ebb away and die.

That dying, we might seek the spring
Whence flow'd the tide of good—
And bathe the spirit's earth-clogg'd wing
In that immortal flood.

Oh ! Nature, beautiful and wise !
Thus, be it ever giv'n—
That we may read within thine eyes
The promises of Heav'n.

That with a love, as deep, as true,
As sinless and intense
As ever youthful bridegroom knew
For plighted innocence—

We still may woo thy truthful gaze,
May listen to thy voice ;
Assured the bliss of after-days
In thee, our early choice.

So, loving thee, this life 's a feast
By Peace and Plenty spread ;—
And Death himself a Holy Priest,
The grave—a bridal bed.

DESSALINES AND TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

AN EPISODE IN THE HISTORY OF HAITI.

BY JOHN WILSON ROSS.

A GENTLEMAN travelling, about a dozen years ago, among the picturesque but seldom-trodden wilds of the mountains of Cibao, in the interior of Haiti, stopped, at the close of evening, to rest his horse and refresh and shelter himself for the night, at a small inn by the roadside. This inn proved to be the property of a Mustee woman, about fifty years of age, who had formerly been a mistress of the first black Emperor of Haiti, Jean Jacques Dessalines ; and who, on the traveller entering into conversation with her, told him some striking incidents in Dessalines' life not generally known. Her story, such as it was, is now laid before the reader, interlarded with other facts, heard from the natives of Haiti, concerning the Emperor's co-labourers, Toussaint L'Ouverture, Christophe, and others.

It is necessary to preface anything relating to Dessalines with some short account of the state of the island of St. Domingo before the breaking out of the Revolution in 1791. When the colonists elected themselves to legislative functions, on the dismemberment of France, the mulattoes, on account of their colour, were excluded from all share in the government of the island, though many were men of property and of the highest education ; and this, more

than the slavery of the negroes (as is generally supposed), was the cause of those horrible events which subsequently occurred. A great many of the yellow people leaving the colony settled in the mother country, and in Paris enrolled themselves into a society called "*Amis des Noirs*." Those who remained in St. Domingo, devoted entirely to the race of their mothers, repeatedly expressed to the blacks their anxious desire to see them free. This conduct caused many negroes to rebel, and sundry mulattoes were, therefore, brought to trial, and executed. Among the first of those who thus suffered was Ogé. He had particularly endeared himself to the sons and daughters of Africa, by taking a very active part to procure their emancipation; and he had been long and early loved by Dessalines. On the morning that he was hanged, Dessalines was one of the throng of blacks collected on the Plaine du Nord to witness his execution. The poor negroes fell overwhelmed by the stroke of Ogé's death; one in particular, overcome by the misfortune, had broken out into a fit of weeping, when a short, stout negro, about forty years of age, with something very remarkable in his appearance, came up behind him and touched him on his shoulder. Looking up, the negro met the glance of the stranger's meditative eye.

"Why do they hang that man?" said the other, pointing towards Ogé.

The negro replied that he did not know, but he believed because the lawyers said that he had stolen, or, rather, got things that the negroes had stolen, and bought with them a small country-house.

"What then?" exclaimed the other, in a commanding but stern tone of voice. "Do you not think that white men also buy stolen things? There stands your master; go and tell the constable 'Run-hold-him-fast!' He knew you were stolen from your father and mother, yet he bought you. Well, if the black rascal is to be hanged for stolen things, I hope the white rascal will be hanged too, for the same thing,—*when we catch him*."

Uttering the last few words in a significant tone, he turned on his heel and disappeared.

It was Dessalines—a man—as the above speech is sufficient to prove him to have been—of a wild and flighty mind, but yet of a composed and melancholy behaviour. His spirits, at this period, were much relaxed by his heart resting entirely on the vague and shadowy, but strong and overpowering, hope of the independence of Haiti and universal liberty. He worked pensively at his tasks,

and was at times unboundedly irritable—sickening with impatience at the delay of that relief for the negroes which he so ardently coveted. Whenever he was from home—and he was often absent from his master—he was rendering himself romantically intimate with negroes of similar dispositions ; and to them he laid bare his whole heart. So time rolled on.

It was the noon of May-day, 1791, and the sun was blazing on the deserted quay which overlooks the bay of Cape Français. The sea-breeze was rustling through the foliage of the tall palm and cocoa-nut trees which shaded the pleasant Esplanade, and the gay tri-coloured flag was fluttering round the *Vigie*, or signal post on one of the summits of Morne du Cap. Suddenly a negro, of a highly intelligent expression of countenance, drest in a linen shirt and trousers, and carrying a basket of fruit on his head, descended the hill side, from one of the pretty country-houses along the road to the village of Limbé. Arrived on the spacious and well-paved quay, he stationed himself under the shade of a tamarind tree, and, standing still for several seconds, examined every object carefully, when suddenly casting up his eyes, he saw on the roof of a small house, at the corner of the Rue St. Joseph, a middle-aged negro, short, stout, and with a strongly-made frame, driving nails into boards, and hammering shingles on to the roofing of the edifice. Recognising Dessalines in the black carpenter, he entered into conversation with him. He spoke of the hanging of Ogé, and of the breaking on the wheel of Chavane ; of 4000 negroes rising and making a stand in behalf of their race against the French soldiers on the plantation of Monsieur Latour on the plain of Cul-de-Sac ; of 2000 more rebelling in the same cause in the parish of Mirelabbais, burning sugar, cotton, and coffee plantations, and killing the whites indiscriminately. "And now," continued the negro, "they are going to Port-au-Prince, to burn that also, and, as my master says, to 'grab hold of everything they can.'"

"So it is always," here exclaimed, in a fiery manner, Dessalines, who had hitherto been listening with patience to what his friend had been saying to him. "When black men go together in a body, the white men say they steal everything. Well ; and the white men—Do they steal nothing ? Your master, now, I will be bound, does not give you food enough. Say to him,—'Sir, you starve me ; give me more.' He will tell you the American privateers steal all the vessels laden with provisions."

"He says so."

"Ay; and a very good story 'tis, when told twice or thrice; but, told over again and again, for a hundred times, who believes the truth of it? Your master is a robber of your provisions. Hearken!" continued Dessalines, striking the shingles passionately with his hammer, "if the American privateer every day steals the vessel with herrings and salt-fish, why does he never steal the vessel with the grabbing-hoe and the pick-axe, the saw and the hammer?"

A new light flashed across his countenance.

"There! I have done with the work of masters for ever!" he cried, in a loud angry tone, and tossing, furiously, his hammer into the middle of the street beneath him, and commencing to descend the ladder. "Come," said he to the other, "do you, too, leave your master's work, and join with me these black men who steal everything. And woe to the white men and the masters of St. Domingo!"

Early next morning, these two negroes having effected their escape from their masters, and assumed (what is common among the blacks) their proprietors' names, which were Dessalines and Christophe, were climbing the sides of the lofty mountains, near the source of the river La Trouble, on the verge of the Spanish possessions. It was about an hour before daybreak, and the air was perfectly calm. Occasionally, a sudden and confused noise, like the shrieks of women and children, spread up from the neighbouring villages and plantations at the foot of the mountains. Suddenly Christophe stopped, and laying his hand on the other's arm:

"Hush!" said he, "Listen!"

Dessalines (as we must henceforth call the black carpenter) listened attentively. Through the breathless air, sounds, like the barking of powerful dogs, proceeding from a great distance, burst from the opposite side of the mountains.

"Here come bloodhounds!" he observed, in a subdued but excited tone of voice. "We are certainly lost unless we climb some tree. Here is a wild fig. In its boughs only can we hope for safety. Climb."

They clambered up into the tree with nimble agility, and reached almost the topmost boughs. Scarcely had they laid themselves down straight on one of the vast limbs of the gigantic wild fig, keeping their heads against the bark, and entirely concealing their bodies from the sight of any one below, when some unhappy

wretches,—a black woman with a babe in her arms, and her two sons, boys of about eight and nine years of age,—screaming from terror, rushed out from some bushes, in the attempt to run from the pursuit of bloodhounds, which, here hunting them down, flew at them with a hideous yell, and threw them on the ground; then growling in a dreadful manner, devoured their flesh from their bones. With their jaws drenched with gore, the horrid animals, then barking loud, and snuffing along the ground, came up to the tree, and stopping at the trunk, leaped against it, and howled for their prey. Presently their keepers and a body of French troops, armed with muskets, came to the spot, and seeing the motion of the dogs, looked up into the tree; and one of them discharged his musket into its branches. A second elapsed; then a few leaves and the musket-ball came rattling down about his ears, whereupon, with French levity, bursting into a peal of laughter, he and his comrades, chasing on the dogs, pursued their way, skipping through the long grass in their white gaiters. Dessalines and Christophe then descended from the tree.

"We have had a very narrow escape," observed Christophe, almost in a whisper.

"Come along," shouted Dessalines, grasping the other by the hand with a wrench, and with his brow furrowed with savage frowns.

Down the back of the mountain they went, and in due time reached a sandy desert plain, which separated the French possessions from the Spanish Cantons; and here, finding assembled a multitude of negroes who had rebelled, they enrolled themselves among their number.

At that time the negroes had not united themselves into an organised body, but separating into small parties, hid behind hedges on the roadside, in the open country, or behind trees and rocks in intricate mountain passes, and rushing out upon every white passenger, barbarously massacred him. From this—as they resembled Italian highway-men—they acquired the name of bandits, which ever afterwards adhered to them.

In the week after Dessalines and Christophe had thus joined these black banditti, the estate of M. Flaville was fired; and on the morning of the conflagration, just as the sun was rising, the proprietor, in his endeavours to escape from the country, was galloping on horseback, at full speed, along the *Chemin de l'Eglise*, which leads to the Bay de l'Acul. As he reached a

winding in the road, Dessalines, with a number of companions armed with bludgeons, sprang out from a lurking-place in a thicket of bamboos, and, stopping the Frenchman, knocked him off his horse and murdered him.

"Ho! ça! mes frères!" cried Dessalines, brandishing his weapon over his head with a fierce gesture as he spake. "This white man is done for. Now comes the turn of M. Galifet, after him M. Clements, and then M. Bayon de Libertas. All these three white men bear no good will towards the black men. Let us go to their houses, burn their buildings, and deprive them of their lives. Huzza! mes frères, huzza!" And Dessalines, in his check-shirt tucked up over his right arm, dashed through the citron hedge by the road side, followed by his companions, shouting wildly. As he said, so he did.

That night the fire shells were sounding on the estates in the neighbourhood of Roncooaw, while straggling lights were gleaming through the wood between Les Habitations Noé and L'Hericourt. It was the depth of night, and M. Bayon de Libertas, the *commandeur* (or manager) on the former property, was, at the time, in bed, but was soon startled from his sleep by the sounding of the shells and the shouting and shrieking of the negroes. The first object that met his vision was the glare of flames flickering against the roof and ceiling of his chamber. He sprang from his bed, almost beside himself from fear: just then his faithful negro, Toussaint, entered the room with tottering steps, and a voice broken by convulsive agitation:—

"Fly, Sir," said he; "for the love of Heaven, fly. The bandits, who are on the estate destroying everything, come to burn us out—to cut our throats. Already, on the adjoining plantation, have they murdered M. Clements."

"Haste, Toussaint; fetch me my coat and hat. I will put myself on board a ship in the harbour, and sail for America."

"It is indeed imperative, Sir," said the negro.

"Come with me, and I beseech you be cautious; for if the brigands see us, we are infallibly lost."

M. Bayon de Libertas, mounting a horse, galloped hurriedly down the avenue of limes, and, crossing a canepiece, reached the hedge of citron trees which separated the estate of his employer, Count de Noé, from that of M. Joly, without meeting with any adventure. Then making his way through a gap in the fence, he got down, by a steep bank, into a smooth, wide road, shaded, on

both sides, by lime-trees, and, occasionally, by palm and pimento, which led to the Bay de L'Acul ; and accomplishing the distance before the dawn, put himself on board a little schooner, and sailed for Baltimore in Maryland.

When Toussaint saw his master embarked in safety, he passed through many cotton plantations and tobacco fields, and, reaching the summit of Morne Rouge, went back, across the country, to L'Habitation Noé. On his arrival there he found only the walls of the sugar-works standing ; the large and elegant substantial stone-built dwelling-house smouldering in flames ; scarcely a cane to be seen ; and only a dozen or sixteen negroes loitering about their huts, the rest—about a thousand in number—having joined the bandits. Toussaint having now neither master to serve, nor estate to live on, bade adieu to L'Habitation Noé. Catching and saddling a mule that was loitering about the devastated fields, eating cane leaves, he retraced his steps, going towards Cape Français, with the intention of taking up his dwelling there, and living with some of his relations. He travelled over a generally low and flat country, riding leisurely. On reaching that part of his journey where the Chemin de l'Acul and the Chemin de la Coupe de Limbé join by the river Sallée, he was accosted by a party of bandits, at the head of whom (as usual) was Dessalines.

"Stand, you damned black rascal," shouted Dessalines, in a stentorian and authoritative voice. "Where are you going to ?"

"What is that to you ?" was the rejoinder of Toussaint L'Ouverture, in an equally loud and commanding tone.

"Join us, or we murder you," said Dessalines. "But we wage not war against the blacks—only against the whites. Come, then, and join us, and you shall have everything you want, the houses and the wives, and the freedom of the white men."

"I care not for the houses and the wives," replied Toussaint L'Ouverture, "but only for the freedom of the whites."

A loud shout drowned the remainder of his speech, and the bandits, gathering round him, bore him off in triumph, and carried him to the Haut du Cape, where the rest of their comrades were assembled, and where Toussaint L'Ouverture exchanged his whip for a sabre, becoming a soldier instead of a postillion.

It so happened that Toussaint L'Ouverture was an educated negro : he knew both how to read and write, and, being a man of great ability, he soon placed himself at the head of all the bandits, and brought under control Dessalines, Biasson, and the most

refractory of them. The rebels at this time amounted to upwards of 100,000 ; and this formidable force Toussaint rendered invincible, by organising into an army. He gave military titles, and a particular kind of uniform, a blue coat with scarlet cuffs and collar, gilt buttons, gold epaulettes, and white gaiters and neckcloths, after the style of the French regimentals ; and this gay and handsome dress doubtless induced many of the negroes, from their partiality to a gaudy attire, to join the army.

The sanguinary war which then ensued between the blacks and whites lasted for ten years ; and, all efforts to vanquish the negroes proving ineffectual, the island was proclaimed independent of France on the 8th of July, 1801 ; and Toussaint L' Ouverture, who had liberated his country, and been the commander-in-chief of all the forces, was appointed Governor of the Black Republic.

While he was in this height of power, his old master, M. Bayon de Libertas, hearing of his success in life, returned to Haiti, thinking that he might, under the protection of Toussaint, live safely on some property. Never was a man more deceived. Immediately on landing on the quay at Cape Français he was captured by some soldiers drawn up in array with fixed bayonets, and marched in chains to the Blacks' camp at Breda. He was there brought before a court-martial, composed of twelve black general officers, by whom he was condemned to be hanged the next morning. Meanwhile he was imprisoned in a dilapidated building, situated in the midst of a rich valley, and secured with strong iron bars. When left alone in his prison to night and darkness, he stretched himself out in silent agony upon his couch of dried sugar-canes, awaiting the coming of the morrow in despair. It was somewhat past the middle of the night, when his attention was roused by seeing a slender black man, a little above the middle height, attired in a field officer's uniform, descending into the ravine from the opposite side of the valley, from the Blacks' camp. In the easy, and almost elegant, deportment of the black general, he did not at first recognise his old slave.

"What brings you back to Haiti, my kind, old master ?" said Toussaint L' Ouverture, as he stood before the iron bars of the cage.

"The quelling of the insurrection, and the hopes of dwelling on my o'd property protected by you, Toussaint L' Ouverture, from the violence and resentment of your brethren."

"It is not possible for me to do that. Even now the greatest

danger awaits you. Tomorrow they mean to hang you ; and if I attempt to save you, they will kill me. My brethren will have vengeance on all white men. Leave then this island this night ; and bear with you the good wishes of a grateful heart, and one, who, though he has a black skin, knows how to do his duty."

"Noble Toussaint! "

"Thank me not. But quit this spot. Go to the coast of St. Marc. There is a ship ready to transport you to the shores of America ; and, when you leave Haiti, never more return."

Toussaint L' Ouverture then unlocked the door of the prison, and, relieving M. Bayon de Libertas of his weighty chains, saw him depart in safety, and returned to the camp of the negroes.

The independence of Haiti was destined to be soon disturbed by the influence of foreign powers. Bonaparte, being then at peace with all Europe, turned his thoughts to the re-conquest of that island. Thither, with that object in view, he dispatched 30,000 troops, and his brother-in-law, Le Clerc, to be captain-general and chief magistrate of the colony. Toussaint resisted the authority of Le Clerc ; and a proclamation was issued, declaring him an outlaw and ordering all to pursue and treat him as an enemy of the French Republic. This corrupted the fidelity of his soldiers, and Dessalines proposed that some other general be promoted to the chief command, which was accordingly done ; and the command of the army was transferred to him.

While Toussaint was thus deposed in his command, a little Danish schooner, bound from America to one of the small West Indian islands, was driven late in the afternoon, one day, by the violence of a hurricane close under the walls of Cape François, near the battery. Assistance was given by the soldiers, and the crew being mostly Frenchmen were carried to the fort, and the next morning conveyed to Breda. Among them was M. Bayon de Libertas, who had thus been unfortunately cast again upon the inhospitable Haiti.

"We must release these prisoners," said Toussaint L' Ouverture, when his old master and the others were brought before the court-martial : "for we make not war with the elements."

"They remain our prisoners," said Dessalines, "as if taken in battle."

"One of them has been here before," said Biasson, "and escaped, no one knows how. This time he must be removed to prison, and have a double guard to watch him."

"And be hanged at sunrise in the morning," said Dessalines.

The generals rose and retired, except Dessalines and Toussaint L'Ouverture.

"If you are my friend," said Toussaint L'Ouverture, "you will not condemn these men. Save them from death; they are innocent. Grant me the pardon of, at least, one of them; he was my master, and kind and good to me."

"He must perish, to satisfy the army," said Dessalines, fiercely. "They must not say that favour is shown to any white man. He must perish, because he is white. His colour is his guilt."

"Oh! Dessalines, what can I say to this?"

"Nothing solid, I will own."

The dawn approached; and, meanwhile, during the night there had been erected on a declivitous plain, between a small wood and the Black camp, several gibbets. At daybreak, a number of people were assembled under them, for the purpose of executing the unfortunate Frenchman. Toussaint L'Ouverture was sitting on the fortifications of the camp. He cast his eyes towards the plain on a particular gibbet; he saw the men adjusting the rope, and the victims standing under it; he could gaze no longer; he turned his eyes aside for a few moments, and, when he looked again, he saw the body of M. Bayon de Libertas swinging in the air.

A wild commotion of thoughts swept over his mind, and he yielded to its full influence.

"I have leagued with vice," he thought, "vice which destroys, but never spares life. Dessalines has no humanity, no charity. He has no generous feelings; none, none."

He bent his steps to the camp of Dessalines, and as soon as he was in his presence, cast his sword at his feet.

"General," said he, "that sword I drew in the cause of honour, but now I resign it; for I am the enemy of oppression, and will not be the assassin of innocent men. I am no longer your soldier."

At this period a social circle of friends, consisting of generals, colonels, captains, and other officers in the Blacks' army, were assembled at the house of Toussaint's old aide-de-camp, the black general, Chavney, at Port-au-Prince.

"It is very certain," observed one of them, "that we all agree in one point—to defend General Toussaint with our lives and fortunes. Just now some men are rising up at Arcahay and

Boucassin, and on the prairies between the mountains Selle and Mardigras, to restore General Toussaint to the confidence of the army. Let us place ourselves at the head of these worthy people, who have assembled in the general's cause."

This was universally assented to by the company; and in a week after a rumour was afloat in Haiti, that there was an insurrection in the interior and on the west coast.

While this rumour was in circulation, one morning, shortly after the breakfast hour, the governor and commander-in-chief of the republic, Dessalines, holding in his hand a gold-headed cane as a symbol of his office, came out of a room in the Palace of Sans Souci, followed by a fat black officer of rank, clad in a blue coat richly embroidered with gold, and having a long sword dangling at his side, and spurs attached to the heels of his Hessian boots.

"Go, aide-de-camp, to the Cape," said Dessalines, "and tell General La Plume to inform General Le Clerc that I will come over to the French with all the Haitians, unless General Toussaint regains his influence, which seems very likely, as the negroes are rising in his cause. And tell General La Plume to inform General Le Clerc—you hear me, aide-de-camp?"

"Yes, your Excellency."

"—to take prisoner General Toussaint, who is just now staying at L'Ouverture, his house at Gonaïves, not far from St. Marc."

The aide-de-camp made his bow and exit from the presence of the governor, and, mounting his horse, rode away at full gallop toward the capital.

A few days after, in the dead of night, a French man-of-war, *L'Héro*, a 74 gun-ship, attended by a small Creole frigate, was standing in toward Calm Beach, near Gonaïves. Troops immediately landed in several boats, and surrounded the house of Toussaint, while General Brunet and Le Clerc's aide-de-camp, Ferrari, entered, with a file of grenadiers, the chamber of the black general, where he lay wrapt in slumber. The French general demanded his instant surrender.

"I submit," said Toussaint, seeing his room crowded with armed soldiers, "but take not with me my feeble wife and my harmless child."

"They must come with you," said the generals, sternly.

Toussaint, with his family, was hurried that night on board *L'Héro*, and the ship immediately sailed for France. On its arrival at Brest, Toussaint was conveyed in a close carriage, under

a strong escort of cavalry, to the Castle of Joux, in Franche-Comté, and thence to Besançon. There he was immured in a cold and damp dungeon, and there, accustomed for sixty years to a West Indian climate, he perished for want of warmth and air, on the 27th of April, 1803.

This act did not gain Bonaparte St. Domingo. Dessalines, behaving with treachery, instead of joining the French, placed himself at the head of large bodies of troops, and, renewing the struggle for liberty, succeeded in the attempt; and, Toussaint L'Ouverture being removed out of the way of his ambition, he was proclaimed, on the 8th of October, 1804, on the plains near Port-au-Prince, the Emperor of Haiti. But he did not long enjoy this exalted dignity. Charles Bellair, a Congo negro, the nephew of Toussaint, rose up against him, and vowing that he would lay "the rash black villain," (as he styled Dessalines), "dead at his feet," addressed numerous assemblies of negroes on the subject, and expatiated, at the same time, on the virtues of his uncle. The negroes had feeling minds: they surrounded him and wept as they listened to him.

"When Massa General Toussaint was alive and in fortune, he gib-a we ari, and ebery one, ebery ting," they said.

"A hundred hands," exclaimed an enthusiastic old negro, named Cuffy, holding out both his hands to Charles Bellair; "a hundred hands you shall hab ebery day, Massa Charles, to kill de Emperor."

"We need but one hand," said Charles Bellair, "and that is Gattie's."

The negroes cowered on hearing that name; Gattie was the public executioner. He was a Chamba negro, who had come from Africa, where he had learnt the art of taking off a man's head with one stroke of his sabre, and without staining the shirt-collar with blood. On account of his dreadful office he was feared by all his tribe, and shunned by them. So he lived by himself in a cave, in a thick grove of forest trees in the highest part of the mountains of Cibao, which are the loftiest chain of mountains in Haiti. He was seated at the entrance of his cave, one afternoon, on a mound, boiling a kettle of pepper-pot, (the favourite soup of the negroes), when Charles Bellair came to him. Gattie had on, as usual, only trousers, and the upper part of his body, from his shoulders to his waist being quite bare, exhibited a skin as black as a coal and as sleek as a water rat's. A sabre slung by his side told his fatal duties.

"Good morning, Gattie!" "How day, Massa?" "I have business for you, Gattie." "Me glad to hear um, Massa. P'raps he to *bink* off some one's head, eh?" The other nodded. "How much you gib-a me, Massa?" "The victim's clothes—very fine clothes, Gattie—and ten Joes." "By Gole!" "And it is the Emperor's head that you must strike off." "By Gum! dat wort' twenty Joes." "And twenty Joes I'll give you, Gattie. Come along. I will lead you the way, and when I show you that dog of a fellow, let me see your sword flash and his head roll to the ground."

Gattie rose to his feet with a low chuckle, perhaps at the other's emotions, or, more probably, at the mention of his own exploits. However, he followed Charles Bellair down the mountain's side.

It was late in the afternoon of the 17th of October, 1807. The last gleam of twilight had just sunk into the obscurity of night. A deep silence reigned in the neighbourhood of Pont Rouge, broken only by the roll of drums and the peal of martial music. Dessalines, the Emperor, was advancing, in military pomp, to meet his advanced guard at Port-au-Prince. As he was passing the bridge over the river Cul-de-Sac, the moon was a good way up the horizon. Peaceful and light clouds, blanched with her beams, rolled over her disk; and, darting snatches of uncertain light, she chased away, at intervals, the partial darkness which hung over the mountain tops. Before Dessalines, the forest, moved by the night wind, waved up and down in dark and crowded undulations. Many objects, diminished by distance, suddenly issued from the gloomy forest, and immediately lost themselves beneath the shadows of accumulated clouds which intercepted the moon-light.

"You see those people yonder?" said Dessalines, in his usual quick and hasty manner, to a general of his staff. "Who are they?"

"They are not the advanced guard, your Majesty," said the general.

Assisted by the moon-light, which struggled through some spongy clouds, Dessalines saw the body of men bearing onward toward him. In their speedy motions and indignant countenances he might have read his death-warrant. His looks wandered over their closely serried body, in anxiety, as he watched them form themselves in platoons, and slowly load their guns. The platoon then advanced, and halted within gun-shot of him. He heard the

word, "Make ready." In anticipation of the next order, he shouted aloud to them, and rode forward with amazing courage to chastise them with his cane. He had nearly reached them, when a voice cried out, "Now Gattie, take your victim!"

A little black man, panting for breath, ran forward, his unsheathed sabre flashing bright in the moon-beam.

Dessalines retreated, speaking with desperate anger:—"Rebels! traitors, all!"—he said—"do with me as you like; but, bear witness, I die, as I have lived, a brave soldier!"

Scarcely had these words left his lips, when his head (taken off by one stroke of Gattie's sabre) rolled from his shoulders to the ground. He fell without a groan.

"The tyrant is no more. Rejoice!" said the Congo negro. "Now, on to St. Marc. We will make the good Christophe our Emperor."

The morning of the morrow dawned sunless on the scene of slaughter. The mutilated carcass of the Emperor was, meanwhile, consigned to the silent tomb. His fate created no sympathy among the people, the justice of his doom being universally acknowledged; and his murderers made no expiation for their crimes at a human tribunal. But Nemesis, who punishes, unrelentingly, all criminals—if not with her right, with her left hand—caused Charles Bellair to make atonement for his murderous deed, a few years after, by being shot to death, as a prisoner of war, in the Champ-de-Mars, at the back of the Grandes Casernes, or Barracks, in the City of Cape Français.

EMERSON AND HIS VISIT TO SCOTLAND.

THE recent visit of the now œcumenical American Transcendentalist, with his four lectures in the Philosophical Institution here, (Edinburgh,) has delighted his numerous readers—has no doubt somewhat mystified, but greatly interested, the not inconsiderable female portion of them—has grieved or horrified the very orthodox—and has, at the same time, like the approach of a friendly voice once distant, stirred the hearts of a few independent thinkers. In this firmest stronghold of religious formalism, and arena of the *odium theologicum*, it is difficult for such to lift their voices. At present not an organ exists for them in Scotland; but that such there are, and that they will strive to fulfil their duty as it arises,

Mr. Emerson may rest assured, as we know that he was not indifferent to the matter.

Besides various pure and generous minds, even amongst the younger ministers of several denominations, who, as the writer happens to be aware, have perused his writings with uncavilling pleasure, there are others who merely desiderate a journal free from party, clique, or "denomination," for philosophical, artistic, and social topics, in order to do their part. These individuals are more or less favourable to current views; there is no *enmity* amongst them to the uniformity and orthodoxy which have hitherto seemed peculiarly Scottish; for orthodoxy has in this country done some of its best things. They only wish to counterbalance orthodoxy, to oppose to it that other pole which is its complement, and which alone can give it life. It is by *antagonism* that the old identity unfolds itself, ceases to be a seed, and becomes complete, harmonious, fruitful variety. We do not believe absolutely in our own beliefs. They are false for another or for all. Truth lies beyond and above us—it is with one and with another in *forms* that are uninterchangeable, and it will only descend in common shape upon the spears of all the combatants, when their points are at last laid together. So that if any one of us had the power to destroy dogmatism to-morrow, God forbid the word should be uttered. Dogmatism is needful to us, even had one not a sort of lingering pity for the cause that is weaker amidst its very hour of strength. As for the Church, the writer himself is the son of one of its most respected ministers; he looks back with love and veneration to the faith, the zeal, the steadfastness of his fathers. He was honoured to listen for four years to the voice of the wisest, loftiest, most eloquent teacher that Calvinism ever had; and saw laid in the grave the head of that burning, holy, and beloved man. But the corporate spirit here is bigoted and bitter: it would exclude the new or free thinker from speech, means of living, and from trying to do good. There would not now be a cry for the stake; but the heretic will be more delicately remanded to the future "eternal" fires, which were not enough for Arnold of Brescia or Servetus.

Now, in the present case, Mr. Emerson's behaviour was characterised by the utmost delicacy. Knowing, it may be supposed, the tone of feeling here, he seemed to avoid such subjects as might bring him into contact with it. The lectures indicated a step in advance even since his verse-poems: with respect to direct *love* of humanity, sense of its wants, and hopefulness for an actual future; emotions more likely to be suggested just now in England than in America, perhaps. Still, there was a murmuring in ecclesiastical quarters. The "tide of infidelity," which has been for a good many years "sweeping in upon our land," was again more heard of. Doctors in divinity doubtless skimmed over the "Essays;" newspaper editors crammed for the occasion, and then wrote about "Pantheism." We are waiting every day for the almost certain attack of the "Witness," a Free Church

paper, conducted by a self-educated, masculine man of true genius, but intensely Scotch, whose lucubration has been probably delayed for solemnity's sake, since one of the editors was present on his self-devoted post of audience. The "Scottish Guardian," I believe, has already delivered its fire, no doubt without compromise. Thomas Carlyle, till then in a measure unknown to strict Calvinists, has lately become quite popular with our clergymen, by writing in a Cromwellian manner concerning Cromwell; he would probably be again consigned to backsliding obscurity if he were to give us the biography of Blanco White in character. Emerson's lecture on the "Genius of the Present Age" was in like fashion directed to some extent against his own spirit. He almost deplored the decay of ancient faith, and quoted from Puritan diaries. We heard two divinity students, as they went out, speak of his sneering at religion; the same lecture, I believe it was, received, from sundry "elders," the name of "rank infidelity;" and hints are given of ceasing to patronise, or of interfering with, the Institution which invited him, although a society wholly uncommitted to the dissemination of any particular religious views,—indeed, necessarily avoiding them. I happened, yesterday, to stumble on a passage in "Monstrelet's Chronicles," which amusingly reminded one of these demonstrations, and I give it as applicable.

"On the 15th of June, in this year, an extraordinary event happened at the Palace at Paris, during the pleading of a cause between the bishop of Angers and a rich burgher of that town. The bishop had accused him of heresy and usury, and maintained that he had said, in the presence of many persons of honour, that he did not believe there was a God, a devil, a paradise, or a hell. It happened, that while the bishop's advocate was repeating the above words, as having been said by the burgher, the hall they were pleading in shook very much, and a large stone fell down in the midst, but without hurting any one. However, all the persons present were exceedingly frightened, and left the hall, as the cause had been deferred to the next day: but when the pleading recommenced, the room shook as before, and one of the beams slipped out of the mortice, and sunk two feet without falling entirely down, which caused so great an alarm lest the whole roof should fall and crush them, that they ran out in such haste that some left behind them their caps, others their hoods and shoes; and there were no more pleadings held in this chamber until it had been completely repaired and strengthened!"

A prodigious phenomenon indeed, and well merited no doubt; but occurring, in all likelihood, not on account of the burgher's heresy, but of the advocate's lie. History is very instructive; and we have more reason to fear judgments here for the perversion of fact, and the repression of liberty, than for such comprehensive negations as that of the wealthy burgher; seeing the former is the more probable case, and falls under Hume's argument against miracles. Still, if ever there was a people led by the nose with names, formulas, and dogmas, or turned against a thing by a shout, it is the so-called "religious" Scotch:

Pantheist, Infidel, Unitarian, Morisonian, Universalist, and soon, perhaps, Individualist, are names in everybody's mouth, no one almost knowing what they are, or stopping to ask.

Let me crave room for a few remarks on a man who is already found to be one of the most remarkable in this or any age—it might be said, in some respects, the most remarkable, as more freshly and completely representing the age itself, in its present inevitable direction, than any other: though not at all the "Coming Man," because that is the new Humanity itself; he, on the contrary, implies the necessities of the future man more clearly than ever. His very faults are, as it were, a personal temporary defect, in order to betoken what man requires, claims, and will be. Of all men, Emerson is the most freely, fully, and longingly open to the Future; it is his element; without it he dies; the everlasting morning all but breathes on him. In this he is national; America is the land of the Future; she is vague and abundant in airy undefined possibilities, somewhat cold to the actual necessities, the old griefs of men; she has food and land in store, and can afford to look out for truth. In Britain here we swarm in miseries; fellow-suffering softens our mutual heart, yet it is not truth, but *good* that we want; we have an object before us, and are climbing the scale of freedom with more practical degrees: when we give vent to the ideal, it is from passion into figures warm and breathing, while German seclusion walks abroad in symbol, and American solitude is almost phonotyped into trance-like fidelity.

But Emerson's great peculiarity, of course, is, that he represents, for all times and for all states, in the purest and most universal way, "Man thinking" from himself. The constant frame of things fades before him, or rather is fluent, and lets him through, by the magic power of soul; the soul, or better, thought and thinking, alone are continually flowing first: no time to him, but a logical relation. The Platonic realism of Wordsworth would make him think of a pre-established harmony between Sense and Nature; Emerson's objectivity, like Schelling's, perceives that in Nature which is in himself—affinity of thought and thing, identity ever divided, ever transmuting. The reverse of a Mystic, he yet often appears one, from that mental clearness and marvellous expression by which he leads you into the unimagined depths, not of speculation, but of him and of yourself, dividing the light-beam of a consciousness, upon the invisible edge that is in it; not letting you conceive of an object. He is thus, at once the oldest and the newest of thinkers, the most Greek-like of all modern minds; and, therefore, in his nationality free of all times and countries. This suggests another feature of Emerson, which is thoroughly classic; along with Shelley, Wordsworth, and a few others, his meaning and expression keep the most perfect time, never over-balance each other; form does not, as in the ante-classic age, and in such writers as Carlyle, outweigh the spirit; nor spirit, suggesting what it cannot speak, straining and aspiring, now triumphant, and

oftentimes deformed, surpass its form, as with Fouqu   or Novalis. A fourth class, by the way, there is, identical in kind, who avoid all these in their world-wide geniality and vital instinct,—Shakespeare and Cervantes, Goethe, Scott, or Dickens. This is to be said ; because, after all, Emerson is nothing else than a Poet ; all his works are pure poems, and whatever uncertainty there may have appeared on the subject, it may be affirmed that his volume of verse is one of the finest contributions to our lyrical treasures since Wordsworth : for America, with one or two slight exceptions, the sole production of genuine and historical value, in verse. Emerson and Cooper are, in the writer's opinion, her two great national poets, from one of whom we may expect much more : the one exemplifying man and nature in their subjective fusion and their utterance ; the other figuring, quite objectively, the ideal of human character, under influence from Nature, at sea and in forest. Unite these two minds, with reciprocal involution of their tendencies, and you have a third, which includes and which transcends them both : combine the lyrical and the narrative imagination, there results the dramatic, setting before itself the theorem of an idea, to be wrought out through their materials. But one Shakespeare, the Shakespeare of true Humanity, will be enough for the new world too : another Poet for future Christianity, we may yet see equal to *him*, and as Schlegel thought Calderon, in a higher kind.

As to his Christianity, if Emerson be not a Christian, what are we ? The bigots would force him from point to point by catechism, text, and syllogism, with a prurient desire to know what is his private thought. The notion of a lurking difference or a new aspect in any one from them, makes them strangely uneasy ; but this is the very thing that Emerson disdains. He would say, "What I tell is yours, what I conceal is my own, and never will you know it. What is that to thee ?" This, in fact, is the infidelity and unconscious Atheism of the dogmatist, the formalist, the uniformist. But Greek though he be, even as Plotinus or Proclus, Emerson is the *consequence* of Christianity. It lies hid at the bottom of his soul, and he likes not to talk of it ; he has that love, peculiar to noble spirits, but pre-eminent in him, that refrains from its profoundest emotion, and which, when most unlike love, has it trembling on the tip of the tongue. It is the same towards humanity ; you are impressed with the unutterable yearning this lonely soul has to others, but on seeing them, he finds them beneath his wish ; he is silent with Herculean strength, or he speaks words of high disdain. He desires nobleness in another as he desires the light ; he would fain have him nobler than himself, then would he do him reverence ; but to give alms he cannot, he will not love you till you are independent of his love. This is a curious reversal of the New Testament letter ; it would not do from a God and a Christ, but in our day it is required from some *man*. When we look at it in the light of historical development, we perceive the necessity of Emerson as the prophet of manliness,—manliness not merely practical but theoretical to the core of

thought: he "preaches the soul," as they say. Curiously enough, but in reference to the religion of the future, we have our two apostles of it from the land of the Future. Elihu Burritt is the John of this more fully unfolded gospel, and proclaims love; he leans to society and brotherhood, and, if he had the platonism of the beloved disciple, would write a new Apocalypse. Emerson, the individualist, is the apostle of intellect, like Paul, and partakes of his stoicism; it is he that dwells in Patmos, however, and with transcendental vision predicts the destiny of Humanity, so far as self-comprehended. Like Goethe, he sees in personal culture the fulcrum of millennial life, and scorns too much perhaps both nationalism and communism.

He is called a Pantheist; and, did he sit down, after Spinoza, Schelling, or Hegel, gravely to propound the doctrine, the reproach might apply; but as a poet he is at one time as much the personal, empirical theist, as at another the percipient of interpenetrating divinity. He is so as much as every thinking man, thinking from himself, is so on occasion: he will not call on God to drive a nail: of living men he is the last to take the awful name in vain; but again, he sees the Absolute Being in a leaf falling at his feet, and God is "all-in-all." In him this theistical sense is so strong, that with the caprice of love he delights to give new names, to place the object in all possible lights: the formalist cannot recognise the same spirit in another form, and counts it as blasphemous to withhold the old shape and title as to profane them. Anthropomorphism is indeed the canker at the root of our divinity still, although Christ came to abolish it. Doubt not that in the moment of need, in the solemn trance when all companionship is annihilated, in grief or in joy, or on due demand, there is evolved from Emerson's secret personality that higher one which includes ours; to Emerson or to Blanco White, least of solitary thinkers, is unknown the *φύγη μουσι προς Μονον*.* He says indeed in tranquillity:—

"Alike to him the better, the worse,
The glowing angel, the outcast corse.
Thou metest him by centuries,
And lo! he passes like the breeze;
Thou seek'st in globe and galaxy,
He hides in pure transparency;
Thou askest in fountains and in fires,
He is the essence that inquires.
He is the axis of the star;
He is the sparkle of the spar;
He is the heart of every creature;
He is the meaning of each feature;
And his mind is the sky
Than all it holds more deep, more high."

But the same man in his sorrow means:—

* *Fight of the lonely toward the Only*.—PLOTINUS, apud DE QUINCY.

"The deep Heart answered, Weepest thou !
 Worthier cause for passion wild,
 If I had not taken the child.—
 ———to thee I did not send
 Tutors, but a joyful eye,
 Innocence that matched the sky—
 And as the great all-loving Day
 Through smallest chambers takes its way,
 That thou might'st break thy daily bread
 With Prophet, Saviour, and Head ;
 That thou might'st cherish for thine own
 The riches of sweet Mary's Son,
 Boy—Rabbi, Israel's paragon :
 And thoughtest thou such guest
 Would in thy hall take up his rest !"

The One, the Absolute Being, reveals Himself in forms as many as the minds, if they but knew it : to one He is Truth, to another Beauty, to another Good : He Himself, above all, is God identical and one, condescending to the shape of that drop He is mirrored in. Like Coleridge and De Quincy, he believes, the present writer himself is a Trinitarian in theory and practice, of the Transcendental school, and from grounds of Reason, coalescing with all History and Revelation ; to him, *his own* particular view seems for him the truest. But while he sees little of God through the abject servilities of Puseyism, or the scholastic dogmas of the Puritan, he would revere Plato's Supreme Framer of Ideas, Lord of the heavenly year,—or that Inscrutable, Inconceivable, Unapproachable, whom the mystic Dionysius * spoke of, and before whom the stern, scientific Fichte bowed, almost in tears. Still more would he be awed and rejoice in Presence of that all-inhabiting, ever-moving Reality, whose life to Emerson makes the very finger-ends of the landscape tingle, and makes his own soul see and worship. A little more of such Pantheism, and our general religion will be so much elevated and realised by living men. Pure reason, in short, tends to this : the practical, with its inward law,—the imaginative, the emotional, the empirical intellect, render Pantheism again into personal Theism : a thorough Pantheist, no more than a complete Atheist, ever was. This Emerson does not disguise ; had he a system, we should say it was to be unsystematic, and not to philosophise ; but a deeper root than system or philosophy lies at bottom of every one of his productions ; each is *organic*, the sentence in some sense represents the whole, the whole would drop in pieces with the loss of a sentence ; in other words, he is a Poet. He would probably say with Schiller, in self-colloquy—"Of what religion art thou ?—Of no religion.—Of none ! wherefore ?—From religion !"

But, in fine, setting aside the intellect of Emerson and his doctrine, it is to be said that his most important aspect is that of his personal

* Dionysius, the Areopagite, so-called author of *Mystic Theology*. He spoke of the Deity as by itself essence devoid of attributes.

character, as a man, and as revealed secondarily through these writings of his. In this respect, I take leave to think that Emerson is the most mark-worthy, the loftiest and most heroic mere man that ever appeared. And just because Humanity itself, at this epoch of its progress, needs such an individual, has he arisen. Like all representative characters, he is the anticipative product of a universal want, as Luther of Reformation. Carlyle writes, but Emerson *is*; Cousin systematises, Emerson thinks; Wordsworth, Browning, and Barrett sing, Emerson is himself as a reed through which the wind plays; Chalmers and Martineau were preaching and doing good, Emerson stands up to say, you cannot reach this need. Nothing would disgust this man more than followers, to have a school: the whole of men and women can only be Emersonian by being different from him and from each other. Till then, they can no more join hands in brotherhood and sisterhood than you can clasp the fingers of a shadow; he would not have them do good or be done good to, till they are *themselves*: did they mimic his voice and attitude, he would turn from them as from a flock of apes. In this he, or Man in him, puts things on their right footing; a throng of clouds, of hideous night-shapes, evil beasts, and bugbears, flee from before him, as in the old fables of Man clearing the waste earth; and well may tyrannies, superstitions, and authority tremble at the steps of Emerson, for he heralds an epoch of humanity, the stage of man self-conscious and free from within. Other forms after that have to arise, no doubt, and higher stations to be won, but meantime *this* is sure as the nature of man. The single brain of Puseyism can see the dilemma that mere formal dogmatic Protestantism is both groundless and unsafe, but it cannot, in its nerveless, unmanly panic, behold the other side of the alternative than refuge in authority. Individualism is to it unknown, and the abyss of horrors. Eclecticism, Developmentalism, are a metaphysical half-way-house for the academical and constitutional. Emerson but proclaims first what is on many tongues,—“Free *variety* is the sole condition of Unity,”* and these two are mutually reciprocal.

Freedom to Emerson is as life and breath; the “method of Nature” is inhaled by his spirit from the American woods, the bare marsh, the dry heath, the height of Monadnoc; to let the soul grow, like seed, stem, leaf, and blossom, as God would. The divine idea that is in Humanity, that was meant in Adam, and reiterated at the world’s centre in Christ the Lord, would be our name for what he recognises in the possibility of all men. For this, doubtless, he lives; for this he would die at the stake, and will breathe out his last aspiration. Few, in the common sense, of those storms, conflicts, passions, and difficulties, that have agitated the breasts of the great agonists of history, have probably convulsed him; he walks to his purpose with the silent grace of a Greek marble, with the harmony of Nature. But the very calm-

* Substance of pamphlet by a friend, entitled—“The Idea and Means of Christian Unity.” Edinburgh, 1847.

ness, the width of his atmosphere, betray moments of out-reaching consciousness perhaps as solemn, as secretly terrible: that wondrous self-possession was not won without steel and wounds, nor in summer leisure. We see not the process—we have only the sign: he seems somehow or other to have the right to bend on you a majestic eye. He absolutely casts out fear—his assurance is imperturbable; to him the terrors of hell, the departure of heaven, are heaven's near token—the disregard of love its best security: and we believe him with the same generous confidence he extends to us, for here insincerity or doubt on either part were an impious bravado. Friends shall be to him his peers—he shall not lean on them, nor they on him; if they grovel in the dust at his feet, he will account it a higher love to let them rise in anger, and be to themselves complete; while a stranger may come to him with that which he gives thanks for. Walking in the red man's steps, he has caught something of the Indian nature where it was gained, as well as from the Porch of Zeno. Yet who can read the thoughts of Emerson well, but he sees these traits as the larger circles of a nature, lofty, noble, generous, and loving to a height from which he calls you up to it. What he considers the true calamities and crimes of men stir him to enthusiasm; humanity enthralled, with all its capabilities, in the land of freedom and Future, drew from that seer of the woods a passionate eloquence. Methinks it was from Emerson we first heard that truth of saddest wisdom, that the weakness of a member is the loss and detriment of all. I have seen him, by the bye, called an Emmanuelist,—thereby being meant neither the disciple of Immanuel Kant nor Emanuel Swedenborg,—but a preacher of "God—with us." Let it be so—the *thing* is good, the epithet is at least happy for a paster of titles. The main function of Emerson, however, is the embodiment, the incarnation of all Philosophy, ancient, middle, modern, and transcendental. Truth begins at last to be personal, the schools are put to daily use. We revere in him the height of that which is implied in Humanity, in Man as such, ere he bands himself in constant fellowship, goes forth to work, and connects himself with objective faiths, preparing for heaven. With that inward fortitude of his—that sunbright insight of intuition—that instinct to feel and to divine—that power to express—and that perfect individual freedom—he forestalls centuries of general progress. We bid him God-speed, now that he has practical activity in view, and seeks to awake the spark of "Over-soul" in the popular breast—the bravest, the most spiritual man of our time, where many we hope are such. If one might venture to point a course to him, who knows himself what he means, I should beseech him to pursue still more directly the path of Poetry—

"For he that feeds men, serveth few;
He serves all, who dare be true."

Those verse-poems which he gave us were drops of sun-rain in the Spring—sweet almost as Uhland—golden almost as Tennyson's Grapes

of Song; but purer, more equal, more inward, and spiritually far-thrilling than they—they glance from nature into nature through you, as light, or birds, or blue ether, through the loophole of a single wall. They are all lyrical, that is, direct and immediate; if I mistake not, there is neither historic nor dramatic faculty possible to Emerson, perhaps because of his will. They indicate the after-multiple of themselves, if he will but breathe again, and add the mastery of musical *style* to that of beautiful *expression*. While we can read them, and pass into a new world of soul, we shall not need to betake ourselves to Mesmerism.

Meseems that while England is working out the Problem of the Past, America will demonstrate the Theorem of the Future; we are not meanwhile without each other's wisdom. *We* tread on the heels of To-morrow; perhaps in some respects we derive here a more implicit and a tenderer philosophy than theirs; History is old, and strong, and stamped from the King's mint; to Emerson, History is nothing—he grasps at the untold gold of Possibility. Fare-thee-well, then, noble Friend; may the Holy God lead thee, guide thee: our paths go wide apart, *but they began together, and shall meet again!*

EDINBURGH, Feb. 22, 1848.

A STUDENT.

FASHIONS (AND FUGITIVES) FOR MARCH.

BY PAUL BELL.

Who dare talk of "Fashions of the Month," any more?—'Tis now "Fashions for the Moment." Who will, again, yawn over the dullness of the Period, and its lack of stirring interest? Betwixt St. Valentine's Day—the date of my last—and St. David's—the First of March, did our world go round once, or a dozen times? It is not merely your wicked people in Novels, who are smashed to bits by a retributive *Spitfire*, at the station:—but Favourites, Kings, Princes, and Ministers, have been set a-reeling, just as if some Comet had treated our globe to

"A flap of its saucy tail,"

not merely "with fear of change perplexing Monarchs," but bidding Fire burn and Cauldron bubble. Fire and cauldron have obeyed with a vengeance! The light of the blaze, and the sound of the seething, bid fair to bewilder and excite the whole World's people, till there is a chance of every emmet among 'em, trying to set up his own independant still: whence restless ardent spirits—the fire-water of the savages—may be expected to flow.

But is there no method in the madness—no Common-sense amid all this craziness? Our wise ones are already reasoning from effect to cause, with regard to the astounding events abroad:—already tracing sequences, and establishing “a keeping” among occurrences, which seem to the casual view, egregiously incoherent. *Zadkiel* has put on his Cap of Prophecy—and the Honourable Member for Scilly bewailed, in “the House,” the approaching end of the World—as mathematically to be demonstrated from the newest French Revolution. You know, Sir, that I am neither wise; nor a Member of Parliament; nor prophetic. I can neither lay out the Past in Parallelograms (after Robert Owen’s fashion), nor apportion the Future to suit my own humour (as the Exeter Hall interpreters of the Apocalypse do). But, being used to “buy and sell,”—to rummage among pattern-cards, and to speculate upon the probable run of new fashions,—I venture to send you a Note or two on the Foreign Markets, with an eye (in part) to home operations,—which I don’t think, ought utterly to be despised: whatever be the humour or means of the Trafficker.

Truly the last *has* been a month of odd progresses, comical up-turnings and complete down-tumbings. Talking of “keeping,”—when the year came in, all Womankind was embittered by accounts of the magnificence of the House of Dollallolla, in the artistic capital of Bavaria. No *frescoes* were there, from the Nibelungen Lied or Holy Writ!—no apotheosis of Dancing designed by Kaulbach or Cornelius, wherewith our vulgar English schools of Art were to be twitted!—but gorgeous velvet, and fine lace, and rich gold, and pretty silver: and very thick carpets and trebly soft cushions. What was comparable to the House of Dollallolla? It slapped German virtue in the face! It touched English female extravagance in its point of glory—the Purse. “There was the creature,”—as my Mrs. Bell said—“perched up in her pride for life! The Queen had asked her to tea: and after that, what right had any meaner person to criticise or sit in judgment? Such an example! such an encouragement! But it was truly like those Germans!” Then, was no moment for pointing out, that our English Princes had not always been innocent of favourites: and that when a Marchioness consents to take the reign of A Pavilion, she is, of the two, a greater discouragement to female Propriety, than when a Free-trader dashes from a strolling player’s booth, into the garret of a journalist, and thence (taking a score of gambling houses in the way) lays siege to the

cabinet of a silly old King, who has been taught by the Sages and Poets of his country, the true æsthetic relish for "*Eine Natur*." But, on these questions, Women won't reason. She who winneth the race 'twixt *Cutty-Sark* and *Cutty-Sark* must prepare for the worst possible construction. Little need Dollalolla have minded any displeasure: could she only have kept herself quiet. But the notion of the Public fandango seems never to have been tamed out of her. Unlike the Irishwoman who "neither loved grandeur *nor* goodness—but only pace and dacency,"—the Countess of Landsfeldt was constant to tight-rope and slack-wire. Dance she must and dance she would: not "tumble," like the Queen of Sheba, for King Solomon alone, but for Ministers and Students and Newspaper folks—aye, and snap her castanets in the sinister faces of the Jesuits!—perfectly sure—"the confident thing!"—that no moth would eat her velvets, nor high wind tear her laces;—and knowing by hard experience of trade, that gold in the pocket won't tarnish. O most random and short-sighted of Dollallollas: to entertain such notions of reconciling Free-trade and Monopoly!

"A little sun, a little rain,"

(and a little mud of the Munich kennels, too, so the journals tell us!) and the gates of Dollalolla's House opened,—and out was she driven, to witch what other world, the Saint of Dancers knoweth best. And the barbarous people rushed in, to ravage, and destroy and demolish the treasures, the description of which had made so many a good woman's mouth water,—and the King wiped his eyes, and added another sonnet (such as it is) to his centenary; and with a general hiss the curtain has fallen on the Masque or Farce, which, peradventure, will be resumed somewhere about All Fool's Day.—For even Lord George himself, will hardly now assert, that the existence of any theatre whatsoever, or that the sovereignty or abdication of any puppet,—is *stable*.

But if this deposition of a *Queen Bobtail* in Bavaria be admired at, as a useful and comical illustration of the uncertainty of greatness,—what are plain people to make of French Fashions for March? *Tag* and *Rag* gone out!—clean swept away,—before Europe could cry "*O!*"—and hardly affording our hospitable Queen time to reciprocate past civilities, by fitting out her bathing machine to bring the draggled King safe ashore! Why, the other day, when my Boy and I were in Paris, it appeared too evident that nobody believed much in anybody,—I mean, among what we

call the privileged classes. Heads given to palsy were shaking as usual,—Croakers—a race never still from the time of “the Frogs” of Aristophanes to the more modern *grenouilles* whose song is cut short by the cooks of Gaul—were as usual keeping up their dismal ditty about “*Dancing on the surface of a Volcano*,”—Reformers were ravening for their banquet,—the clink of money was to be heard inspiritingly on the back-stairs of most public offices,—and on the best of authorities, the Citizen King had expressed his determination of “driving his *fiacre*” just as pleased him,—let his “Cousin of England” take Spanish matches and Swiss intrigues ever so much amiss! He had even made up a party to see the Prohibition. Not Dollalolla herself was surer of Empire and a Mausoleum at a grateful People’s cost! There is something sublime in the absurdity of such security. The man who for eighteen years, had been dogged by Assassination—so that for a time (Gossip Rumour saith) no one knew in which precise chamber of the Palace he was to pass the night—was now so richly curtained with fortifications,—so lulled by the murmur of his myriad troops, so strong in the consciousness of the money garnered up for family use—that he could bid his soul eat, drink, and be merry! and talk of one coming Riot more or less with as glib an indifference as we talk of one other *Punch* or Dreadful-Accident-Maker, who squeaks, or drawls past our windows, until silenced by the Police!—The brute, besotted stillness of some Pagan Idol, without human motion in its limbs, or speculation in its eyes—amid things of life, has always impressed me with a certain awe: and with feelings akin to this, do I regard the recent position of that huge mass of Self-Cheaters and Delusion—once a shrewd, energetic man—the fall whereof we have just heard.—The transaction is mighty enough to make the wonder of ages,—yet small enough to be told in a nursery rhyme.

The Clock struck ONE!
The Mouse fell down!—

Never was stroke so loud:—never fall so mean!

One or two accessory touches of comedy are not to be lost sight of as heightening the deep and serious meaning of the event, and pointing its moral by the force of fine contrast. The Seven Undertaker’s Men in Black, who paraded the *Faubourg*, trying to proclaim the Duke of Bordeaux, and who finding their pleasant little proclamation vain, went forthwith and inscribed themselves.

“as Republicans”—what an end was there of “that time-honouring Loyalty,” the praises of which Young England has hymned with so much good sympathy and bad rhyme!—Then, who could help smiling at the departure of Prince Louis Napoleon with his two Carpet Bags, for the scene of Earthquake?—(My Lame Boy persists that in one, there must have been a stuffed Eagle which will *travel flat*!)—And who could avoid laughing at his speedy return—with the thanks of the Republic for his tendered services; and its polite assurances that it was best served by his keeping at a distance? Napoleon’s name no longer a spell which can raise half an hour’s cry on one of those stormy days in France when a government is to let! have we—who are not old men—lived to see last scenes like these? Verily much that has been used to call itself Greatness, must hold its state now a days on Fields of Cloth-of-Frieze, whereas the Field of Cloth-of-Gold was of late hardly superb enough for its parade!—Dollallolla is forced to return to her horsewhips and pistols; her cigarettes and short petticoats;—*Henry Cinq*, may go or stay, wherever he likes,—the new Napoleon, is invited back to London, (not to call it “being sent packing”) ere his secretary has had time to take the Flat Eagle out of the Carpet Bag!—Conclusions how crushing in their impotence!

But, to the English, the “whereabouts” of the deposed Personages is a matter of some interest. The ladies first. We think that Dollallolla is too wise to come our way. Mr. Lumley, we are sure, will hardly engage her again, seeing that “the stalls” sentenced her *gambades* as having “a kick too much” of the Quadrant in them—neither will Mr. Delafield:—still less Madame Vestris: least of all Madame Celeste: supposing that Dollallolla was willing to dance “at the Minors” after having figured on Royal boards. And it is the fixed idea of Miss Weak that The Pope has sent for her; and, that, ere May-day comes, she will be heard of as triumphing in the Vatican!—Ladies that walk about with Caps of Liberty on poles, are in great present request in Italy—and after having cajoled a Crown, it *would be* fun to humbug a Tiara!—So to Rome let Dollallolla post, an she will, and try her luck there; unless, she has dreams of turning the Grand Turk round her finger. But Dollallolla’s brother in ignominious ejection,—he looks to England—is here—fondly recollecting old times, no doubt. Here, too, are his sons and his daughters: and his grandchildren: into whose recollection this Revolution may possibly be printed, as a time of pleasurable

excitement: of no lessons, and no dressing up, and no good behaviour: and of seeing many queer people: and lastly, of going to stay with the little Folks of kind Queen Victoria, and having the run of their perfidious English playthings!—For to children, discomfort becomes a pleasure, so it only brings along with it novelty.—There is another of the fugitives, too, by whom the arrival at Newhaven may come to be agreeably remembered, when a Revolution or two more have passed:—I mean, the “weary” Queen of the French. One can fancy that to her, Mrs. Smith’s inn, must be better than “the chamber of dais” at Neuilly; and Claremont an Elysium in its absence of Infernal Machines. A Man may get inured to the idea of being shot at—more especially if he harbour the superstitions apparently entertained by our inmate—that he bears a charmed life:—but the plight of that man’s wife is less enviable: a state of terrors to which no Jesuit manna can serve as an anodyne, nor against which, the largest consciousness of private virtue can provide a bulwark. Now, therefore, may an innocent and timid Lady, at last rise up quietly, and take rest unharmed by spectres, after eighteen years of grief and fever, and nightmare!

As to the deposed Citizen King himself: there is more to be said, touching *his* reception and sojourn within our borders. Had Rhadamanthus been harbour-master at the landing place, Louis Philippe might have been greeted, as he stepped on shore, with those two particularly comfortable lines from the Moorish Ballad,

Good King! thou art rightly served,
 Good King! this thou hast deserved!

But Rigorous Justice, albeit he sits in John Bull’s gate, is too apt to take its black cap off when a Royalty goes by.—Justice will cry (and Justice’s Wife still louder) “To the ducking stool with Dollollolla!” as loud as Rigorous Virtue could desire: yet the next instant both go bowing, and becking, and simpering up to a King *Crack* in distress, just as if the distress had not been caused by King *Crack*’s own craft, cupidity, and falsehood. Oh! let us look sharp after Pity, Condolence, and Benevolence, when Sycophancy can take a share in their proceedings!—so long as there are silly Fools of Quality, who fancy it is aristocratic and constitutional to *snub* the People, by soothing their Oppressor,—so long as we have thrifty Amphitryons, to whom a wandering Sovereign is even more acceptable, by way of *Lion*, than a Lind were she willing to come and warble for love—or than the last

new Murderer, could he be hung up in his Cage, behind "the breakfast tents," for good company to tremble at! To me, this swarming—this driving to and fro—this leaving of cards from A to Z—at Embassies and Hotels, and other shelters for the misconducted, does *not* show the generous side of British nature! An unmolested and secure retreat is reception enough, for one whom all agree to consider as a defaulter on system:—and let this be kindly but silently ministered. But, let us have no rushing about with presents and plum-cakes, for one drummed out in double quick time—by way of recompense of malpractices, merely because he asked our Moons to dine—or because he is now in condition to play the part of a star of first magnitude—at an Ealing breakfast, or a Roehampton (not Republican) Archery Fête. I hear "the inconceivable fickleness and meanness" of Louis Philippe's followers, sharply commented upon,—as if having been taught by him how to sell their souls, they are not now following his precepts by tendering them wholesale to the Provision(al) Government of France! But, let us take our own tale home. Because Everard Le Grand's visit to Holyrood under Charles X. was a topic which lasted himself and "womenkind" as long as the never-forgotten Royal breakfast at Tillietudlem—must nothing serve that strange and demented woman his sister, but she must absolutely, the other day, come up to town, with railway haste—on the strength of some hazy tradition of "her ancestors having a right to wait on Kings of France,"—and her own resolution, "not to be behind hand in duty because her Sovereign had fallen into misfortune?" I am told that she would absolutely have got up an address among the old Ladies of our Row, but that some one said in her hearing that an Address was *low* and popular—on which she decided upon going, alone, herself to Claremont to express her feelings and sympathy.

Loyalty proposes, in these days, but Liberalism disposes! The stars which watch over the popular cause, decreed that Paul Bell and Son should be on the Platform at the station, when the long train came sighing, slowly up, in which was sitting Miss Le Grand upright and genteel, previous to putting her precious scheme into execution. For many reasons she cannot bear the sight of me. I am one of her trustees: and she must mind what I say, when it comes to buying in or selling out. Then I set her right about her facts, and am too apt to pull down her screens—even before company—without giving due warning. The Lady—turned all the colours of the Tricolor, when she set her eyes on me—set up

a faint plea of a Dentist, and one or two other pretences no less transparent and ingenious. To none of these would I listen : whereupon, seeing that there was no evasion to be managed,—I was favoured with the real business which brought her :—for the thousandth time, plied with compliments on my generosity, and assurances (perfectly superfluous to one already aware of the fact) that “I was the last man in Lancashire, who could, would, or should, trample on the fallen.” Something was added, by way of giving the Pilgrimage a poetical turn ; but my lame Boy laughed, and by this time, I was ready to speak to the point.

“Madam,” said I, (and every reader of Johnson will acknowledge the rebuking force of a “*Madam*,” rightly applied,) “That ill-placed Pity may produce results as mischievous as those of open Immorality, History, unfortunately, affords us too many examples. To be sorry for an old gentleman ‘burnt out,’ is one thing—to be sorry for the man, who secure in the selfishness of Insurance, does not care whether every one else’s house be burnt, is another.—Shall we ever forget the year 30?”

“Sir,” was the affronted answer, “I cannot guess to what you refer. Eighteen years ago.”

“As to our ages, Miss Le Grand, we will not refer to them ; the subject being obviously displeasing. But I was thinking of the sarsnet Personages, and the linsey-woolsey Persons, who thought they were making themselves finer in proportion as they aped sarsnet—how they, then, were afflicted by the said plight of the Wandering Kings whom Fortune threw on ‘Albion’s hospitable shores.’ No words were, then, opprobrious enough for Louis Philippe—no wickedness so fatally beyond the pale of forgiveness as his. He was sitting in the rightful Sovereign’s seat—he was pandaring to the vile passions of the people—he was snatching at a crown which neither God nor Man had entitled him to wear. There was something so low-lived in his whole proceedings—and Charles the Tenth was such a gentleman!—and the Duchess such an admirable woman—a martyr, nothing less. And who but was inflamed by the brilliant and heroic spirit of the vivacious Duchess de Berri!—so lately the life, soul, and splendour of the French Court, and at that moment of sympathy doomed to wander forlorn in a brown stuff gown,—

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough briar ;
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire !

And to hide behind the backs of ovens till baked, and to endure all manner of perils and agonies for the sake of the good cause of 'Right Divine' and Loyalty! Why: we are neither of us old, Miss Le Grand!" (this I threw in by way of sweetener) "yet we recollect all this: and how Sir Walter Scott sympathised, and Tory heads were bowed in legitimate sorrow: and the Carlists tried to make the Usurper ridiculous, by proving his likeness to a Pear. And, recollecting this, and being aware, moreover, that you belong to a congregation that lays great stress upon a direct apportionment of rewards and punishments—permit me to ask you, on what reasonable grounds, are *you* disposed to tender to these fugitives the homage of your Pity? If you were just, *then*; Nemesis is just, *now*; and you had better not interfere with the Lady—since like other ladies she is apt to be touchy when meddled with."

My question posed Miss Le Grand. To have represented to her that Monarchs were, after all, like other human beings, simply and severely responsible for the consequences of crime, craft, or cupidity, would but have irritated her; without convincing. But a long memory, used in favour of consistency, is—I have frequent occasions of perceiving—a weapon more untoward than any other you can bring to bear. And the highly-connected gentlewoman of the Row, was pricked in her conscience, I was convinced. For in 1830, she had talked of wearing mourning for The Bourbons, and had been thrown into fever-fits by the black perfidy exercised against the wandering Princess, whose shame she declared, had been expressly contrived and provided for by the usurping Citizen King: until her maiden virtue and her loyalty got into such strange confusions, that some one was obliged to point out the indelicacy of her suggestions only in time. Then my Imp of a Boy plied her with the assurance that, if too much fuss was made over these dishonoured exiles, we should have half Paris across the Channel in a week—to ravage: and what not. So betwixt laughter and intimidation, and that strange conviction of want of importance which, somehow or other, seizes every one in London from time to time,—the Aristocratic Lady of the Row, was fain to take express train two days after her arrival, and be whirled homewards: with the miserable pretext that she had just run up to town "to see the fashions for March."

But all this time, some impatient liberal under years of discretion is crying "Out upon the old Trifler!" meaning me—angry at me, for wasting time, ink, and persuasion, on matters of trifling

consequence—for being run away with, in short, by “the fugitives” of March, in place of dwelling on the progress of a Living People, as vastly more important than the board of discrowned Dollalollas and the lodging of punished Potentates. For this I have my answer, and, I think, my good reason ready. To look towards France with silence, proportionate to the depth of our interest, seems to me all that the best of us can do,—save, perchance, he have the self-complacency of Lord Besom, and fancy, that in three days he can set matters to rights as easily as he ousted the family of Cuckoo, who, not long ago, got into his nest, under pretext it was their own.

“What ceremony next?” is to be looked for—what new fashions may “come up,” in France, or *for* Europe, are matters quite beyond the scope of ordinary prophetic powers. Lady Hester Stanhope, we all recollect, predicted a wondrous future for M. de Lamartine: and the Rock of Cashel has fallen, which Elderly Ladies say, means an English Revolution. And those must know the French, better than most Frenchmen, who can gravely, and without the arrogance of quackery, decide as yet, down which channel the current of their social life shall “rage and swell;” ere it subside into a broad and deep and tranquil stream. Promises have been made to the operatives of France, on the keeping of which, or otherwise, much will depend. Banners of Peace and Good-will have been hung out—which it is to be hoped will not be torn to tatters by a gust of wind or two. Let us forbear from comment for a while: and those with whom the desire for Prophecy is strong,—will do what is the wisest and the kindest, to wait: and to prophecy after the fact—a mode of proceeding full of comfort. Meanwhile, though we are unable to prove our Prescience, there is no need that our Wisdom shall grow rusty for want of occupation. Never was there a time when integrity and caution were of such consequence: in speech no less than in action. The Swiss guides have been used by way of adding to the excitements of mountain climbing, to desire the Traveller to be silent at certain dangerous points, lest an Avalanche should be detached by the vibration caused by his idle talking. Even so, might the words of rash or dangerous persons, at the present period, be the means of dragging down Ruin, Confusion, and Dismay, upon Europe for half a century to come. The same reason as has here made me protest against bad examples being set by the Canonisation of Dollalolla, or the admission of the Citizen King to the honours of martyrdom, makes

me also enforce the virtue of discretion. Mockery—enthusiasm—political economy—or diplomatic counsel—any one of these awkwardly administered, might do irremediable harm. Meanwhile, good go with Liberty! And may those abroad and at home, who love it the most, show by their example and influence that they have not evoked it too soon, nor taken its name in vain, nor clad it in an attire totally unfit for work-days! And let Dollalollas and Citizen Kings be allowed undisturbed leisure, in which, as the Irish have it, they may “make their souls” and confess their follies—for the edification of generations yet unborn. Thus employed, it is not too late for even them to contribute their quota of usefulness and instruction to their fellow-dancers and Sovereigns—not to speak of the pit, boxes, and gallery—*alias*, the general Public.

March 4, 1848.

P.S. March 21st.

My “Old Woman” (there’s no disgrace in a title, worn by the arbitress of Moliere’s mirth; and, in later days, affixed to the Queen of Good Manners, Mrs. Trollope, by the Americans) Mrs. Bell—will have me add, a few lines on the newest fugitive French Fashion for March—to wit, the Marching order, imposed on every English workman, workwoman, and workchild—coachman, chairwoman and handmaiden—by the enfranchised French operatives. M. Louis Blanc, she insists, cannot wash such a transaction white; nor Socialism recognise a proceeding so utterly insensate and churlish. And, true to the spirit of “reprisals,” (which I once called “Politics of the feminine gender,”)—she would have such measures met by others corresponding in scale. It is not enough that Madlle. Caroline Monsieur Auriol and Monsieur and Madame Jullien,* she persists, were compelled to sing “God save the

* A rather rash statement of facts; I submit:—but rash statements of events of the hour, were among the most popular fashions for March. A fortnight ago, English travellers on the Rhenish railways were solaced by the news, that The King of the Belgians had added one more to the list of fugitives; that London was in flames; and our Queen gone, no one knew whither—*probably to Ireland!* Ten days ago, the return and the reign of the Count de Paris was cried in the streets of London, under the very ears of the Ambassadors!—And everybody had three weeks since his own positive information of the resignation of Prince Metternich: just as if he was as transparent a person as Mlle. Jenny Lind, and, if he *had* resigned, would let everybody know it. When he was “swept out”—(a totally distinct matter) we heard all about it, fast enough.—And, here, while I am writing, comes a cry from Munich that Dollalolla has got back again: and another

Queen," on their bended knees, the night "the resuscitation of the precarious state of the Drama," mentioned in the Bunn and Butler papers, commenced at Drury Lane, by several spirited acts of Horsemanship—she would compel every *Anatole* and *Palmyre* among them, to troop home "on the spot."—Nor them alone; but also every one of the hair-dressers—the shoe-makers—the milliners—the cooks—"Why are they," cries the patriotic woman, "to take the bread out of honest English mouths, when they won't any longer give their nasty *brioche* to the people they lured across the Channel, to show them how to groom a horse; and to make a railway-cutting?"—"Tis useless to remind her, that this is merely the doing of "The People in a passion," (long ago so awfully sketched by Titmarsh in the frontispiece to his book) that, so far from the Government countenancing any such incivilities, it is pressing every stranger to spend as much in France, "just as if nothing had fallen,"—"But," saith the angry old woman, "who governs the Government, then? And what use is political freedom to those, whose first practical act, is one of such sand-blind bigotry?—and what reliance is there on professions of peace made by persons whose very first position," (as the dancing master M. Hyacinthe has it) "is not a turning out of Gallic toes merely—but a kicking out of English labour and capital?"

I have tried every means of pacifying my wife—but in vain. She will set up, on the occasion, for a Lady Hester Stanhope the second; prophecy and not be comforted. Moreover she is driven into a *cul-de-sac* (I must take care that she does not insist on my expunging the French word) on being asked, whether she would not suffer the most, by having—ahem!—her curls subjected to the heavy hands of native talent;—and her feet pinched in native shoes, the fashion of whose discomfort has never changed since the days of the old Corn-Law!—"And who," I further inquire, "can you trust to teach our two little girls, *carriage* if M. and Mme. Hyacinthe are dispatched home, to instruct M. Ledru Rollin and the Electors,—or to teach M. Lamartine how he may keep his balance, on the dizzy thread, from whence he must address and aid in enchanting into order, a fervid people, whose desires have been exaggerated by craft and systematised falsehood, till they be now something of the wildest?" It is hard—I own—to distinguish just now, betwixt accident, and essential; between inevitable

cry (Dollalolla's own)—that they have snatched off her coronet and given back her house and garden to the Crown again!—Therefore, the singing and genuflection of Monsieur and Madame Jullien, may be apocryphal.—P. B.

consequences of the past ; and immediate fruits of the present. But it is not hard that when a people have "gone out" for Liberty—their first illiberal movement, be it ever so small and partial, (if too great to be controlled,) should be watched—and recorded, if not criticised. And thus, in accordance with every principle of Private Judgment, Free Trade, and Fair Dealing,—to say nothing of that peace at home, the preciousness of which was so fearfully taught us by Mr. Job Caudle the redoubtable—do I annex, my Mrs. Bell's remark in a P.S.—unprovoked to answer her remark, that a P.S. proverbially contains, the pith of a letter.

THE VIRTUE OF GOLD.

A KNOWLEDGE of our own defects is one of the most important steps towards improvement ; and, however humiliating, it might read us a useful lesson to contrast the degradation of moral sentiment which sometimes characterises esteemed English writers, not with the great Continental philosophers of the day, but with the (to us) unapproachable elevation of some third-rate French writers of a century back. This reflection has been suggested by the following passage in "Laing's Notes of a Traveller :—"

"It [wealth] is a proof, a token undeniable, of great industry, great energy great talent in his sphere, great social activity and utility in the possessor or his predecessor, who acquired it, and what ought to be honoured and esteemed, if not the visible proof of these social virtues? This common, almost instinctive judgment of all men, under all varieties of government, according this pre-eminence of social distinction to mere wealth, proves that this judgment is right, that it is founded on some natural, just, and useful social principle."

This passage is quoted, with approbation, by Dr. Vaughan, in his "Age of Great Cities ;" and as it is a matter of importance to point out the errors of works which find readers, especially when these errors strike in with the debasing and demoralising tendencies of the age, we shall venture a brief comment upon it.

There are cases in which to assert a thing which is true without alluding to other truths that qualify it, is almost equivalent to the assertion of a falsehood ; it leaves an impression upon the mind incompatible with the omitted portion of truth ; and a just inference can only be deduced from the related portions of truth taken in combination : of this the passage before us is an example.

The assertion is, that industry, energy, and talent, as a general rule, are valuable qualities, of which wealth is the indication to the extent of constituting a rule by which esteem is to be awarded; as a necessary consequence men without wealth, allowing for exceptions, only possess these valuable qualities in such an inferior degree as to vitiate their title to esteem—an inference, we will venture to say, which all impartial men of observation and experience will disallow. It must be admitted, to a certain extent, that wealth does indicate qualities bearing some analogy to those enumerated; but by no means that it constitutes a criterion of the possession of virtues, or of the desert of respect; since the virtues in question are nearly allied to neighbouring vices, and riches are quite as frequently an indication of the one as of the other. Success, to the extent of acquiring large fortunes, is usually dependant upon various external circumstances, and upon different internal qualities, to which no allusion is made in the above passage. Men may possess all the social virtues enumerated, yet fail of success in consequence of external circumstances proving unfavourable; and however it may flatter the pride of superiority in the rich to ascribe their success to their own merit, it is, for the most part, a contemptuous violation of truth, proceeding from real or imaginary motives of interest, and implies an unjust reflection upon men of moderate means.

Further, the accumulation of wealth often results, in good part, from qualities partaking of the nature of vice. It has been said by a writer of great experience and knowledge of the world, that large fortunes, in the present day, are seldom acquired by honourable means. But, without determining the precise degree in which this is true, it is certain that success frequently results from over-reaching, grinding oppression of work-people, and a variety of fraudulent arts and petty meanness, which, it is notorious, in different degrees, invariably characterise the spirit of trade. It is disingenuous, to say the least, to make a statement, which, if read by men in a state of blissful ignorance, would leave an impression at variance with the facts of the case, namely, that wealth is rarely acquired by dishonourable means.

Supposing, however, the men who accumulate wealth as exempt as possible from these vices; assiduous, unremitting, absorbing devotion to business and the pursuit of gain, is at best but a questionable kind of virtue; or, to speak with greater accuracy, it is a virtue, or the reverse, precisely according to circumstances. In men who can hardly obtain a living by constant labour, such

devotion to it is meritorious ; necessity makes a virtue of it ; men who are ready to make all the sacrifices demanded by their position in life, in order to procure an honourable subsistence, are entitled to the praise of virtuous men. But after men have acquired a moderate competency ; when capable of obtaining, with little exertion, a comfortable sufficiency, we say that excessive drudgery is anything but a virtue. There is an important sense in which it is true, that "man liveth not by bread alone ;" the qualities which enter into the formation of a manly character are not best cultivated by that unremitting devotion to bodily toil which provides for the physical man ; such devotion necessarily excludes those studies and pursuits which enlarge, and purify, and humanise the mind ; and we will go further, and say, that such an absorbing attention to the pursuit of gain, as is essential, in the majority of cases, to the acquisition of wealth, is the sure sign of a narrow, a vulgar, and a morally debased mind.

If the author of the "Notes of a Traveller" is singularly unhappy in the inferences he deduces from the possession of wealth, in the reasonings by which he attempts to support his position, he eclipses even himself. The doctrine for which he engages to be responsible is, that "this common, almost instinctive judgment of all men, under all varieties of government, according to this pre-eminence of social distinction to mere wealth, proves that this judgment is right, that it is founded on some natural, just, and useful social principle." Viewed in a logical light, this is one of the most remarkable instances of the *non sequitur* which we remember to have met with among men possessing tolerable pretensions to sanity. To argue from the existence of a thing to its truth and rectitude, is one of those glaring fallacies we imagined confined to ignorant and bigoted minds. It must be allowed that there are instances in which the universal prevalence of a particular mode of thinking and feeling indicates a natural propensity ; but all the propensities are liable to transgress their due limits when exempt from the control of reason, in consequence of which, to determine the degree in which a particular indulgence of any propensity is a virtue or a vice, requires a sound and disciplined judgment. So far is this propensity from being instinctive and universal, that, with the progressive development of mind, there is an increasing number who regard it as a piece of dishonest adulation, originating in an interested attention to the main chance, as the grand impediment

to human progress, by stripping knowledge and virtue of their just supremacy in the estimation of mankind, and in every view, as the meanest and most pitiful feature of the human character.

Although the enormous inequalities in the distribution of the products of human industry, resulting from the existing laws of property, during a certain stage of social progress, may be regarded as an incidental evil, compensated by their tendency to provoke emulation, and thus to develop all the physical and industrial resources, when the disparities are carried to such an extent as to leave one portion of society in possession of a thousand times more than the individual can consume, while another portion is daily dying of starvation ; all men of common humanity are beginning to allow that the system productive of such results has exhausted its power as an agent of progress ; and that the extreme passion for physical good which is fostered by commerce, and which manifests itself in the accumulation of immense wealth, while a large portion of society is in a state of destitution, is a vice rather than a virtue.

We think it necessary to make a formal apology to Mr. Laing and the public for the extreme mildness (considering the nature of the offence) of our strictures upon a passage which we earnestly wish we could regard in the light of a *lapsus styli*, and of which we trust the author will yet live to repent ; and it is to be hoped that, for the future, no man will be permitted to transgress all the limits of decency by pandering to the worst tendencies of the age, without drawing upon himself a castigation in some degree corresponding to the magnitude of his offence.

ADVANCE WITHIN THE HOUSEHOLD.

“The language of a ruder age declares that every man’s house is his castle ; the progress of truth will make every house a shrine. . . . Let a man say, ‘My house is here in the county for the culture of the county.’”

EMERSON’S LECTURES—*Domestic Life*.

THE heavy falling rain-drops were now so drifted by the keen north wind, into one broad stream of rain, that Ruth’s warm cloak, her straw bonnet, her little basket, the old man’s duffle coat, his grey locks, all except the primitive-looking knapsack swung at his back, were as soaked, by the time they had reached

this more open part of the wide country road, as if they had been dipped in the brook brawling hoarsely on a stone's throw off. There seemed now no place of shelter near; for since the American preacher and his daughter had passed the last cottage, they had travelled on for more than a mile through a wide strip of forest land; and now the broadened road lay, as far as wind and rain would let them catch a glimpse, above a comparatively open country on either hand. It was no use to return, as shelter was probably much nearer onward than at the rear; and as he was on his way to preach at a neighbouring town on the morrow's Sabbath, Andrew Fletcher the preacher kept sturdily on a-foot, only stopping when some gust of wind was fiercer than another, to shelter Ruth by bending over her, or to draw her soddened cloak together. As the rain comparatively ceased, and clouds of flaky light broke through the dark one, stretched across the sky, they could just distinguish that the country to the right was a sort of park, undulating, and screened in by the same old wintry woods which a mile before had been a forest round the road itself. They now felt sure some sort of shelter was at hand, and soon a wide old wooden park gate swung back to the pressure of Andrew's hand, and he and Ruth could just distinguish before them at the distance of a few hundred yards, a sort of grange or very long built country house. When reached, it was more a substantial homestead than a mansion, with a rich country garden round it; half orchard, half quaintly set with quainter trees and bowers, and dark with plots of loamy soil where, in summer, roses and violets bordered long rows of blooming peas and scented beans. On one side was an ample dove-cot and still, dark, old fish ponds, in which, from year to year, shoals of tench and carp fattened, and bred, and died; and on the other side were warm thatched byres, housing so many sleek kine from the wintry blast, that their scented breath hung on the air, and fell warm upon the passer's cheek. Amidst these byres were huge stacks of many harvests' corn, great piles of faggot wood, and, in the midst, an old mossied oaken cider press, that, for a century or two of autumns, had crushed the golden apple vintage. A broad terrace lay in front of this old grange, on which looked deep-set oriel windows, many-coloured paned, and clad in sombre ivy; but only through one of which a fire light stole, and this revealed so congenial and pleasant a sight that the American preacher and his daughter stopped involuntarily on the terrace, to look within. It was an old-fashioned book-room; hundreds of folios were gathered in

quaint carved presses, whilst many others were strewn about the highly-polished floor and oriel seat. A roaring fire of wood burnt upon the wide stone hearth, whilst beside it at a library table, more modern than the carved presses round, sat a man of about five-and-thirty years of age. This was the English Saxon, Richard By—a spiritual teacher through books and by words, whose thoughts this old man looking on had marvellously gloried in many a summer's noon and twilight fall, beside his little Indian stream in the far off Canadian forests of the west. Yet, being a stranger, he knew not that this was the man, or this his home ; but feeling sure from the visible presence before him of the soul's culture by the ready hand and hospitable voice, he and Ruth turned less reluctantly away from this old oriel, inclosing so sweet a picture. Like those of most old country houses, the heavy oaken door had neither bell nor knocker, as if for sign that it should ever stand open to welcome the wayfarer, and to knock with the hand, however heavy, was but to add faint echoes to the sighing wintry wind, as it howled around the buttresses, and spent itself amidst the gables. A stone's throw off, however, was a little well-worn postern door. This led them into a paved quadrangle, set about with diamond-paned windows and the gables of far-up twisted chimneys. Many of these hundred-paned casements were flickered by the ruddy glow of bright wood fires, or less glaringly by lantern or candle, and where the latter streamed out their fainter light into the darkness of the quadrangle, larder and dairy, and store-room and far down cellars, with their heavy wooden joists and beams, revealed the gathering of harvest and vintage, autumn and summer, October and the yellow meads of May. A large old lantern, left within the stone-floored dairy, showed pans of luscious cream, crisp curd, frothed milk yet steaming from the pail ; and lumps of richest butter, some yet shapeless from the churn, and some fashioned with a die of vine-leaves or rose-buds, lay nestling in the curled gracefulness of frosted parsley. In the larder, large and old, stood mighty ham and chine, baron and round of the high-stalled steer, huge flaked country loaves, and more delicate roll, rich pies of fruit and meat, some with their cross-barred tops revealing luscious jellied fruit, hare and pheasant, plover and duck ; and on the floor, not long from deep-sedged pool and swifter stream, lay snouted pike, and red-gilled carp, and slimy unctuous eel. More than enough to feast every wayfarer, and yet leave the household satisfied. With the minute's lingering of a household candle, the store-closet showed a wealth upon the cheese-

press; not Lilliputian Goudas from the salt fens of Holland, but respectable, well-aged, butter-souled fellows of a hundred weight or more; and jars of confected fruit, and piles of apples, the ruddiest and most golden of the autumn boughs; and cakes and biscuits, and preserves and pickles, and foreign condiments far-fetched by ship and wain, and grape and olive, and fig and date, ripened by the golden sun of other zones, and more serene and lasting skies. Far down, where the cook turned the tap in the bellied tun with lusty hand, old barrel and cask stood still and dusty on the mouldy fungus-covered rest, like a parcel of old Bacchanals grown sluggish and fat with sleep, but could be up and doing if they would, and meant to be some day when their plethora was tapped, and justice done them beside the blazing fire, or beneath the mistletoe bough. Yes, there was Sir John, hopped and tunned a score of Octobers gone, and cider and country wine, whose fruit-boughs were long since sere, and in dark crypts, just peeping with enticing bottle-neck, lay a waste of southern vintage, long since from purple staining and crushed husk. Enough, enough, to wet the pale-hued lips of many soulless wayfarers, and pour the healing balm into the spirit of the lacking and labour-worn. And yet the riches of great ever-giving Nature perished here; and yet will perish over the broad bosom of the world, till man makes active this eternal law—*What I use by daily apparel, and nurture, and housing, is mine, and nothing more. The over substance is his who lacks it; and whilst there is one lacking, Nature, has neither waste nor prodigality!*

These signs of closet and store-room, dairy and cellar, were hopeful for the material welcome, and thus with an undoubting spirit the preacher raised the ready wooden door-latch, and with Ruth entered the wide stone hall or kitchen, the ruddy light of which gleamed so cheerily into the quadrangle, and where some dozen comely farm and house servants had just seated themselves down to a plentiful and substantial supper spread steaming on a long table before the glowing fire. A few words sufficed to ask for the shelter required, and Andrew and Ruth sat down on the oaken settle, whilst the servant departed to ask the permission that seemed necessary. Something chilled the soul of this noble man. If the matter were mere form, why let it exist to the harming of the spiritual nature of the soul? In his own Canadian log-house every wayfarer was welcome; and this not through satisfaction by bread alone, but by the kindly eye, the grasping hand, the warm heart of nature in the touching tones of the

voice. He had given *these* away ; he hoped for them now ; but, Andrew Fletcher, recollect this is not thy log Canadian homestead, but By-Cote in the heart of England's Leicestershire, where prejudice of barbarism is as much within, as its ancestral oaks are grey !

Till the master gave the sign the servant could not welcome. Richard By as yet supposed that men are to be reformed by words alone ; he did not yet understand that ACTION must stand forth the sovereign redeemer before the great victories of Advance will be won ! Perhaps, in extenuation, it may be said, that at the moment his servant delivered the American preacher's message, he was rapidly committing to paper the sublime idea that filled his soul, and therefore might misunderstand, or hear with that vague indistinctness that catches words rather than meaning, for he curtly answered, " No, certainly not ; no strangers can be admitted ! " The servant withdrew, and in two minutes more the preacher had said his cheerful " good night," and the quadrangle door closing to his hand, he and Ruth were out again into the storm. The storm I say, for though the rain was over, and the frosty moon begun to show itself through the thick masses of clouds, the wind blew with violence, sighing and roaring in the tree-tops, and coming, from the far-off forest boughs, rampant and bellowing like a giant as it was.

Casting down his pen in deep abstraction, Richard for some moments trod up and down the glowing chamber, his tall figure falling on the floor in lengthened shadow, till stopping in the oriel he looked out upon the night. Upwards and downwards he gazed, even yet lost in thought, till his eyes following the length of the avenue, he saw looking backward, from beside the gate, a man of tall and venerable presence, whose white locks floating in the rough night wind gave him the look of a patriarch or prophet. Beside him stood a young woman looking backward too ; when they had filled their gaze, they passed through the gate and were lost in the shadows of the road. Now, thoroughly roused by the uncommonness of the sight, for neither figures bore the look of mendicants, the words " American preacher " came at once to Richard's remembrance, he hurriedly rang for his servant, and before the repeated message could be well finished, he had thrust on his hat and quitted the house. He strode rapidly up the avenue, but not knowing which way Andrew and Ruth had taken, whether the right or left, for he had not stopped to hear the name of the town whither they were going, he pursued the road they had

already traversed. Not overtaking them for some half mile, he retraced his steps and pursued the other road. It brought him in no great while to his woodman's cottage, placed a yard or two from the road just where the forest dipped again into the park. A very bright light shone through the window, and drawing near, he beheld the objects of his search, already seated by the glowing wood fire in changed apparel, their own drying in the chimney nook, the woodman, with his pipe, chatting merrily to them, whilst the good wife intently hastened the supper of eggs and bacon, the great country loaf, with cheese and butter and beer, already placed on the hospitable table. His first impulse was to knock and enter, but a sense of shame forbid it, for here the untaught man he might call "clodhopper" had welcomed, and he had not; and for the first time in his life, he understood that words are useless without somewhat of relative action. What was his wealth, what was his knowledge, what was his power? for what use were his garners laden, his cellars filled, his cupboards overflowing with the bounty that every clime could give, or trade-wind bring, unless some of it were made useful to the worthy and the good? He retraced his solitary steps, dejected and humiliated, and his hearth that night seemed sorrowful and cheerless.

Upon again questioning his servant, he learnt the name of the town the preacher had spoken of, and on the following morning proceeded thither in his carriage; Fletcher and his daughter having gone before, at an early hour, in the woodman's cart. Detained, however, incidentally upon the road, Richard did not enter the chapel till just as Andrew Fletcher began his extemporaneous and remarkable sermon from this text: "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." Was, or was not, this subject directed against the inhospitality of the foregone night? It was, at least, to the conscience of ~~one~~ hearer. But in no narrow, no theological, no personal spirit was the matter viewed. Large and true, as the heart of the speaker, were the words that inculcating, giving, receiving, welcoming, yet denounced the selfish principle, that the door must be open for angels' sake; or rather that the hood and the cloak, the coat and the hat, might conceal position, principles or talents, which would serve the interest of the giver. Direct interposition of God or angel was looked on at once as the agent effecting the changes of physical nature, or of social life; hence, for propitiation sake, bread was given, and shelter found; and this principle we trace throughout the whole *theological* phase of the world's history,

whether in the welcome given by Abraham to the angel, or by the Homeric chief to his guest ; but in the change now coming on, when reverence will be given to the great laws of Nature themselves—to goodness for its own sake—to truth for its sublime sake—to genius for its divine sake, as the highest and the best, without reference to more than their spiritual operation on ourselves, we shall grandly welcome with a heart dear to Nature. Farther, too, as our own culture advances, the great and true IDEA that all substance belongs to the unity of nature, will replace the selfish FORM, that what man can grasp, acquire, misuse, is his ; whereas, the truth is, when true culture has come, and we shall innately reverence, as well as progress from, the pregnant morality of our educated natures, we shall, our own wants satisfied, judge all material substance to be as free as the fruit of the forest bough, is to the requiring and the passer by ! The progress of social democracy will lessen the personal at every step, merging *my, mine, yours, ours*, into *pronouns* that shall express the WHOLE. * * *

In this way the preacher of the west continued, and so absorbed was Richard in the argument, and the consequent train of thought even when it had ended, that Andrew had left the pulpit and the chapel before he was aware. He had come to the town with the resolution, not merely to see the preacher, but to acknowledge the churlish inhospitality of the foregone night ; he now hastened out to fulfil this resolution. But just as he reached the chapel gates, an old-fashioned country chaise drove away, in which he had just time to recognise the preacher's thoughtful face, and see the gentlest and loveliest female one his gaze had ever fallen on. It was so pure, so natural, so sensible, that on it was stamped relationship to the great Puritan mothers. * * *

Since the party of Indians had left the great chain of lakes, and penetrated more deeply into the wilderness that surrounds the most outlying settlements, the health of the English traveller that accompanied them had rapidly failed. Through the most glorious portion of the brief Canadian summer, and the heat intense, it had not dried the swamps that lay imbedded in this wilderness, but served to make more dense at night-fall the thick mirage that hung around them even in the day. At length, quite stricken down by acute ague and its accompanying fever, and utterly unable to proceed, the Indians pitched their tents within a natural and elevated clearing of the forest, which, fed by

a swift flowing spring, carpeted with the closest turf, and with the richest and most scented flowers of the prodigal Canadian summer, was girdled in by pine, and birch, and maple tree, wherein the ceaseless voice of Nature made her own sweet music through the little throats of many tiny choristers. Here, tenderly and diligently watched by these poor Indians, for he had been kind and generous, the traveller lay for many days dangerously ill upon his scented bed of birch twigs and leaves. The crisis of the fever proved favourable, however. The Indians believing that their mystic incantations had propitiated the Great Spirit, quite overlooked the efficacy of the simple medicine which, made from a sort of bark, the squaws had simmered in their gourd upon the embers of their nightly fires and administered. The terrible languor of recovery was worse than fever itself to the traveller. He had neither wish nor hope for life, but believing death certain, begged to be carried to the nearest settlement. Accordingly, a rude litter was made from the twigs of the birch tree, and in this, diverging from their route some four days' journey, the Indians bore the stranger. Already acquainted with the township, the foremost one gave a satisfactory "ugh," and stayed his swift step, as in the glowing sunset, the last hill top disclosed the sweet valley of Fletcher-town. A sylvan-nooked river that broadened out into a lake, pastoral groups of kine, and fragrant meads, homesteads, and fields of corn, and russet orchards, garden and trellised walks, made up a garniture of nature, that even the poetic Wyoming might not have rivalled in its beauty.

"*La bella Patrie.*" As he spoke this sententiously, the Indian led the way, from the hill-top, into a wooded lane, that winding into the very heart of the little township, disclosed first the old wooden *auberge* or inn, known by its sign of *La bella Patrie*, which, kept by an old French Canadian, was supposed by its name, and the extraordinary skies and the purple of the vineyard on its flaming sign, to satirise the country of long winters and deep snows. Midway in the lane they met an old man taking his meditative evening's walk towards the still forest. The foremost Indian gave a more satisfactory "ugh" than even the previous one, and stopped abruptly, spoke, pointed to the litter, and uncovered it to let the old man look within.

"More is wanting here than lying soft or eating well," said the old man. "The Great Spirit bids us welcome." The Indian did not interpret the full meaning; he made a sign that the stranger had money, and could pay.

"Yes, for bread, for wine, but not for loving words that drooping nature asks for. When you welcome the stranger to the wigwam fire, Chinnanook, you give, besides the gourd, and buffalo rib, something from the heart."

"The Great Spirit bids a welcome be in the hand and voice ! Lead on."

With this the foremost Indian followed the old man, and, avoiding the few dwellings that composed the little township, they struck into a broad path that led directly to the largest and most picturesque house of the district, and, elevated amidst rich orchards and fields, looked down upon the whole broad valley. It was very large, substantially built of wood, with broad eaves around it, like those of a Swiss cottage, that, with lattice-work, and a profusion of climbing plants, formed a picturesque verandah. But as by this time it was the hour of the evening meal, and rapidly growing dusk, the whole household, dweller, and strangers were gathered together in the chief apartment, to enjoy a profuse and well-cooked supper, spread upon the long table. It was a noble room, looking out upon the broad valley ; and, though plain and substantial, was even elegantly decorated. All, traveller and stranger, learned and rude, had evidently been *spiritually* welcomed ; for they sat to break bread as it were *their own*. They waited for the preacher's return, as it seemed ; for glowing eyes, indicative of human hearts, were turned at the sound of his well-known step. But the litter, borne in by the Indians, at once rivetted both interest and curiosity. It was carried into a chamber, that opened from this one of the repast ; and the insensible man—for his illness had returned during this last day's journey—was gently laid on an old wide-fashioned sofa, and such restoratives administered as were considered judicious. It was not the restorative—it was not the resting-place—it was not the shelter : these the traveller's money could have begot at the cabaret, *La bella Patrie* ; but it was humane, loving hearts, that made attention sacrifice, and this the "shrine." Slightly recovering from the state of stupor, the stranger seemed to sink into tranquil slumber, and leaving the foremost Indian to watch beside the guest, the old man, and a young woman that had assisted him in his tender care, withdrew to the next apartment, leaving the door ajar, to share the evening meal and bid all welcome. The room in which the stranger lay was comfortably warmed by a wood fire on the hearth, that sent a cheerful gleam around book-lined walls, on to a small organ, and some few costly and scientific

instruments. Before the meal was over, the stranger, sufficiently recovered to recognise the Indian, and in the low voice of feebleness to make inquiries as to the almost enchanted scene around and beyond, after the gloom and monotony of the dense wilderness. In the sternness of the deep winters, when too much on the borders of civilisation to meet with the buffalo or elk, this Indian, and many others of his tribe, had often found here shelter and food ; and he spoke with poetic gratitude. This was Fletcher-town ; the old man, Andrew Fletcher. She who went about from guest to guest, in the chamber of hospitality, who, small-eared, brown-haired, light-footed, seemed the good angel of the welcome feast, was Ruth, his daughter. The stranger made no reply, but seemed to relapse into his passive slumber. By and by a lamp was brought in. The old man, with an open book, came and replaced the Indian at his watch ; and Ruth, with some steaming soup in a small basin, lightly stole in, to serve the guest if he were roused. Both were glad to find him so much better, and that he could speak ; for he now, with the old man's assistance, raised himself upon the couch, and took the hand of both.

"Do you remember, three Novembers gone, and a country-house in the heart of England, from the door of which you were thrust in the winter's storm ?" Thus spoke the stranger. The preacher and his daughter were too surprised to speak. "I am the owner of that house, and the cause of that savage inhospitality. I am the English writer, Richard By, who, till that night, thought words were sufficient to reform the world. That night, however, taught me much—your sermon, on its morrow, more ; and, in coming incidentally to this great country, I had a vague hope of meeting you, and acknowledging my barbarism, though pretending to so much of culture. An inscrutable chain of causes seems now to teach me my lesson still more sublimely. You receive me in the sweetest season of the year, whilst every patch of sward is a bed, every tree a bower. You take me in though the cabaret is so near, because you conceive the sick require a *spiritual* welcome—a welcome of more than hands ; you take me in, unknowing even my name. I was told your vocation : I should have hailed—I should have respected it. I thrust you forth, and, worse still, this daughter, into the winter's blast, and with no shelter near. Food stood upon my servants' table : I refused even to give *that*."

Only deep words of joy fall in answer from the lips of the old man—only more gentle care from the hands of Ruth. In the days

that follow, the method of a plain, a simple, a noble life, is revealed. Hospitality, learning, simplicity, a somewhat severe order, a touching love of nature, hallows the house ; and before the leaf fall, before the woods are red, before one flake of snow has fallen on the hill tops, the great lesson is summed up, by Ruth and Richard being one.

“ The house should be for the culture of the county.” So is now By-Cote, in the heart of Leicestershire. Not that those within welcome indiscriminately. But, when choice is made, something beyond bread is given ; and this on no account of coat or hat, satin or cotton gown. It stands for the “ culture of the county,” for its pictures gladden the eyes of many wayfarers ; it stands for the “ good of the county,” for many humble students open the books in its presses with reverent hands ; it stands for “ the beauty of the county,” for its terraces, flower-borders, and undulating park, are free to all hearts that love the privilege of nature ; it stands for “ the nourishment of the county,” for its stacks, its byres of kine, its teeming fish-pools and dove-cotes give up, give forth, and benefit ; and it stands an example to the whole “ soul of the county,” by the moral heroism of the lives within, who, in despising the beggarly meannesses of fashion and custom, make themselves dear to human hearts, and lead the way to some reform of the monstrous iniquities and injustice that canker the whole heart of our social life.

SILVERPEN.

MARRIAGE, REAL AND NOMINAL.

“ WHAT a beautiful woman Mrs. H. is ! There is something quite noble-looking in those calm, regular features of hers ; and their expression is as sweet and gentle as one can imagine that of Wordsworth’s—

‘ Perfect woman, nobly planned.’ ”

“ I agree with you. Mrs. H.’s face is beautiful in form and outline, and, as you say, sweet and gentle in its expression ; but I must say it does not fulfil my ideal (to use the modern phrase) of the spiritual beauty expressible in the human-face. There is none of that ever-varying eloquence of expression which is the very life and divinity in the countenance of man or woman, in the

still life of Mrs. H.'s features. There is neither thought, nor strength, nor savour in her everlastingly sweet smile. Beauty she may possess ; but it is the beauty of marble, animated by one feeling—amiability.”

“Well ! and what more beautiful feeling could speak from her soul, through a woman's eyes, than that you have assigned to Mrs. H. ? Moreover, I believe the personification you speak of is real ; and I account it a most fortunate thing for H. to have such a wife ! A stronger and more actively intellectual and spiritual nature would have been unsuited to his mind and circumstances, and might have diverted his attention from his public duties, excited his faculties in a different direction, and it may be, have unwittingly hindered his high course of usefulness.”

“I cannot agree with you there. It is a mistaken idea that strength must *oppose* strength. I believe, rather, that where properly suited, the strong mind assimilates more closely, and in a far higher and nobler manner with another strong, though perhaps different nature, than is possible in such unions as that you are rejoicing at the sight of. Such a marked inequality must involve imperfect unity, and, I think, shows but a poor appreciation of what marriage is in the man who chooses or admires it. What would you think of an eagle wedded to a dove ? White and beautiful, gentle and loveful though she be, softly though she down the eyrie, and neatly though she arrange it for his reception, she is still but a dove ; and when her kingly mate returns from his flight beyond the clouds, and folding those wings that have swept along the surface of the sea, and borne him to the untrodden lands near the rising of the sun, when those eyes that have essayed their utmost vision—power to pierce the very source of light—turn to the shade of home to be refreshed and *revived*,—when there, in the repose hours of life, he would again, in thought, unfold those wings, and review the vast and wondrous regions they have traversed,—to whom must he depict the glory, and beauty, and mystery that have enriched his soul ? Surely not to the gentle dove by his side ; for, grateful though he feel for her warmth and love, he knows too well that in her mind is neither scope nor power to reflect his thoughts. He is therefore silent : to the deepest tones of his soul's voice he feels there can be no response : he must not utter them, except, perchance, to the stars ; with whom he may feel kindred, but from whom he cannot receive that breath of sympathy which so refreshes and nourishes the soul. Think you the kingly bird's nature can be fully developed

under such circumstances? By my belief in marriage, as the highest fulfilment of our being, the strengthener of our strength, the ennobler of our powers, the elevator of our desires, the inspirer of our highest impulses,—I deny the perfection of such unions. And yet how frequently they take place; and we find them not only defended, but admired as models.

“Such admiration is as reasonable as the rejoicing of the blind man that he had never been troubled with sight! Poor dark one! he could not know that the effort of vision, if we may use the expression, which he imagined applicable to that exquisite sense, is amply rewarded by the beauty of earth, and air, and sky, which it reveals. Such reward, in a spiritual form, the earnest seeker after unity in union may find; for sympathy is the sight-sense of the soul, reflecting on the inward *retina* of mutually loving and kindred spirits the whole nature of each.”

“Your ideal of marriage is a noble one, and I doubt not, true; but how seldom is it attained. And, after all, what are more dear than love and gentleness. How beautiful it is to see the world-toiling man finding the solace of reciprocal affection, even though he be denied intellectual sympathy in his wife!”

“Yes, beautiful as are the few treasured flowers in the prison of the captive, whose right it is to see and enjoy the whole beauty of earth. Love and gentleness are, indeed, beyond price; but in my ideal of the queen eagle, they are as perfect as in the dove. Quickness and clearness of intellect, vividness of imagination, warm love of truth, and right and pure earnestness of purpose, are as native to the female as sympathy and tenderness. I own I am somewhat of an aristocrat in regard to marriage, and would not mingle serf with knightly blood. But the heraldic blazonry must be of Heaven’s stamping; the Gules, and the Azure, and the Or, must be coloured in the soul! Nothing can be more grievous to contemplate than the loss and suffering from ill-assorted unions. When, as sometimes happens, the woman is superior to her husband, the case is still worse, for woman’s whole life and soul are involved in marriage, and her social position is less favourable to finding the substitute men generally obtain in outward resources.

“It is a difficult question this of marriage; youth is most naturally its season, every unfolding sentiment and budding hope, and branching desire, bends at that period toward the Sun of Love. Marriage without Love in highest enthusiasm, is not worthy the name; but the firm basis of reason is not the less needful. And how liable is youth to mistake—to decide on

uncertain premises—or, more correctly speaking, to act unreasoningly ! True, passion lights its beautiful flame, and pours forth its generous warmth in the heart of youth ; but the fire does not there die ! In the pure and earnest soul, Love, highest and most intense, lives ever ; preserving the freshness of spring through the maturer seasons of life, and insures to him who guards it with vestal care, a perpetual youth of the heart. ‘*Manhood* is the season for marriage,’ says the philosopher of life ; a certain virility of mind, as well as body, is necessary in order to judge and capacitate for so important a relation. It is from our ideal of what marriage ought to be, not from our observation of the unions, called marriages, around us, that we must reason and decide in the question before us.”

“ Is it safe to argue thus on imaginary ideals ? ”

“ I think it is : all perfection, in this world, is ideal ; but not the less to be aimed at on that account ; else, where were the artist’s aim, the believer’s faith, the philosopher’s calmness ? The aspiration after perfection is the soul of progress ; progress is the law of Being ; every pure and high desire of the soul is a promise of its future nature, a prophecy of its everlasting development, a linking of time with eternity !

“ Our estimate of the worth and uses of marriage will greatly depend on the appreciation we have formed of the meaning of life, and on the understanding we have of our own nature. If that estimate be noble and true, and if we correctly comprehend ourselves, we may conceive somewhat of the responsibility we ought to feel to act in the light of highest reason, when seeking to secure to ourselves the unspeakable benefits of this ‘*benignest ordinance of God to man,*’ as Milton nobly designates it. Our ideas of marriage are generally derived from the circumstances and examples around us, and these are rarely the most favourable to a correct judgment. In designing the structure of life, we must be guided by truth and nature, rather than by custom and example ; thus only can we insure beauty and harmony in the building. Each of us is the architect of his own existence, we are given life and the materials to make it great and real ; if we neglect to do so it becomes mean and tasteless. . . . ‘*What is life,*’ asks the wise Milton, ‘*without the vigour and spiritual exercise of life ?*’ To establish this vigour, and to inspire this spirituality is marriage chiefly valuable, and only when it thus rouses into highest life the full maturity of existence is it worthy of that most holy office which the Creator has assigned it, of perpetuating His image on the

Earth. This highest appointment is alone sufficient to denote the intense importance of right and real marriages ; it is impossible to estimate the increased wealth of mind and soul that would accrue to the world if the sanction of nature and truth were sought in renewing the ranks of life."

" ' Marriage is a solemn thing, and must be a *communion* of spiritual and temporal comforts, a covenant of unfeigned love and peace, whereof both the general and particular end is the peace and contentment of man's *mind*: ' such is Milton's definition, and, taking the full meaning of every word, a just one. To insure contentment and communion, marriage must be an entire friendship, as well as a perfect love.

" And yet, I doubt whether, even with these elements, marriage can produce perfect happiness."

" I agree with you ; imperfection is stamped upon our present state of being ; our vision is finite, our goodness fragmentary, our temper inconsistent, and the natural result is,—imperfection of life ; but we can imagine perfection, and the ideal is ever a pre-sage of the future, given us to be an incentive to endeavour. I have no doubt that if we use life to our utmost ability, and in accordance with our estimate of its full capacity, we shall be rewarded accordingly ; full satisfaction we must not expect to find—it is hidden from us in the far ether of eternity."

" Do you not observe that, even in its present imperfect state, marriage affords more happiness than there are grounds to expect ? The laws of accommodation and acclimation act continually, and produce assimilation and a measure of content, where the natures seemed most unsuited ? "

" Yes, but observe, that in order to effect this assimilation, the minds must deteriorate : the law of acclimation, like all the laws of nature, is of a beneficial tendency, *but* when its use degenerates into an abuse, it is no longer a blessing : when, in its action on the mental nature, it transforms higher into lower feelings, and lulls the restless aspirations of the soul into apathy and quiescence, it must be guarded against as a snare, rather than sheltered under as an excuse for error. In many other cases beside the one before us, does this law of accommodation spread its pacifying influence over the waters of life, calming and silencing where agitation and change have not yet effected their work of purification. While we take advantage of its healing virtues, as in the adversity of circumstances we are forced to do, let us be careful not to salve over wounds that require a probing cure."

“But the Marriage Question—What are the rules by which we may guide man’s steps over this Rubicon of Life?”

“Rules are impossible in the case: man must learn the lesson of self-rule; education must be indeed an educating, or leading out, of the whole power of the mind into use and action; and when the *youth* has learned the value and the aim of existence, the *man* will act more in accordance with the beautiful ideal that lives in the soul of every thinking being.”

“Amen!”

R.

Manchester, 1847.

CATHERINE MORTON.

HOW CATHERINE MORTON INTENDED TO BE GENEROUS.

THE Influenza was going about, at a great rate, in the pretty town of Culverton in Devonshire; it carried off many of its victims and laid up those it did not kill. Mrs. Herbert was sitting, rather disconsolately, in her pretty boudoir dressing-room, for she was in the influenza, and had been confined to the room for nearly ten days, and was heartily tired of it; she looked out of the window and saw a thick sunless day, snow on the ground, and the trees standing black and gaunt like spectres of birch rods.

“I am sure if people only knew how grateful poor creatures, shut up in this way, feel for a good inspiring novel, more would be written,” said she as she went languidly to the table, and tossed over half-a-dozen volumes with an expression of distaste for them all. “Too sorrowful, or too sensible, or too dull, all of them!—bah! if I only could write, I would do one myself, when I get well, for the amusement of those who are good for nothing, as I am just now!—the demand for it is emphatic enough; may Heaven send the supply before my next influenza!” She took up her crochet work, but was soon tired; at this crisis the door opened, and a fine frank-looking young creature, with her bright eyes laughing out of an Esquimaux muffling of furs and trappings, entered.

“What a dear good child you are to come and see me all through this snow!” cried Mrs. Herbert, starting from the couch; “but you could not have come to see any one who will be more grateful; I don’t know when I shall get out of my cage; Marly says

I am not even to talk—but that, of course, is not a statute ever intended to be enforced. Did you walk, or how did you come?—are your feet wet? Don't you go and get this influenza, my little *sœur de charité*! Saunders, take Miss Sinclair's things. Will you have a pair of my slippers?"

"Oh no, thank you, I am as warm as possible; it is not so disagreeable when you are fairly out of doors. I think it is freezing, for the snow is quite hard."

"Ah, yes," said Mrs. Herbert with a shiver, "come close to the fire and take that easy chair; and now tell me some news: my mind is absolutely famishing—its diet has been as meagre and unstimulating as that of my body—I have heard nothing about mortal creature for the last three days."

"Well, what sort of news do you want to have? There is to be a meeting to-night in the Town-hall about Government Education; and there was a collection in church last Sunday, for the Irish."

"Oh, my dear! I am cross and stupid, and in a very bad way altogether; I hate education, and am quite out of philanthropy. Tell me what is going on in the neighbourhood; nothing was ever created in vain, and there is a great beauty in gossip sometimes."

"Well," replied the young lady, laughing, "there is plenty of that going on. The Henscheliffes are going to give a grand ball; we are all to go in costume, and I want your advice. Mrs. Jones has turned away her fine cook; the family from the Hall came back from London last night; Mrs. Connel's nurse fell down this morning, on a slide some children had made on a footpath, and broke her leg; and last of all, it is said that Catherine Merton is going to be married to young Remer. There! I think that is pretty well for a beginning."

"Catherine Morton going to marry that young Remer! Do you suppose there is any truth in that report?" said Mrs. Herbert, anxiously.

"I really do not know; but there may be. He was at church with the family on Sunday. I must say I wonder at her taste; he looks very sulky; and there is something about him that, in spite of one's self, makes one fancy that he would beat his wife if she vexed him!"

"Ah, worse than that: that is not the worst thing which could happen to a woman; but surely she will not be so mad; his manner and appearance too are so brutal—how did he ever find favour in the eyes of Catherine Merton?—such a refined and cultivated creature!"

"Oh," replied Miss Sinclair, "it is only what one might expect from her; she is very eccentric, and likes to do what no one else would think of doing; she looks more like a heroine out of a book than a natural person. People *say* she is very clever, but for my part I think she talks a great deal of nonsense, and is very full of herself. If she does marry young Romer I shall expect to hear of her running away from him in twelve months, for some transcendental reason or another; or perhaps she will drown herself, to make an *éclat*; but, no matter whom she married she could never settle peaceably down to her duties as a woman ought to do, in my opinion."

"For pity's sake do not get into *that* tone!" cried Mrs. Herbert; "that sneering, judging, depreciating spirit is like a meral east wind, and kills all kindness of heart, all trust, all warmth of soul; it is for *yourself* that I am speaking—for your own sake, not for hers. You are lowering the vitality of your own soul by encouraging that hard, summary, merciless spirit of judgment. How can anything good or genial *live* in this cold sententious atmosphere? Do you suppose that the mysterious and subtle working of a whole *life* can be summed up in a few depreciating words? Have *you* such a large, loving, comprehensive heart that you are capable of judging another? Are *you* so wise, so sagacious, so exalted in your own nature, that you are lifted up on high, whence you can look down and behold, and understand the hearts of your neighbours? Because *you*, through the distorting microscope of a severe judgment, can fasten upon and magnify a few facts or qualities separated from the general whole, you *dare* to pronounce on an entire life! Oh! it is dreadful to me to see the utter want of delicacy, of all womanly feeling that pervades the rash judgment which women pass on each other. Believe me there is no wisdom like loving-kindness. It would make of you a large-hearted, sagacious woman, instead of a flippant, thoughtless girl. Why, then, for the sake of gratifying your own vanity and self-complacency by a few clever, sharp-pointed phrases, do you thus sin against all that is earnest and kind? You may have the power to inflict pain on another, but know that each hard keen word kills like frost some good or delicate feeling in yourself, and goes to make you hard, worldly, and frozen into barren common-place maxims, in which no real wisdom dwells. Catherine Morton may not prove her title to be called a cautious, prudent young woman, but she has a strength and nobleness of nature that would make her great, under circum-

stances where you would lie crushed and helpless. The motives from which she does her most questionable deeds are higher and nobler than those which stimulate most people's virtues. I wish to Heaven she had more practical knowledge to balance her impulses, and something to do which would employ her faculties ; but let me not have you sit in flippant judgment upon her ! ”

Mrs. Herbert, in her generous indignation, had run herself out of breath, and terminated her appeal with a distressing fit of coughing. Miss Sinclair did not speak, but seemed relieved from the painful confusion which overwhelmed her, by the necessity of rising to seek the medicine, and to give her some of the linseed tea that was standing by the fire. After the paroxysm had subsided, and Mrs. Herbert was once more laid on the couch, there was a pause of some moments.

“ I was very wrong, very wrong, dear Mrs. Herbert,” said the young girl at length, whilst her bright eyes filled with tears. “ I never looked at things in that light before ; I meant no ill ; I do not know why I spoke so harshly ; I really like Miss Morton at the bottom of my heart. One does not *mean* all the disagreeable things one says ! ”

“ God forbid that we should ! ” replied Mrs. Herbert ; “ but do *you* at least strive against that bad habit of harsh judgment, and let the ‘ law of kindness ’ be found in your lips ; but here comes Saunders with your dinner. Though I must be starved, I hope they will have got something nice for you. Let us see what it is—a roast chicken. Well, I wonder if ever I am to eat one again ! Give me my arrow-root, Saunders, and get out some hock for Miss Sinclair ; I know it is the only wine she drinks. There, my dear, now let me see you make a good dinner ; it will be the first I have seen for many a day ! ”

The remainder of the day passed in cheerful talk between the two, till at length Mrs. Herbert's visitor rose to depart.

“ So soon ! ” cried Mrs. Herbert. “ There is a good hour's daylight yet, and Saunders shall walk home with you.”

“ It is earlier than I intended to leave you,” said Miss Sinclair ; “ but perhaps I shall call for a few moments upon Miss Morton. I feel as if I wanted to make some atonement for my ill-nature of this morning.”

“ You are a good candid child,” replied Mrs. Herbert, tapping her cheek, “ and make me love you whether I will or no. Stop one moment, however, and take her this note from me.” She sat

down to her little writing-table. "There," said she, twisting her note, "tell her I cannot write much, but that I hope she will come to me to-morrow. Now farewell, and many thanks for your visit. Come again soon."

After the departure of her guest Mrs. Herbert remained plunged in a painful reverie, as to the course she should adopt to bring the wayward, passionate, generous, foolish creature in question to a reasonable state of mind.

Before proceeding further we had better tell our readers something about Mrs. Herbert. She was the widow of a general officer, and was herself a woman of good family. Since her husband's death she had resided on a small estate she held in her own right in the north of Devonshire. Her house was one of those beautiful *ornée* residences which are neither houses nor cottages; which are as luxuriously comfortable as an English house, whilst they are as picturesque as if they had come out of Mrs. Radcliffe's descriptions of Italy. Her acquaintance was much sought after by some, because she was a creditable person to know, and by others because they really appreciated her value. She had travelled much; had seen many grades of society; she was endowed with a keen insight and a rare sagacity of judgment, but her true wisdom lay in her heart, which was full of gentle kindness. She was at the time we write about thirty, extremely good-looking and elegant; the least in the world of a spoiled child. She was witty, and would have been satirical, if Nature had not interposed to prevent it by making her shrink from giving pain by a light word, as if it had been a drawn sword. Still the faculty was in her, and kept her genuine kindness of heart from ever degenerating into sentimentality. She had a quick sense of the absurd, which philanthropic people generally want, and are apt to become bores accordingly, to all the human species, who are not objects of charity.

Catherine Morton, of whom there has been so much question, had been early left an orphan, under the care of two guardians; the one a widower, and the other a confirmed old bachelor. Although from childhood she had been provided with the usual staff of nurses, governesses, and schools, she continued to have pretty much her own way, and to escape that steady watchfulness and discipline which a mother alone can exercise. Without the least levity or giddiness of conduct, she had still, from having been pretty much let alone, to pick up her own notions, contracted a

certain unconventionalness of manner and opinion, which made her, although it was hard to say in what it exactly consisted, different to all around her. Possibly, under any circumstances, she would have had a perilous originality, hard to break into the harness of society ; as it was, she was audaciously independent in all her ways. Her abilities were of a superior order, and she had no adequate outlet for her activity.

At the time our tale commences she was residing with her bachelor guardian and his sister, a merry chirping old maid, who was very fond of her, and, having been used to her ways ever since she was a child, saw nothing singular about them. In person Catherine Morton was a tall, finely formed, stylish looking girl, with a picturesque face full of intelligence ; as Miss Sinclair said, "she looked more like a heroine out of a book than a girl in real life."

In judicious hands, or married to a man capable of appreciating her many fine qualities and guiding them aright, she would have been a happy woman and a valuable character ; but left to herself, it became a problem whether she would not make shipwreck altogether, her very good qualities turning against her.

Ordinary women seem, in general, to make fewer signal mistakes in life than women of higher capacity ; this may arise from the qualities of the latter being more positive than negative ; they are always prone to do something or other, and there is generally more chance of a mistake in *doing* a thing than there is in letting it alone ; they are generally more anxious to do right than to avoid blame ; they are children trying to learn to walk without a go-cart, they often get ugly falls, but then they also learn to obtain better command over their limbs than the others. What is learned from the failures that cover the person with ridicule in the eyes of the world, is of more value than the wisdom of ninety-and-nine wise persons who never made fools of themselves. Still, sad to say, experience is so costly, that those who have gained it have often so disfigured and injured their lives in the process that they have left themselves without the means of using it to their own profit. They can warn and exhort others ; but second-hand wisdom is very like buying a second-hand coat : it is generally a *misfit* ! We need another life, and a new world, in which to expend the dear experience we have bought in this. But this is anticipating our moral.

New Books.

THE HALF SISTERS. A Tale. By **GERALDINE ENDOR JEWSEBURY.** Author of *Zoë*. 2 vols. post 8vo. Chapman and Hall.

WE have often denounced the sentimental poison that lurks in most modern novels: and endeavoured, as far as in us lay, to mark with a strong outline the natural from the metreticious. In so doing we have found our taste impugned, and our judgment denounced: more especially as we have been charged with coarseness and almost brutality, because we denounced the whining exaggeration of such works as the "Two Old Men's Tales," "Angela," &c., and maintained the healthy homeliness of Sand's writings. It has, however, been our most prevailing effort to contrast the purity of the old Shakspearean time, with its rough face, against the smooth inanities of the present age, garmed over as they are with the cosmetics of a euphuistic phraseology. In so doing we have not had much encouragement; but such as we have had has been of the kind to "outweigh a whole theatre of the others." Amongst other hitherto unknown supporters of our theory, we have found our principles well condensed and expressed in a work but too little known, and which seems to have fallen almost still-born from the press. We refer to a work by Dr. W. Sewell, entitled "An Essay on the Cultivation of the Intellect by the Study of the Dead Languages," published by Mr. John Bohn, in 1830. Amongst many excellent observations we find the following, which is even more applicable to the present race of novels, than it was at the time it was written:—

"The luxury of woe, is a common and very philosophical expression; and that mind must be very unnaturally constituted, which has not at times experienced this singular anomaly. This is no place to analyse all the elementary feelings which enter into these curious compounds. The delight of sympathy is a prominent principle. The self-consequence which flows from being the subject of regard and pity to those who surround us; the consciousness of the rectitude of our feelings; the anticipation of consequences; the remembrance of past pleasures; even indolence itself falls in with our indulgence of sorrow. Our tragedies and novels, and a great portion of the poetry of the present day, are addressed to this morbid inclination; and the charm of the feeling is so fascinating, the sensibility approaches so nearly to a virtue, that we materially injure our minds by giving way to it frequently and unscrupulously. We expend and waste our feelings upon high-wrought and imaginary distresses,—after which, all the real miseries and discomfort of life appear cold and endurable; and the consequence is, that we overlook ten thousand opportunities of indulging our pity on a small scale, that we may wait for some greater calamity. We send away the beggar from our door, that we may weep over a national famine. And this

is not the only mischief: we learn, at length, to look forward to tragical catastrophes with a certain degree of zest, as subjects for curiosity, as mere spectacles to excite our passion. We are not only guilty of great waste, in failing to economise every single opportunity of active benevolence, with which the system of Nature provides us; but we begin actually to delight in evil: and we too often palliate the crime by reference to our acute sensibilities, and compound for the selfishness of our actions, by the ardent benevolence of our hearts. It was such a philosopher as this, if the term be not grossly prostituted in its application to such a melancholy compound of vanity, timidity, and vice, who embraced the whole world in the expansion of his affections, and sent his own children to the hospital. And it is a similar spirit of mere theatrical benevolence, full of show, and trickery, and selfishness, which is rapidly stealing upon us in the present day; and which, a wise man will struggle to crush, lest it substitute poetry for reality, and swallow up all our noblest instincts under the guise of philosophical charity."

Now this extract includes, in our opinion, a very great proportion of our popular writers, and more especially the lady portion: and the lady-like gentlemen of the kid-glove school. And yet we daily see these praised, "and that highly," although they are, according to our notions, producing the very worst possible results on the minds of their besotted readers. Modern fiction takes the form of narrative, as the elder did the dramatic. The library-table and the room of the public institution occupy the place of the theatre. Humanity will be amused, will be interested, and pedantry can never make a nation literary. The lighter geniuses, therefore, that by the nimbleness of their faculties, the fire of their energies and the strength of their imaginative conceptions, interest and excite thousands, who would seek other stimuli, did these not exist—are very important, a very valuable element of modern society. But then they may work to evil as well as good; and when they seek more to excite than inform, they degrade their high office, and become injurious. They perhaps may not be morally guilty, because many writers of fiction think that to move the feelings is to purify them. And perhaps they may have for their authority the much quoted, and equally much disputed canon of Aristotle, that the poet should purge the feelings by the excitement of pity and terror. Now modern criticism and modern genius has, to a great extent moderated, if not altogether discarded, this principle. In very barbarous and savage states, strong appeals might strike terror; enthusiasm would (and still may) be highly excited to some one impulsive deed. The Greeks, the Gauls, the Celts, and even the more sluggish Teutones might all be roused by the energy of such appeals. But such direct effects are not consonant with modern literature, nor with universal results. "Guilty creatures sitting at a play" are not, as a general rule, struck into a confessional remorse. The play of "The Gamester" has no effect on an habitual black-leg. Napoleon would not have been restrained in his ambition by seeing Talma in "Macbeth." The moral disorders leading to habitual crime are chronic; and are not to be affected, much less removed by the purga-

tion of the momentary feelings. They are the result of a disordered intellect as well as of an ossified heart; and can only be cured, if curable at all, by a slow process that shall awake, revive, or recall the dormant energies of both head and heart. "To expend and waste our feelings upon high-wrought and imaginary distresses," tends, indeed, to harden our hearts against the real miseries and discomforts of life, making them appear cold and endurable. The beneficial effect of literature, like the beneficial effects of all nature, acts, as we have often urged, by secondary causes; it must penetrate into the spirit; undergo a process of digestion; and be received into the moral system, before it can give health, vigour, and activity to the soul. The sentimental style is a mere topical, external, superficial application; that does more harm than good. It excites, irritates, and disturbs the sensations; creates a morbid desire for provocatives; and in the end substitutes a love for stimulants; entirely obliterating the natural and endurable powers of the sympathies. The True—or perhaps as more antithetical to the Sentimental—the Moral (taking that word in its more primitive sense as illustrative of human nature generally)—exemplifies itself in totally different results. Its great aim is to enlarge the spirit, by conveying the experience of one mind to another. It thus elevates and invigorates the spiritual frame; obliterates notions that were individually or socially injurious; regulates, not the particular but the general impulses of the passions; enlarges the sphere of the sympathies; fortifying them by the infusion of intellect; and raises up a system of self-guidance that, to use the trite but just expression, makes the student a wiser and a better man. Better because he is wiser.

All this may be thought a somewhat prolix introduction to Miss Jewsbury's novel. But the object of our notices has ever been to test the effect of the works examined: to see if they promote the love of the good, the beautiful, and the wise. We test with considerable anxieties the edibles for the body; why not those of the mind? Works of genius have no dull intermediate course: they work for extensive evil or extensive good. And never in the whole course of the human race, was it more important to regulate the mental diet of mankind: now that the fast producing engine throws off its hundreds of thousands of sheets—wholesome or deleterious, as the case may be.

Miss Jewsbury's last work we consider to be deserving the utmost attention. The pungency of her style, the penetration of her observation, the nobility (we had almost said) the manliness of her sentiments, entitle her to great consideration. She has the power, the fervour of genius. That is, she has an active operating spirit, that exerts and asserts itself. She has a spirit that is lively, and delights in activity; and that is in unison with the energy of the age. She is less an artist than a poetess. She is inspired (or rather we would say inspired) more than she is modelled. Her mind, her senses, her soul, are of great perfection, and she utters their united results, rather than, by ratiocination or imitation making new forms out of common-place notions.

It is the perfection of these natural powers that makes her so true in the delineation of passion; it is these highly developed powers that enable her to portray, with what we feel is indisputable truth, processes of the soul and feelings, which experience cannot have supplied her with: and which, if it could, would only have produced an abortive reality, that might have the value of a fact but not of a principle.

Miss Jewsbury is a genius. A clumsy method is this (we feel) of enunciating the powers of a great writer. The word genius is comprehensive, but vague; and by it, we would imply that power which enlightens and enlarges the human spirit, by making the qualities and processes of the soul more easily appreciable by those not so gifted. She is not a sentimentalist. The end of her writing is not mere excitement. It is to convey her spiritual experiences, and her observation of human nature and existence. In doing this she has grace and power to stimulate the feelings; because human nature sympathises largely with its kind: kind being but an extension of self. But she does not (as most novel writers do) transpose the effect for the cause, and, seeking only to interest, neglect to inform. She is not, however, entirely pure in this matter; and the latter part of her book is, we regret to say, too much engaged with the mere story. Doubtless it is hard, after a genuine interest has been created in the various beings of her imagination, to abandon them; but we must think the merely continuing their history, without new developments of character, is not in keeping with the first and only object of great writing, and of the first portion of her own work. Hamlet and Lear are characteristic to the last. Mr. Tate certainly thought otherwise, and opened a vista, where Lear could be seen seated in a comfortable arm-chair, taking gruel from the delicate hands of Cordelia. The great master, however, knew as well when and how to drop the curtain as he did to raise it. There is so much power in Miss Jewsbury's writings that we feel annoyed when she abandons its exercise, merely to be pleasing. It is her very power that stands in the way of her universal popularity. Her war is with convention, as far as it stands in opposition to the development of the natural powers and feelings. She is not apparently so politically as morally opposed to the assumptions of convention. She particularly demands the enlargement of the sphere of woman's activities; and her story is framed to elucidate the happier effects produced, both socially and individually, by the full development of the mental powers and affections of women. She has therefore chosen to delineate the histories of two women: the one, brought up with every conventional advantage, the child of wealthy manufacturers, married also to one distinguished for his success, sense, and abilities; the other, a foreign girl, starting in life as a horse-rider and ending as a noble artist: commanding the homage of rank and talent. The child of convention is a prey to morbid sympathies, and dies a maddened victim to her own ill-directed and weakened mind. The child moulded by circumstances turns out a noble self-governed successful woman—triumphant even over woman's last weakness: an early passion. In the management of this moral,

the authoress has incidentally shown great powers, and fallen into some errors. Her primary object is to prove her case; and in doing this she occasionally strains her conclusions. She is of too just and noble a nature to misrepresent, to obtain a mean and only apparent triumph, by artful misrepresentation. But she inadvertently, in the ardour of her faith, violates the fine knowledge she possesses of the heart and its infinite emotions. Bianca becomes occasionally too much the creature of her imagination—a model too fine for imitation, and too remote for example. As far as the delineation of character goes, (and she is strong in this greatest of qualifications) Alice is by far the most ably drawn. It is a picture finely designed and exquisitely shadowed. In the other characters there is much that is very cleverly and closely delineated; especially the sentimental, sensual Conrad; the deep, silent, undemonstrative Bryant; and his sister, outlined by a few random innuendoes. Mrs. Helmsby, a woman created a housekeeper, is also marvellously true to her own nature, to which she seems bound by some indissoluble power. Occasionally it seems inevitable but that some feeling or passion should carry it out of its usual narrow limits; but with the slightest possible commotion it settles into its inevitable common-place.

It is not, however, in the delineation of character, though in that she is powerful, that Miss Jewsbury excels; it is in the infinite variety of illustration of the feelings and emotions that she is superior to all other female writers we have met with. We many of us have endured them, but few have been able to transfix them in such apt and potent words. They are in these volumes mapped with admirable precision, and frequently enunciated with equal wit as force. Indeed, Miss Jewsbury must be classed amongst the wits: and only wants the indignation to be a great satirist. The absurdities of conventionality are dandled with the power that a cat exhibits to its petty prey. We laugh, and at the same time feel a contemptuous kind of pity, for the perpetrators of such follies. Her style, too, is admirable; its principal force consisting of a peculiar and delicate kind of antithesis, which she manages in a manner peculiarly her own; her lively fancy furnishing her with endless illustrations. We shall endeavour to give a few examples of this: leaving the story and more philosophical parts to be sought by the reader himself.

HUMAN PRAYERS.

"Prayer is the great consolation of men in religion; but it is a mercy that the hearing and granting of it is placed in the hands of the Highest, and quite beyond man's control,—for who can look back on his past life without trembling, when he thinks on the mad and fatal petitions he has offered up, and reflects on what must have been his destiny had they been granted!"

ADVICE.

"No satisfactory result ever comes of either giving or taking advice. What in one man would be a wise and natural mode of conduct, in another, even in similar circumstances, is forced, hard, and altogether unsuitable. So every man would do well to follow his own sincere instinct; that which

in his inmost soul he feels it right to do. When a man asks advice on a point of right or wrong, there is a *warp*, a *bias*, towards which he desires to be impelled, and he asks counsel for the sake of lessening his own responsibility."

REASONABILITY *versus* FEELING.

"He wrote, to tell her that he could not bring her to England:—it was a letter just to drive the person mad to whom it was addressed, whilst a third party seeing it, would have declared it an excellent, kind, reasonable letter. There it is! If there be one thing more utterly insupportable than another in this world, it is to receive reasonableness and kindness at the hands of one from whom we expect *love*, given as a *substitute* for love. Poor Theresa, not being a reasonable woman, never attempted to reply to this letter. A handsome sum of money was paid to an Italian banker for her use, and her brother, who resided in a small Italian seaport, took her to live with him. Her child was about two months old; when the letter came, it had been named Bianca; and now her whole idea seemed to be to bring it up carefully and to carry it to England to claim its father, when it should be old enough. This idea kept her from destroying herself in the first frenzy of her grief—but her faculties gradually declined; the memory of her desertion died away; and the idea of taking the little Bianca to its father filled her heart alone.

"Phillip Helmsby knew nothing of all this; perhaps, had he done so, he might have acted differently—but there is no telling."

A FEW APHORISMS AND OBSERVATIONS.

"In this world men cannot resist the temptation of making money when they have an opportunity, or turning aside from a bargain; but there is a great deal of good-nature for all that."

"There are so many more accidental things in this world than premeditated ones!"

"The *idealism* of her profession had struck her, and henceforth it was not the unmixed drudgery it had been."

"People can only take in from surrounding influences what they have an affinity to receive."

"She had the sensibility of genius without its creative power; she had not force enough to break through the rough husk of her actual life and assert her inner soul; she had not the gift of utterance in any way, and the life was almost choked out of her by the rank, over-fed, material prosperity which surrounded her."

"The exquisite taste which presided in the arrangement of the rooms, had subdued the richness of the decorations; the sense of their expensiveness was lost, and no thought of the upholsterer's bill was suggested by them."

"A woman's first impulse is always to *dress* for her lover."

"There are moments in the experience of most people, which come unthought of, unlooked for, bringing a gush of deep joy that is like pain in its intensity—it is almost a *pang* of ecstasy."

"Under the extenuating name of 'business,' there lies a debatable ground between honesty and roguery, amenable to its own laws of morality, and understanding no other."

"The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman,' and therefore we do not believe he ever made the noted saying attributed to him, that 'It is better

to reign in hell than serve in heaven.' * * Satan has been slandered, he never adorned himself with such a piece of *pinchbeck sublimity*."

"Kind words from those she loved, were of far more value than kind deeds, an idiosyncrasy common amongst women and children."

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

"It is unfortunate, but it generally happens, that people become sensible of our merits at the precise time when it is most a matter of indifference whether they do or not: possibly, to teach us that what we really *are* is the only essential point, whilst whether we are admired is of very little consequence at all. It is difficult to become indifferent to the sympathy of those around us, it seems like the response of an oracle to sanction what we do; but, after all, sympathy is a luxury, and not a necessity; the natural craving we have for it had need to be carefully watched, lest it should degenerate into a sentimental vanity. We must all of us learn to lead our own life, according to the best of our ideas, and the best manner in which we can realise it, whether we have to encounter good report, or evil report. 'The favour of man bringeth a snare,' as wise King Solomon declared, long ago."

A WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

"With all her suavity Mrs. Lauriston had a pitiless insight into the shortcomings of others; her bright grey eyes could penetrate, like those of a cat, into the darkest corners; and she was not without the velvet paws, armed with sharp claws, to drag all she saw into the light, whilst she tossed and patted and tormented her victims with an air of such irresistible graciousness, that even they were in doubt whether she really meant to be disagreeable. But somehow it always happened that whenever any one, seduced by the tempting softness of her manner, reposed any of their distresses in her gentle bosom, they invariably repented of having done so before the day was done—not that she made any particularly mischievous use of confidences, but there was an unfathomable reserve underneath her friendliness, and her eyes looked absently into space with a sweet smile at the very crisis of the communication. With all her *empressement* of manner, she had not a grain of enthusiasm; she was covered all over with a sort of moral glass-case, which kept her precious emotions fresh to the eye, whilst it protected them from all contact with trying realities."

"'A woman ought never to make intimate friendships out of her own family,' replied Mrs. Lauriston; 'there are always family secrets which ooze out to one's "dear friends";' they are confided in *affection*, and recollected in *revenge*, because, sooner or later, the best friends always quarrel; it is very silly to make confidences, for our "intimate friends" always have it in their power to say the bitterest things against us.'"

WORLDLY PROSPERITY.

"Alice sank under the weight of a *golden leisure*, which she had not the energy adequately to employ. Worldly prosperity is a much greater drain upon our energies than the most severe adversity; there is no spring, no elasticity; it is like walking through life upon a Turkey carpet. Large and noble faculties are required to make a wise use of worldly prosperity; there is little stimulus in, and no excitement beyond, what the individual can furnish for himself; his days are rounded with security, and softly cushioned against all the harsh realities of life."

MECHANICAL LIFE.

"It is the being condemned to live with those who lead mechanical lives—lives without significance—who see in the daily routine of household business, in the daily occupation of going to the mill, the counting-house, and the different works of life, nothing but *modes* of filling up days and weeks, called in the aggregate *life*,—without an idea of looking round—much less *beyond*,—it is this which drives passionate souls mad; but if there be one opening through which the air from the everlasting universe of things may breathe upon us, we can feel strong and cheerful—no matter how bare of material comforts our lot may be."

But we must restrain our extracts, or half the volume will be transferred. We need, we hope, hardly recommend the work to the perusal of all who feel an interest in the progress of right sentiments and noble principles: who wish to escape themselves, or help others to escape, from the mean conventionalities of prejudice or tyranny, that make custom and station the tests of right and wrong, and not merit or utility. Nobler days are undoubtedly dawning on the hardworked, degraded, and despised many. Labour will yet be considered honourable; and, all glory and success to those who aid by their genius so happy and desired a result!

FRANCE AND ENGLAND: A Vision of the Future. By M. DE LAMARTINE. Translated from the French. New edition, 24mo. H. G. Clarke and Co.

THIS book will be received and recognised in a very different manner by different classes of readers. The high Conservative who believes, or asserts that he believes, that all things are arranged for the best, and that it is human nature itself that prevents any further improvement in human affairs, will cast away the book as the farrago of an insane, if not an evil-disposed man. "The practical politician," as he styles himself, who has mastered, as he thinks, the formula of public affairs; whose text-book is Adam Smith, and his guides the successive political economists who have amended or garbled the original work; who has no faith in philosophy or human nature; who endeavours to condense the principles that govern human society into arithmetical statements; and whose only remedy for the appalling evils that consume millions of human beings within our "happy land," is some petty legislation to be wrung from Parliament by threadbare debates; will pronounce this book the insane dream of a dangerous enthusiast. Far different, however, will be the decision of the thousands of labouring, toiling, suffering men—men who have intelligence to understand the unequal position in which class legislation has placed them. This country now teems with many such. To them the game of politics that has been playing for so many hundred years has but little significance. They find that they toil more and reap less; that their energies are being over-taxed; the natural constitution of their class is degenerating under it; and they have no political means of bettering themselves. To such, and to those more cultivated minds, whose

sympathies are not bounded by class, and whose studies and tastes have led them to the consideration of a more equitable system of legislation, this little book will be most welcome. Its lofty views; its pure and noble sentiments; its enlarged and penetrating principles; will expand their feelings, and fill with hope and joy every mind that has been anxiously awaiting the dawn of an era promising something like justice to the many. It comes also with double effect, now that the theory is being tested; now that the opening of the prophecy is being so magnificently fulfilled. We read with the same sort of gratified but awful sensation, as when, having calculated an eclipse, we see the great machinery of the heavens realising to the eye the calculations of the brain.

The form of the book, even by some of those who kindle to the principles, may be objected to. It may be thought that the frippery of fiction was not needed to set forth such serious and high matter. But it must be recollected that the work was written five years since, when there was but little prospect, even to the sagacious mind of its author, of any part of the vision being so rapidly realised. For one man who was then sufficiently elevated to perceive the coming events, a hundred thousand may now be reckoned, who are convinced, by the fulfilment of a portion of the theory. The prophet is seldom confided in, though he is deified when the result is perceived.

All classes, however, are interested in the work, as it may be taken as an indication of M. De Lamartine's opinion on many points of social legislation. It is, indeed, an index to the course of his political studies, if not of his present exact opinions. It treats, in his ever masculine and elevated style, of all that can affect the social organisation of the state; and, though of wider meaning and larger scope, must be placed in the category of political allegories. It is of the same class as "Gulliver's Travels," "The Adventures of an Atom," "Erskine's Armata," and "Disraeli's Captain Popenilla;" and all the numerous volumes that have sprung from the Utopia and the Gargantua. The exceeding interest of the political disquisitions, bearing so instantly as they do on impending circumstances, prevents any disquisition on it as a merely literary production. Perhaps it may be justly said that the allegorical machinery is not so cleverly constructed as in the works we have referred to; but then the eloquence of the style in which the political principles are developed, and the remarkable foreknowledge of political events since realised, far outweigh any such trivial deficiencies.

The work is so short and so cheap that we shall not seek to make our article a substitute, but, heartily recommending it to the perusal of every one interested in the great public events of the day, conclude with a few samples of its style and its tone:—

THE LABOURER.

"But the fight is not fought yet, for the injustice is not yet quite repaired; the operative has succeeded the serf and the slave; his labour is so excessive

and so ill paid, that it is adverse to the complete and regular maturity of his body, his intellect, and his morals ; however long his work, it does not bring in enough to satisfy his common wants, and *à fortiori* to provide for his wife and children ; he is therefore exposed, he and his, to penury and brutishness, that is, to all infirmities, physical, intellectual, and moral. In a word, the poor man is *used up* by the rich ; labour is ground down by the cupidity of capitalists in an unjust, inhuman manner ; because there is violation of the rights and interests of the one to the exclusive profit of the other. Now, wheresoever the relationship between capital and labour are not based in justice, that is on reciprocal advantage, there is ever a struggle ; the greater the injustice the more violent the strife."

UNIVERSAL ENFRANCHISEMENT.

"In the beginning, as always happens when experience is deficient, some temporary embarrassment, some abuses of detail, resulted from this enfranchisement ; but the false steps served as practical lessons. Men in power are only to be formed by the management of affairs : the most capable men need to acquire habit, and the most ignorant soon learn to select those most conversant with their interests. Discussion speedily enlightens the masses, and common sense must prevail. The more we engage in everything useful to a common end, the more attached we become to it, and desire its success and conservation. This direct or indirect share in local administration ought then to be as general as possible ; and the freer the decisions, the more their importance is felt. It is that common activity, intelligent and impassioned, which constitutes the inner life of localities, which inculcates in each man the love of his natal soil, and devotion to the country of which he feels himself an integral portion : it is that inner life of all the parts which confers on the body social its vigour, its power of resistance, against the external causes of destruction."

THE GREATER AND THE LESSER EVIL.

"I lament these calamities as much as yourself. We must deplore private misfortunes, and endeavour to diminish them as much as possible ; but we ought never to lose sight of the general result. There can be no progress without many interests being injured. It is doubtless a hard destiny ; but it is found everywhere inevitable, and inflexible like the laws which govern matter, and in the end great advantage to the greatest number always results from it."

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S
SHILLING MAGAZINE.

TWIDDLETHUMB TOWN.*
BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

A SHORT CHAPTER ON CERTAIN MARRIAGES OF TWIDDLETHUMB.—
THE MORAL AND THE WARNING OF A LAWFUL WADDLED WIFE.

How and when the goose returned to Twiddlethumb—how, ever since it has marched at the head of the troops—how, growing silver grey, it has seen Duke after Duke of the line of De Bobs, swathed in lead and put aside upon a shelf in a vault of the castle—(the reigning Duke at his dinner must now and then feel a qualm, thinking of that deep, dark, blind hole below the banquet-hall where his grandfathers, very patient in the great certainty, await him)—how the musicians played their gratulations to the teeming Duchess ; how the soldiers having cut the innocent winds with their boastful swords, in honour and glory of the little red baby, lying in the nurse's lap, and moving its lips as though tasting the world, and pinching its cheeks and nose, as though it did not think very highly of the flavour,—

How all this happened, the reader—it is our hope—cares not to know. For much of these things is in truth, mere parenthesis, to be omitted for the better brevity of history. Besides,—but come this way. We have an invitation for you, most amenable reader. There is a wedding forward in Twiddlethumb ; a most moral and most touching ceremony ; a solemnity altogether away from the common marryings of the common wedding-ring world. A solemnity only performed in Twiddlethumb,—the greater the pity.

* Continued from page 291, Vol. VII.

At this moment, the bridegroom is rubbing his marriage face in his chamber looking-glass. He is rubbing into it the best and blithest looks, and the bachelor is dying fast within him. Long ere he shall be dressed, long ere he shall have descended from his chamber, with a cut of heartsease in his button-hole, ready for the bride and the clergyman, we shall have told you his history. For it is brief, and will be very tragic. There are, however, no such instructive weddings—instructive in their tremendous misery—save in the town of Twiddlethumb. In no other region are the injuries of woman so condignly visited. Again we say,—the greater the pity!

Pullabblank Nobbs—he is at this moment essaying a bridal tie in his cravat—was to have married Dinah Ducks. Now Dinah, the daughter of James Ducks, was to have brought to Nobbs a dowry of kine and pigs, and dairy dishes and mash-tubs, and sides of bacon, and hams smoked over faggots of cinnamon, and a hogshead of ale—Dinah was eighteen—brewed when Dinah had only three days tasted of mother's milk! And besides these extras, Dinah had in herself the fairest right to a good husband. Dinah had a colour in her cheek like—like—well, we must again go to Eden for the resemblance—like a rose. A nice, fair, open face, with skin like her own curds; long, sleek, honey-coloured hair; and eyes blue as the bluest sky of June. Her laughing voice would come in gushes like a bird's, and she had so light a foot—it was once offered as a wager—she could jump from mushroom to mushroom, as from cushion to cushion, and no harm done. If Mrs. Ducks had not been by to claim her, you would have said the month of May was the mother of Dinah.

Well, Pullabblank Nobbs was—for everybody said it—hugely fond of Dinah. Wherever was Dinah there was Pullabblank. The only use of his eyes was to look at her. That is what all the folks of Twiddlethumb said, and Dinah was not the last to believe in it. But Nobbs when he looked at Dinah, looked at cows and pigs, and dairy gear; and in a brown study of his own true love, thought of bacon and hams, and amber brewed some eighteen years ago. In one night, the lightning set fire to a hay-rick of Farmer Ducks—the fire spread all over the farm, and the next morning Ducks was a houseless beggar. Dinah Ducks had not so much as a mash-tub to sit down upon. The ale that was to have hummed in heads and hearts at Dinah's wedding, had run out hissing from the burning cask. All the wealth of Ducks was

turned to cinders. The very next time Nobbs saw Dinah, he began to whistle.

And now, Farmer Ducks and his wife are in one grave in Twiddlethumb churchyard, Dinah—say Dinah's ghost—serves as dairymaid in a strange homestead, and the false and avaricious Pullabank Nobbs is this day to take a rich foreign lady, Olimpia Crindlina, for his lawful wadded wife!—

Yes; wadded wife.

Sir, we mean exactly what we have said; there is no mistake; no error of a vowel—his Lawful Wadded Wife. Miserable wretch, he knows it not; but in this way is falsehood and inconstancy punished in the town of Twiddlethumb. All the townsfolk are prepared for the trick; all will enjoy the flam; all make holiday at the wedding of Pullabank—we should rather say, the wadding—he, most desolate dog, never dreaming of the disaster prepared for him.

Well, it is a hard sentence upon a man, let him have sinned as he may; nevertheless, such is the law of Twiddlethumb; no man knowing the retributive statute, until he bring himself under it. The bride—the bride to become the wadded wife—is the mere show of a woman; a creature woven, and stitched, and stuffed in some far-off place, and brought by some powerful magic—we know not how or by whom—to Twiddlethumb. For it is said at the town tavern that there is a land where women are made in looms and cotton-mills; and that Olimpia—you will see her—is of the manufacture. Pullabank Nobbs falsely betrayed the beautiful, the natural Dinah; and for his treason he shall pass his days with a rustling fiction. He shall be the doomed husband of a lawful, wadded wife!

Do you hear that sound? Pebbles in a tin-pot, poker and tongs, bones and cleavers, staves and warming-pans; all sorts of discord struck, and banged, and rattled by the mischievous boyhood of Twiddlethumb—and yet the noises leap, like silver-footed fays, to the chamber window of Nobbs—that moment satisfied with the marriage-tie of that snow-white cravat—and he thinks he hears choral voices from the church-tower, crying "Pullabank Nobbs come to your wife;" and then, without a thought of the crushed besom of poor Dinah, the traitor takes his nosegay of heartsease from the table, and fits in his left button-hole—a flowery tie nearest his heart. Again and again does he look at his treasonous face, and is all the better satisfied for the staring.

And now, dipping his finger and thumb in his smallest pocket, he fishes forth the wedding-ring. And now he looks serious, grave, as though the gold on the finger of Time had already scored and scored him down the cheek ; and now he turns it twixt his thumb and finger round and round—even as a young student of geography would turn and turn a globe, puzzled to find the Fortunate Islands or Araby the Blest.

All the brass and iron of Twiddlethumb in the mockery of discord call Pullablang Nobbs to come and be married ; to come and secure to himself his Wadded Wife. And Nobbs, still feeling his heart float upon the silver sounds, sits him down in a paradise of music, twiddling and twiddling that small, that most tremendous gold ring. Like the ring of Saturn, it will circle a world ! He has been a solitary, stray bird, (for the wretch has no thought of poor Dinah) and that ring will link him to a sweet, consolatory fellow. He could weep over that ring ; he could make a long, a touching speech to it. And now a knock—a heavy, peremptory knock, as from the knuckles of Fate, strikes at his door ; and the brass and iron—bells to Pullablang—ring the louder.

“ There’s the horses in the coach, a prancing for the church like mad. Shouldn’t wonder, if you don’t make haste, if your bride don’t wait for you, but goes by herself, and gets a husband when she’s there.” These words have just been flung at Nobbs by his landlady ; so, sir, we have no time to lose, if we would see the bridegroom leave his house to go and take up his Wadded Wife.

Down this lane is a short cut. Turn sharp by that hawthorn ; over by that juniper ; turn again, and here we are.

Did you ever see such a mob ? What delicious mischief in the eyes of the young ; especially the girls and younger women. They seem tipsy with the sweetness of revenge. For, sir, do not forget what we have told you ; that the bridegroom victim of the wadded wife—here in Twiddlethumb—is the last to know his evil destiny. All his neighbours chuckle, and roll, and roar over it beforehand—but he, poor doomed one, knows nothing. Hush ! Hats of !

And now the shouting is a little stilled, and you can take a good calm stare at the bridegroom ; is he not a beautiful dupe ? Poor, sweet, gentle—could we find as many sweet epithets as there are sweet flowers, we would bestow them all upon Dinah—poor thing ! she is sweetly revenged at this moment, even in the

depths of Pullabblank's happiness, for his misery will be all the sharper for it.

Wretched, blissful man ! He sees nothing as it is. To his eyes all the townfolks of Twiddlethumb are in their holiday attire ; in their newest clothes of lightest colours ; all of them waving green branches before him, or scattering carnations and roses at his feet. And you see, sir ; the folks are all wildly pranked in rags and tatters as for a masque of poverty ; the boys have smutched and pinked their faces ; and for the boughs and flowers, bunches of nettles, wands of thistles, are waved about, and poppies and dandelions flung in the bridegroom's path ! And still the fool sees nothing of the mockery, but beholds in all things holiday.

And now, he is about to place himself in that low, commodious carriage, drawn by four milk-white ponies. Yes : the bridegroom sees no meaner equipage prepared to carry him to her who, in a blissful half-hour shall become his lawful, wadded wife !

— And he steps upon a pile of hurdles, whereto are yoked four ignominious asses. And now brass and iron ring and rattle again, and in a car of triumph, and to the silvery sound of marriage bells, Pullabblank Nobbs, kissing his finger tips to the roaring, laughing, yelling crowd, is carried onward to the mansion of his betrothed—of her almost prepared to be his wadded wife.

And where is the bride ? Where, Olimpia Crindlina ?

There are three women—three mystic sisters—weaving and working wondrous spells with silks, and muslins, and ribands, and lawn ; in a word, with all the delicate and beautiful substances that make the mystery of female dress. They are arraying the shadowy bride in rustling, flowing robes : they are dressing a beautiful cheat in the glories of bridal bib and tucker. They are clothing a phantasm, a dream, with the substantiality of petticoat and gown. And these three women are the bridesmaids suborned and appointed by the necromancer of Twiddlethumb, whose peculiar cunning it is to evoke from the kingdom of shadows the shade of a wife for the especial punishment of all such false ones as Pullabblank Nobbs.

We have followed the bridegroom to the door of his affianced. Yesterday, there was nothing save a waste piece of scrubby ground : to-day, there stands a handsome mansion, grown from the earth like a toadstool, in a night ; to fade away before the morning ; and all save Pullabblank know the cheat. To his eyes,

the walls of the house are marble ; its windows crystal glass.—It is the deep-founded mansion of his beloved.

Nobbs steps from the hurdle, and enters the house. He sees serving-men clad in crimson, edged and barred with gold : when, in truth, they are ghosts in cobweb liveries, filmy, foul. Again and again the brass and old iron strike up their mocking music ; and Pullabblank walks along the hall as to the triumphal march of the gods.

Again the doors are opened, and the bridegroom stands upon the step, his bride in his hand. She is tall, and her garments have a full, harmonious flow. Her face is not to be seen ; it is covered with so thick a veil of lustrous moonshine. The bridesmaids, to the eyes of Nobbs, are young, fresh, and beautiful as morning roses ; youth in their eyes ; youth at their lips ; youth in every feature, every movement.—But we see them as they are ; and they are shades of haggard ugliness : they look a squinting scorn at the bridegroom, leading to the church a shadowy bride. They mount the hurdle chariot, and—step out, sir—and we follow them to the tethering place.

The priest is a shade ; a shade the clerk ; all seeming forms gathered together to eke out the ceremony are unsubstantial as mists : the very church is a thing of clouds ; and yet an edifice of aged stone to the eyes of Pullabblank. It is thus the Hymen of Twiddlethumb punishes the falsehood of false lovers.

And now—you heard the ceremony, you hear what Nobbs hears as melodious, bridal bells—now is Pullabblank Nobbs a married man ; now is Olimpia Crindlina, a bride from the land of shadows, his lawful wadded wife.

And so, for the rest of his mortal days, will she remain ; and so will work the vengeance of the real, the truthful Dinah. At home, at bed and board, Nobbs will be a lonely, miserable, bachelor man. Abroad, or when company shall visit him, there will be always at his side, the show of a mate : an unusual thing, in very fine, and very ample clothes. For Nobbs is, in very truth, married to a shadow ; he is haunted by the spectre of a spouse. He rejected the real, the loving, the true ; and the Hymen of Twiddlethumb has, in punishment to the falsehood, given to him a lawful, Wadded Wife.

THE LONDON SEASON.

FIT THE FIRST.

DURING this spring of 1848—the first quarter of a great year if ZADKIEL is to be trusted—there have been a few new ingredients; beside the usual hackneyed

Eye of newt and toe of frog, etc : etc :—

to fill the cauldron of “ Monster London ” while Parliament is sitting, and while Parliament’s Wife and daughters are disporting themselves, and wearing out their good looks—in other words, enjoying “ the season.”—Horace Walpole talks of one summer of which “ Mademoiselle de Scuderi must have drawn the plan,” so full was it of celebrations, and festivities. The current spring might have been designed by MM. de Lamartine and Eugene Sue in odd collaboration; the want, perhaps, being a Prince of Gerolstein with his omniscient power, to put every “ mystery ” to rights, and to harmonise the strange contrasts and jarring combinations of such an association.

Sad and civil Reader, if my notes on The Season have somewhat of an “ unstitched look ” (as we say in France) to your tidy eyes,—the fault is in the times, and not in my will. I would fain have begun at the beginning and gone on to the end—after the fashion of Addison’s *Sir Trusty*, when he sung,—

Let me appear, my Liege, I pray,
Methodical in what I say.

But I am as much like either The Spectator or the opera-Droll of his creation, as these weeks of mirth, misery, great moments, and small mistakes, resemble one of those humdrum sequences of day to day, which old folks are apt to dwell upon as being “ happy years.”—Could Professor Babbage have perfected a machine which should chronicle “ the doings of May and Vanity Fairs ” during the past March and April, so strong have been “ the disturbing currents of electricity ”—that the needles must have registered new words and calculations, the real meaning of which, perhaps, no one is as yet able to unravel save the Seer

of Poughkeepsie, or M. Herrmann, the *Prestidigitateur*, at the Haymarket Theatre.

It seems already a year—not a poor six weeks—since the wandering Mr. Cochrane twanged his guitar to call upon England to sympathise with France in Trafalgar Square! How he was not forthcoming in his place: and how, instead, the redoubtable author of “Robert Macaire in England”—“The Mysteries of London,” and other such sweet books, broke out that day into eloquent patriotism, have already become matters of parliamentary history—also how the “juvenile depredators,” who demolished the lamps in St. James’s Park, more zealous for, than perfect in, their French, squeaked “*Vive le Roi*,” under some idea that it was the first line of *La Marseillaise*! One may venture to say—though venturesome it be—that the Royal Academy never had so queer an exhibition within, as it showed that day *without* its portals. Nor was there lacking a sprinkling of “good company” to see—“The Ladies” are so fond of a sight and a sensation: and this year no one has opera money: neither a long credit, with Messrs. Howell and James!—Accordingly a good many found business in the Strand that day. What is also memorable,—on that evening when the Parks were closed, and the Palace was in a state of siege,—three thousand persons or thereabouts, congregated to Exeter Hall—not to listen to the orthodoxy of the Reverend Mr. Anti-Shylock,—not to receive the confession of past sins, proffered by the three gingerbread-coloured converts, sent home by the — Mission—but to be entranced by a more mundane excitement,—even the piano-forte playing of M. Thalberg and the singing of many foreign and native larks and linnets (the Nightingale is monopolised by Mdlle. Jenny)—not forgetting the too-handsome Italian, Signor Ciabatta. These events I say, seem already a year old: having already been made small and insipid by contrast. The long bow since drawn (Paganini-wise) by “O’Connor’s Child” has silenced Mr. Cochrane’s little tinklings;—the Monster Meeting on the Common has eclipsed the small family party under the shadow of St. Martin’s,—while as to your Thalbergs and Ciabattas—why, music has positively seemed to run in our kennels, and to smoke out of our chimnies—so many and various have been the Professors and Practitioners since cast on our shores, by the progress of Continental Discovery in Freedom and Prosperity:—One day, a baker’s dozen of piano-forte players: the next, a multitude of

gentlewomen qualified to teach singing—and *promised out* of all their pupils, no less than their plate by the Provisional Government of Paris. As for Basses, with beards,—who shall pretend to count them or learn their names?—Even the Duke of Beaufort, that most courteous of living gentlemen, was puzzled the other night in the House, to enumerate the “de—s” the “iski—s” the “ini—s,” and the “berg—s” whom it might be as advisable to send back home; persons, who, as Mr. Alexander Somerville, “The Whistler at the Plough” in his interesting Autobiography assures us, plot in the low taverns of London, to pull Royalty off its throne: to burn Ministers’ houses and Public Offices,—and to fill their own pockets: by way of practical gratitude for England’s entertainment of foreign Refugees.—Even Lord Brougham’s marvellous memory and more marvellous French fail him, when he tries to enumerate our foreign guests who have come here to make a livelihood:—so vast is their number, so loud (in defiance of M. Louis Blanc!) their cry of competition. And we know that humane and indefatigable Lord Dudley Stuart, has been perplexed out of many a night’s rest, to consider how all these “distinguished” and “unfortunate” foreigners are to be accommodated with honorary tickets at the next Polish Ball!!—It must be a comfort to the gentry of Dublin to learn that a legion of the bravest have crossed the channel, to assist the vitriol-Force Repealers in charging—no, in *discharging* soda-water bottles, to be ready against *their* grand street exhibition, which is to beat Mr. Guitar Cochrane’s, and Mr. Robert Macaire Reynolds’s, hollow.

This may be all pleasant enough for the Londoner—who has loved an excitement, ever since the days when Horace Walpole’s China-man, advertised “*the only jar in Europe which had been cracked by the Earthquake*,” and preferred an O.P. row, to a legitimate Siddonian performance. But those who desire less exquisite and more obvious and visible sights—Tower Regalias—Gogs and Magogs—The Lord Mayor—“six Aldermen in wigs”—Her Majesty in State at a Theatre Royal, and the like—have fared less delicately, we fear, this season. They have been put off with rather state pleasures.—No admirable little community of Socialists, like “the Industrious Fleas,” has opened its “parallellogram” for their delectation!—No Tom Thumb has driven along our streets, (*par sufferance* of the Newfoundland Dogs,) to excite the envy of full-grown Men, that so small a mite should coin money so fast!—There’s the Great Plaster Hand, at the

Cosmorama, 'tis true,—an apparition somewhat of the ugliest, but appealing whimsically to the imagination : as some trophy might do nailed up by Jack the Giant Killer : to acquaint Lord Mayor Whittington's subjects that Bow may sleep at peace and Whitehall dread no raid or foray. But, go not in,—trusty and well-beloved Sight-seer !—If you make a point of keeping your respect for giants alive : content yourself with the sight of a stray Beef-eater—or look out, in high club-time, for the genial and manly *Jacob Omnium* of the *Times*—as he paces Pall Mall : capable, be sure, of carrying off the gates of Gaza, or Somnauth, or The Bank—or the pair that close Constitution Hill.—So shall you keep your reverence ; and, haply, your terror. Go not in ! The caged Brobdignag of the *Cosmorama*, is anything rather than imposing : a vacant, melancholy, placid failure !—a creature to be doubled up, or pulled to pieces, or swept out, at the wicked will and pleasure of the first human wren, who shall choose to measure *his* inches, against ITS ells ! Must there be always disappointment and folly, and feebleness in over-growth ? Dear Sight-seer, here is a question, which, with the best of good-will I beg you to lay before your Debating Society ! It contains matter for tough argument : and that is worth many a shilling show.

I am not going to take up the world's precious time, by talking about "The Mysterious Lady ;" as great a puzzle to all common-sensible people—ay, and to men of science, too—as Her of Babylon.—I am not going to invite the untravelled to look at the Panorama of Vienna as it *was* under Metternich :—since, for aught we know, at the moment of asking, "St. Stephen's spire" may be standing pinnacle downwards : and the Prater, instead of being noisy with *Carrousels* (the Burmese for merry-go-rounds) echoing with the bruit of artillery.—Nor, even though "sights" are under discussion, will I call your attention to the *Tableaux* which are so favourite a delectation for elderly gentlemen and young artists, (and so oddly popular, just now, in delicate America) ; neither to the *Casino* balls, where

—Barnwells do consort,
For Frenchmen to depict, and Smiths to laud ;—

Good welcome ! say I, to all *good* popular entertainments ! And let the above be made as good as possible, since they may have *their* place and function in the London season,—as fairly as the inanities of Almacks, or the more poetical "celebrities" of the

Shakespearians,—or The Reverend Mr. Bundy's "vials-of-wrath *Soirees*"—or the more tuneful meetings at Exeter Hall, over which Mr. Hullah presides. If A's tailor enjoys his own box (and bouquets to throw) at Mr. Lumley's opera: who shall wrangle with A's tailor's apprentice, if he also chooses to dance and sing, and earn a headache cheap? Nothing, (the apprentice will assure you) is so difficult to find, as a "good *pattern* pleasure," for youths of his complexion. Mr. Cuffey has his public life: wherefore not *we* of Tooley and other streets our diversions? wherefore not our singers and serenaders, as well as the Club gentry of Pall Mall, and St. James Street?

This has been a great year for dead walls and vans.—"The Idrotobolic Hat" has figured nobly beside "The War Organ," (what manner of instrument is this?); and "Men of England" have been invited to keep the peace on the east of a street, while "Slaves of Britain and Erin" have been promised gratuitous instruction how to break the same in the opposite quarter.—I love this sort of pithy politics. I love to listen to the comments of passing debater—whether it be some grim Pole sighing for a Barricade,—or some square, ruddy Butcher's boy who has difficulty over the words of many syllables!—And in the midst of all this grave knowledge—what hints do we not find of bargains to be bought. —"French silks half price; Irish linens at no price at all; Turkey rugs, mamma at a 'frightful sacrifice,' and boots and shoes at a 'nominal figure!'"—Miss Weak's "Daily" (being her paraphrase of all the denunciatory texts she prefers) is savourless compared with a morning's fortuitous reading of this choice quality. 'Tis a short and easy way of coming at the state of nations, not to say "The End of the World,"—worth many a Bishop's Charge, or Treatise by the "Useful Knowledge" people: worth many a long speech in the House, filled with figures which (for aught the public can tell) may be only figures of Speech:—Charles Lamb has pathetically sung of the poor boy's snatched pleasure at a Book Stall: but give me the lore of a Dead Wall, when the ways and wants of the world we live in, are in question. It has its pictures too, meriting a separate dissertation: but we must presently discuss more august exhibitions, and therefore leave the show till a rainy—no, a bright—day!

So much for some of the signs of The Season. There is a moment, however, at which the most indefatigable haunter of the streets becomes tired of faces: and of the literature on blank walls

and hoards—and of the perambulating newspapers.—Blessed at such a moment is the Londoner beyond the Parisian, the Viennese, the Berliner, or the loungeur of Milan (did the Milanese ever lounge in the streets.) Supposing Kensington Gardens with their domes and pyramids of chestnut bloom, too much of an *Ultima Thule* for one sick of the Strand, and worn out with the pavement of Regent Street, and all its foreigners, “with diamond breast-pins on dirty shirts,”—the April aspect of St. James’s Park, is a thing to pay rent and taxes for.—Delicious green grass—almond trees “rosed” (as Tennyson has it) with a flush of tender bloom—the old elms lightly veiled with new leaves—the young shrubs budding out at every bough; with masses of rich and various architecture “coming in” at every corner, just as if Marshall had marshalled them, or Grieve rejoiced in a happy inspiration by way of “flat”—are these things to be overlooked among the pleasures of “the London Season” because they cost nothing,—because they must be shared with two hundred nursery maids, and two Life Guardsmen?—If you are too busy to enjoy the gentle influences and refreshment they minister—I am sorry for you, Brother Operative! If you are too fine, or too travelled to think them worth enjoying, leave Nature in London to better spirits—pass on, and satiate yourself with its culinary art. There is the Clarendon for you to dine at—or M. Soyer’s unambitious table in the Reform Palace—or that new and ambiguous establishment at the corner of Jermyn Street—where you will find the smell of—not the song of the—Turtle; I mean the Royal Symposium!

To me, who am alike by nature and necessity a perverse Londoner, a lover of “The Season,” a haunter of all places where men (and women) consort, something of a kindred relief is occasionally administered by the Picture Shows;—by Christie, with its Hobbimas and Ruysdaels, and Karel du Jardins—and Dutch towns by Vander Heyden, looking so cozily asleep in the pellucid sun-shine,—or by the more set and formal exhibitions of modern Art. And no disrespect to the Goodalls and Inskips of Pall Mall—nor to the Huddleston and Foggos of Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East—our landscape painters have the best of it. Lee and Allen shall lead you through quiet fields, and among woody lanes, and in and out of the *Coombs* of Devonshire, till you totally forget that there is such a property as a “gas light,” or such an *Arcadian* as a Policeman within a stone’s throw,—Creswick shall charm you by the gloom and the loneliness of his rock-scenery, till you almost expect Echo to

reply to you "How beautiful!"—Linnell shall show you his own picturesque assortments of cloud and moorland, and huge forest-giants felled by the wood-cutter. But I beg to protest against Linnell's "brown tree" in spite of Sir George Beaumont's recorded predilection—as a device more tricky than truthful. In this matter, however, I am open to conviction by either Michael Angelo Titmarsh or Felix Summerly, or the "Sketcher" who used to write landscapes so beautifully for *Blackwood*.

Let me mention while we are upon the subject, one threatening sign in our April exhibitions, small, but most significant; one which Her Majesty, anxious to protect her good subjects against revolutionary ideas, should look to:—namely, the undue excellence of female talent. What will the women do next? I beg to enquire of Mrs. Somerville—of Miss Hays—of the profoundly-learned and delicately womanly Authoress of "*Azeth*"—of Miss Laura Barker, whose duets and glees beat those of our Balfes and Barnetts and Bishops hollow!—Step with me into the rooms of the *New Water Colour Society*, if we are agreed in fearing such matter for mischief. Doubtless you expected nothing worse than the portraiture of a bunch of grapes (with the bloom on 'em) by the side of a carved ivory cup, deliciously yellowed by Time the arch-Connoisseur. Doubtless you conceived that the utmost stretch reached by female audacity (albeit dear evergreen Lady Morgan has memorialised The Pope, about "a remainder" of her "old Italy")—would be an encounter of York and Lancaster Roses, or a standard of tricolor pelargoniums.—All these deeds, Mrs. Margetts has done—but, if you fancied that this was all "the sex" could and should dare, you have reckoned without your host, it is clear:—as Miss Setchell and Miss Egerton will presently convince you. Holding to the Salique law, as you do, profound will be your discouragement at the sight of the former lady's "Silken gown" (I love to be precise—numbered 54, in the *Catalogue*.) Perhaps the maiden whose temptation was so prettily told in the Scotch ballad, looks here a trifle too forlorn, in her resolution to prefer a whole heart and "Donald" to fine clothes, and "siller to spare."—I am myself, rather plagued with misgivings, that, after all is said and sung, she will do what other women have done—yield; and shortly figure in the *Times* and *Daily News*, as Mrs. Robin Gray!—But this is the ballad-monger's fault—the fault, too, of the old air, which is one of the melancholy tunes. Both have conspired to make the transaction intolerably sentimental, instead of hopeful—cheerful—

natural.—And Miss Setchell has painted up to the ditty, rather than to Woman's noble heart and honest love. But, the traditional reading granted, how true is the expression of her drawing!—how simple, but clever its arrangement—how masterly its colour! Even Messrs. Haghe and Wehnert,—who seem resolved to prove that water is richer than oil,—have nothing to teach this lady.—And I “love her all the better,” as the song says, because her painting has never a touch of the Sand, or the Bettina, or the *what's-her-name* American Preacheress, in it—but is purely womanly, and strong in its purity and its womanhood.

But the *Woman* rises into the *Lady* in a little oval picture by Miss Egerton—numbered 276—and christened “*Madonna Laura*.” This is no “*Lady*,” in the acceptance of *My Lady's Abigail*—as little one of those complimented by the American divine whom Miss Martineau sat under, when he asked, “Who were last at the Cross? *Ladies*. Who were first at the Sepulchre? *Ladies*.”—But here is a *Lady*, such as Petrarch sung; such as, in his time, Palma Vecchio painted; graceful: refined: nobly-bred; unconscious,—neither a strong-minded woman—nor a wit—nor a woman over and above skilled in tongues, known or unknown,—but a sweet, serene, gentle *donna*, swift to attach love; sure to secure respect: a *Lady* whose colours Honour were honoured to wear; in whose smile Faith might put faith;—A *Lady* such as Browning has shown us, in his exquisite *Duchess Colombe*, (I hope, gracious reader you have heard of her “*Birthday*,”) shaming all the tawdry compositions of Court millinery and Opera simplicity,—all the “*Adelaises of taste*,” and the *Clementinas of May Fair*.

Sung by —————, by Chalon painted!

If the Paintress of this picture, be not herself, a *Lady*, too,—Art is a lie; and Poetry another; and Experience a third.—“*Madonna Laura*” should find a place in a Royal Cabinet.—Perhaps she will.

But, like King George of civil memory, “belike” you may enjoy neither “Boetry nor Bainting:” but prefer taking a round of the play-houses.—This every one discourages you from doing. Those who don't like going to plays themselves, are human and benevolent: and accordingly resolve that you shall take no pleasure in the old Englishman's delight.—And it may be true that we have fallen on a bad year.—For, as to the theatres: what can be odder than the “*pasture of affairs*” as Will Jenkins hath it—within their wooden O—s? Peep into the “*Legitimates*”

first. Drama is dead, cry the Curdles who are perpetually talking of "palmy days" and old plays—and actors of an impossible excellence.—And so (mark the sequence!) we have had Beaumont and Fletcher in Portman Market:—"The Scornful Lady" looked to the life by beautiful Mrs. Warner; and her *Abigail* (no better *Abigail* could have held the train of Abington or Farren) "done to a turn," as epicures say, by capital, quaint Miss Saunders: and since "The Scornful Lady," we have had "The Double Marriage," that grand impassioned Tragedy, somewhat over-strained, but worth a dozen of the "Mourning Brides" and "Fatal Marriages" and "Venice Preserveds" in which Siddons thrilled the Town, when Tragedy "was."—And, so, (the Drama being still dead) Mr. Phelps has been playing Shakespeare play after Shakespeare play at "the Wells"—and showing the world how glorious and charming they are, as compared with the "Evadnes," and such flimsy and turgid productions as made the ladies "cry quarts," during the O'Neill epidemic, when Tragedy still "was."—And so in a third place (The Drama being particularly dead) has Mr. Macready been going his favourite round, *auspice* Mr. Maddox—"supported" as the phrase is by Mrs. Butler—a phrase more fitting than metaphorical—since to the whole of "Lear," as digested by him, were parcelled out the fewest possible lines of *Cordelia* which could be allotted to her. Doubtless there were some inscrutable reasons for this, which simple lovers of Shakespeare are not expected to understand: but seeing how impassioned was her *Desdemona*, how royal her *Queen Katharine*, we humbly submit that the Lady might have been trusted with the entire part—and not a few scraps and shreds thereof!—Further, to authenticate the Drama's utter death, have we not had the triumph of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean in clever Mr. Lovell's clever Play "The Wife's Secret?"—to say nothing of the apparition in the old haunt of Elliston and Vestris, of *Master Gustavus Brooke*—figuring like *Macbeth* betwixt a pair of "mournful maids," not "merry wives,"—to wit, Miss Glyn and Miss Duret,—a Brooke, willing, it has seemed, to flow two ways at once,—a proceeding as unheard of in theatrical history as the pair of banks taking the same side of the Thames, so energetically admonished by Mr. Puff. And, lastly, (by this time it may be presumed that we have reached the Drama's burial,) can we overlook the invasion recently made on Britain's shores, by a bevy of

brave American ladies?—Mrs. Barrett the jocund, and Mrs. Mowatt the literary and interesting,—and Miss Cushman, the great actress, whose *Romeo* has plagued more people than enough: because it was so good and owed no traditions to any body. As for talking of Lady Boothby, and Mrs. Keeley, and Madame Vestris the perennial—and Mrs. Sterling, whose *Anne Bracegirdle*, in Mr. Oxenford's "Tragedy Queen," beat the French heroine of the original "*Tiridate*" hollow,—were I once to begin, I should never end. Wherefore, I say to the playgoer, as well as to those who believe in Mr. Satan Montgomery—"Clear your mind of cant,"—and when you hear that the Drama is dead, take a Hansom or an Omnibus, and enquire for yourselves. You won't find "the aristocracy," perhaps, at "the play," as of old; you will find some *Mr. Chronicle* in the next box, who shall grumble to you for any given time, over the past dynasties of actors and actresses. But look on the stage, and watch the humours of the pit, and I will bet you a crown, to be spent in any treat you like, from the Opera down to Madame Wharton's show, that you will change your mind, be the cry ever so noisy.

Then, ere we approach those magnificent haunts of Illegitimacy, our three Opera Houses; ere we deal with such Dalilahs as Mdlle. Lind—or such a Herodias as Cerito—to say nothing of *Cleopatra Grisi*, or *Cressida Alboni*—the talker-over of the "London Season" and its entertainments, must not forget one very choice pleasure—the Shakspearian Readings of Mrs. Butler. If, not contented with talking-over plays, he have ever himself tried to read a Play aloud—to make one voice supply foot-lights and set-scenes, and exits and entrances, and the stolidity of *Dogberry*, and the concentrated Jewish hate of *Shylock*—and the wit of *Beatrice*—and the melancholy sarcasm of *Jaques*—and have felt, how the keenest intelligence and most immediate sympathy were all insufficient to provide against fatigue and to supply the defects of limited power—to meet the difficulty of getting over level ground, and the necessity for instant and subtle change of mood—the poetry, the art, the dramatic intelligence of "the Daughter of the Kembles" will come over him with "a special wonder," as something rare and delicate—claiming honour and recognition even when their manifestation parts company with every thoughtful man's own most peculiar and fastidious fancy. But—since every one agrees that the Drama is dead—there has been enough, and too much perhaps, said on the subject.

But *who* could say too much in praise of the French equestrians at Drury Lane? Not the Poets of Moses, one thousand strong—not the Rev. Richard Cobbold, in the glory of his fine language utterly inimitable—not Mr. Bunn, when his Pegasus moved the most Ducrow-ishly—not Mr. ——— when at his seventh speech and third bottle after dinner.—Those who have read the clever book by Mrs. Dalkeith Holmes—I mean her *Tour on Horseback* from Paris to Florence—and remember how she was called “*Cela*,” by people, who seeing her in her riding-habit were not sure as to her sex, may have hugged themselves in an impudent English prejudice that French women could not ride.—Let them go and see Mdle. Caroline. And I question (but this is *too* unpatriotic!) if the holiday-keeper to whose felicity the unaltered version of “Hot Codlings” is the *most* essential—will henceforward (forgetting the country of Grimaldi) dare to assume for Old England the monopoly of Clowns, after having rejoiced in the quaintness of Auriol.—Disparagement becomes weak, when such perfection is the theme: and the loudest protest to be made on the subject is that of honest, English, gentlemanly G——, whom I caught standing, serious and alone, in the pit of a certain theatre—a few nights after the first English workmen returned home to tell the Chartists all about French freedom.

“Well, sir”—said he—“I think it was all right and proper, the demonstration that they made those French folks make on Monday at Drury Lane.—Sir, they forced them to sing ‘God save the Queen.’ And the riders, too!”

And with “God save the Queen” fitly may end this first fit of “the London Season.” Next month, peradventure, I may be genteeler—and prattle of drawing-rooms, horticultural *fêtes*, the chestnuts in Bushey Park, the white bait at Blackwall—the Races—and the Operas—as elegantly, as if I were what *Rosa Matilda* calls, the “unprecedentedly-qualified authoress of *FASHION!*”

TODDLING MAY.

FIVE pearly teeth and a soft blue eye,
 A sinless eye of blue,
 That is dim or is bright, it scarce knows why,
 That, baby dear, is you ;
 And parted hair of a pale, pale gold,
 That is priceless every curl,
 And a boldness shy and a fear half bold,
 Ay, that's my baby girl.

A small, small frock, as the snowdrop white,
 That is worn with a tiny pride,
 With a sash of blue, by a little sight
 With a baby wonder eyed,
 And a pattering pair of restless shoes
 Whose feet have a tiny fall,
 That not for the world's coined wealth we'd lose
 That Baby May, we call.

A rocker of dolls with staring eyes
 That a thought of sleep disdain,
 That with shouts of tiny lullabies
 Are by'd and by'd in vain ;
 A drawer of carts with baby noise,
 With strainings and pursed up brow,
 Whose hopes are cakes and whose dreams are toys,
 Ay, that's my baby now.

A sinking of heart, a shuddering dread,
 Too deep for a word or tear—
 Or a joy whose measure may not be said,
 As the future is hope or fear ;
 A sumless venture, whose voyage's fate
 We would and yet would not know,
 Is she whom we dower with love as great
 As is perilled by hearts below.

Oh what as her tiny laugh is dear,
 Or our days with gladness girds !
 Or what is the sound we love to hear
 Like the joy of her baby words !
 Oh pleasure our pain and joys our fears
 Should be, could the future say,
 Away with sorrow—time has no tears
 For the eyes of Baby May.

Osborne Place, Blackheath.

W. C. BENNETT.

A FELON'S PHILOSOPHY.

DUYSED DHU was esteemed a profound philosopher by his countrymen. This reputation was easily made among a benighted race of Oriental pagans. Of Dhu's studies it is impossible to give any account—so mysteriously and secretly were they conducted ; but there can be no doubt of his superiority over the generality of the people about him. He was a shrewd, plausible, eloquent man. He delighted in mysteries, because he knew that ignorant minds were always more or less superstitious ; and he practised upon the credulity of his neighbours to his own private advantage. From far and wide men hastened, in their difficulties, to consult the philosopher, Duyshed Dhu ; who invariably contrived to send applicants from his door with thankful hearts and lightened pockets. With the government he was a man of immense influence, inasmuch as he taught statesmen the art of wheedling taxes from the people without provoking discontent or resistance ; and the king had once or twice permitted the sage to eat at his royal table—a distinction usually only vouchsafed to the greatest nobles of the land. This condescension on the part of royalty in no way dazzled Dhu ; he merely regarded the honour as part payment for his great services to the crown, and so treated the matter very lightly. This nonchalance provoked the displeasure of the king ; and henceforth Dhu was a marked man.

The king was an absolute monarch—a man who boasted the blessed privilege of sacrificing human life to satisfy personal pique or lust of wealth ; and who, moreover, did not scruple to take advantage of this privilege at every opportunity. Poor men were comparatively safe : but the rich were in daily fear of the bow-string, inasmuch as the law of the land willed the confiscation of the property of malefactors to the sovereign. When Duyshed Dhu heard that he had offended his royal master, he laughed at the fears which his brethren entertained on his account, and said that he dared the king to do his worst. This defiance struck terror to the hearts of all who heard it, and people began to shrink from the approach of the sage, lest, being seen in his company, they should be suspected of aiding him in a plot against the govern-

ment. Dhu despised this cowardice on the part of his neighbours, and gave them to understand that he no longer valued their friendship nor wished for their society ; whereupon he was called a fanatic, a madman, and a reckless visionary. Dhu heeded not these interpretations of his conduct : he felt his moral power and reposed peaceably therein.

Suddenly a state bubble burst : Dhu was concerned in it, arrested, and brought to trial. It appeared in evidence against him that he had been engaged in conjunction with others (secretly abetted by the king) buying over the soldiers of a rival state to his master. The foreign prince with whose soldiers Dhu and his colleagues had tampered, had discovered the plot, and demanded an immediate explanation from the king. The king, who marked out Dhu for vengeance, saw here a fitting opportunity to satisfy his rage : he therefore denied all knowledge of the matter, and promised the foreign prince that the base directors of this disgraceful trickery should be brought to condign punishment. The only point that could be brought home against Duyesd Dhu was that he had received certain moneys from the king for which he had not accounted : that he had expended it in bribing foreign soldiers was a mere conjecture. However this conjecture alone would have sufficed to put a full stop to Dhu's career, had not the nobles of the land interfered on his behalf. Pardoned for having been an object of suspicion Dhu was arraigned as a thief, convicted, and sentenced to be bowstrung. The king declared that it was utterly impossible to pardon an offence that had done injury to the royal exchequer : had the crime been merely the murder of a plebeian, or some such trivial offence, he might have felt disposed to show some degree of mercy to the prisoner ; but as the case stood, he could promise no commutation of the sentence, and the prisoner must prepare for an inconveniently tight neckcloth in the shape of a bowstring. This sentence was received by the people in silence : they did not dare to plead for a felon, inasmuch as they knew that their sovereign regarded felony as the blackest of all sins.

The ministers were glad to get rid of Dhu. He was too popular : his influence with the people was too powerful. His intellect mastered their own, and they feared that ere long he might take precedence of them, should he be allowed to live. Besides, he was the sole depositary of some ministerial secrets, the promulgation of which would place them in a very awkward and alarming predicament. They had a difficult part to play. They promised

Dhu to exert their influence with the king on his behalf : and they did exert that influence to obtain—his immediate execution.

When Duyshed Dhu heard the final determination of his sovereign, he could not repress the utterance of an oath. This was the gratitude of a king!—this the reward for a long life of ceaseless labour in the cause of royalty ! He had sacrificed honour to serve his master. He had stolen from the people to fill the royal exchequer, and in consideration of these services he had received some empty honours ; yet for his first offence *against* the crown he was condemned to die ! He had been the tool of ministers for years ; he had wrested property from the merchants, and wives from their lawful husbands, to satisfy the avarice and passion of his master ; and were these services not to be weighed in the balance against him ?—was he to die like the common herd of plebeian sinners ?

Duyshed Dhu sat in the darkness of his prison and revolved in his mind the possibility of escape. Physical victory over his keepers was impossible ; he therefore determined to save himself by stratagem. It has been written that Dhu was a philosopher, and we opine that this has been written of him with justice. Being a Hindoo and far removed from the civilised world, Dhu had not amassed his mental wealth at the shrines of our great philosophers—Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Shakspeare—these were names unknown to Dhu ! He was a philosopher, nevertheless. He had studied the hearts of his fellow men ; he had looked through the surface of things ; his books had been the great actors about him, and he was thoroughly acquainted with them. Their weaknesses, their sins, their affections, and their antipathies had been bared by Dhu ; and now, in the moment of peril, he determined to turn his knowledge to account. He sent for his jailor, and told him he had an important secret to communicate to the king ; and that, having fulfilled this duty, he should be ready to die.

The jailor straightway went to the sovereign, and delivered the prisoner's message ; whereupon the monarch was pleased to order that Duyshed Dhu be brought into his august presence.

" We have sent for thee that thou mayest have an opportunity of disclosing this boasted secret. Thou must die this afternoon, so lose no time."

" My royal master," answered Duyshed Dhu, " I have discovered the means of producing trees that shall bear gold."

At first the king laughed at this impudent assertion ; but being

pressed by his ministers (who felt confident that the sage's boast was an empty one) to give the fellow an opportunity of displaying his wonderful powers, his majesty at length ordered his counsellors and officers of state to assemble on a certain spot, where they might see the truth of Dhu's assertion put to the test. The officers assembled accordingly, and foremost in the throng stood the king. Presently Duysed Dhu was conducted before the assembly.

"See," said Dhu, producing a stick of dead wood, "this piece of wood, if properly handled, would produce a tree, every branch of which would bear gold."

"The fellow manœuvres well for a respite, your majesty," said the prime minister.

"Aye, our royal wisdom sees that at a glance," responded the king. Then addressing Dhu—"Fellow, thy paltry subterfuge avails thee not."

"Hear me, O king," prayed Duysed Dhu. "I ask no respite, mark you; all I ask is, that an honest man shall touch this stick, and it shall straightway shoot forth and bear gold. I confess that I have been guilty of felony, and am therefore powerless in the matter. Mind, to be of avail, the touch must be that of a man who has never been guilty of a dishonest action, however trivial. Prythee touch the wood, your majesty."

And Duysed Dhu knelt and presented the stick.

To say truth his majesty was somewhat taken aback by this offer: and it was noticed by some bystanders that the cheeks of the ministers blanched as they heard Dhu's proposition.

At length the king replied, with a blush upon his brow,—
"When I was a boy, I remember that I stole a jewel from my father's room, which sir, although perfectly pardonable in one so young as I then was, disqualifies me; I therefore pass the stick to my most worthy and trusty prime minister."

The minister took the stick, but it changed not; and presently this most excellent functionary faltered—"I receive the taxes from the people; and, as I am exposed to hourly temptations, how can I be perfectly honest? I therefore pass the wood to this most reverend father."

"Now it will be turned to gold, if there be truth in Dhu's boast," murmured the assembly, as they watched attentively the movements of the priest. But the priest knelt humbly, and addressing the gathering of people, said:—

"Brethren, we have all erred many times in the course of our lives : none of us are wholly free from the taint of sin. I am not thoroughly honest, inasmuch as my actions have often fallen far short of the creed which I profess to follow strictly ; therefore I am impotent in the matter."

Then the stick was offered to the several officers present, but they all pleaded guilty to various sins. Presently Duyssed Dhu, seeing the profound impression he had made, addressed the assembly as follows :—

"Most potent king, and learned ministers, should not this trial of honesty inculcate in your hearts a feeling of pity rather than of revenge towards your subjects and brothers in sin ? Does it not propound to you the true spirit in which your penal code should be drawn up ? Does it not teach you that the law should so foster and protect the people that they may have but few temptations to commit sins, and that the crimes of a country may be traced to the misgovernment of ministers and kings ? We are all sinners : let us therefore sympathise with one another. I deserve, not punishment, but correction. Shall it not be the purpose of your laws not to strangle offenders, but to teach people not to offend ? Where crime has stained the heart of a man, let it be the province of your laws, not, by brutal treatment, to harden him in his evil ways, but to show him the full heinousness of the evil he has committed, to soften his heart with kindness, and make him a better man. You see, O king, that I have sinned no more than your officers of state. If you take my life, in justice you may take theirs : but would you not rather encourage us to amend than send us unprepared to our last account ? Your people are in want, and they steal. They certainly do wrong to pilfer ; but is there no wrong on your side ? Have you educated them ? Have you shown them the full iniquity of felony ? Have the mighty resources of your kingdom been used equally for the people as for the nobles ? Have you, who style yourself 'father of your people,' been a good parent ? Have you taught the young idea how to shoot, and what to shun ? Have you not framed two distinct classes of laws—one for favourites, and one for enemies ? Pardon me, O king, but I have once or twice thought that, as has been well said by a foreigner, in kingdoms where monarchs call themselves the fathers of their people—many, many must wish to be orphans. Now, king, the bowstring may claim another victim of your unjust code of laws : I am ready."

But the felon's philosophy had moved the king, and he liberated Dhu, who lived to be prime minister, and to superintend an amendment of the laws of his country.

It is to be regretted that the results of Duyssed Dhu's administration have not been handed down to us.

W. B. J.

ARBOR LIBERTATIS ; OR, FREEDOM'S MAY-POLES.

AN EXTRAVAGANZA.

BY PAUL BELL.

Rontim, Bontim, restim, skontim !—MAGYAR DANCING SONG.

THE united wisdom of Gotham—the dis-united Freedom of France, Germany, Denmark, Poland, Austria, Bohemia, Hungary, Lombardy, Piedmont, Naples and Sicily—not to speak of the Courts of Rome and St. Petersburg and the alleys of Spitalfields—seem alike unable to give a definition of what the Liberty Tree may be, such as may suit such homely and honest gardeners, as desire to make it grow, but who have an aversion to getting, by mistake, the Gunpowder Tea Plant, or to the scattering of Indian Shot too freely “within our borders,”—and who love the useful and permanent as distinguished from that which is showy or ephemeral. Those who object to plants which yield neither wood nor fruit—or to such as straggle underneath our own and our neighbours' walls and rot the foundations,—or to such as harbour vermin—or to such as creep and create damp—or to such as “poison the children and the cattle”—yet all the while, like to have “the new things” as well as their neighbours, would be very glad of some settlement of the matter.

We hear that elaborate communications on the subject and scientific descriptions are in progress of preparation, one by the Count de Neuilly, expensively illustrated, to be published by the Count's friend—Mr. Alderman Moon. M. Guizot, who has sat down among the Brompton gardens—Mrs. S. C. Hall's “Rosery” not forgotten—has a treatise forthcoming, it is whispered, as long as a Cyclopædia article. Prince Metternich, too, so recently sojourning in Holland—that head quarters of old-fashioned horti-

culture—that celestial empire of pleasure houses by filthy canals, redolent with tobacco-and-gin odours sweeter than scent of “pink, lily, or rose”—has much to say on the point : and is prepared to support his theory by quoting the “policies” of Schönbrunn, Laxenburg, and certain Austrian villas on the Italian lakes. Nor is the King of Prussia—at present “residing with a vengeance” at Sans Souci—and philosophically planning a united Germany even as Frederic the Great might have done—without his “crotchet” regarding “soil, stock, and seed,” by which (*auspice* the Chevalier Bunsen) the world, peradventure, may shortly be edified. Further, His Majesty of Bavaria that was, has expressly announced his intention of devoting much leisure, during an approaching *villeggiatura* in the Geneva (as distinct from *Gin*) Palace of Countess Dollallolla,—to examining, defining, and transcendently treating the subject from its sides all and sundry.—I am told he inclines to the old fantastic mediæval and Topiarian process of clipping and training and tormenting the plant, by way of bringing it to perfection.—But (as is not uncommon among the Germans when they set about deciding a question) he is not able to make up his mind what the plant, in very deed and truth, is.

These, Sir, however, will probably, prove costly works, beyond the reach of small proprietors, cottage gardeners—or suburban folks, whose “pleasaunce” consists of two flower-beds, and one walk neatly paved with oyster shells.—A popular treatise is wanted : totally unincumbered by subtleties—and not made tedious by over much historical allusion—or too many references to the Past. . . . The Past ! how much does that *now* comprehend ! How much but my Mrs. Bell becomes as impatient when I threaten to be poetical, as Lord Byron was, when he stopped Tom Moore from “letting fly” some gay phrase or other concerning “the rosy sunsets” of Italy.—Therefore, I must cut short my reverie about the Past, and my rhapsody with regard to the future : and treat of the Time (and Tree) Present.

What, then, “is the Tree of Liberty ?” may be asked. Bell, be pleased to recollect, is used to register questions and answers.

“*Arbor vitæ*” cries one voice as conceitedly as if no one save the speaker knew Latin : and as if these were the days when plain folk could be “licked” (as we Lancashire men say) by the “Unknown tongues.”—

“Verdant Myrtle’s branching pride,”

begins another second-hand classic, whose quotation of the well-known paraphrase from Alcæus, I at once cut short.—Any one can read Bell's Poets!—

"The Oak," Miss Le Grand desires me to say—"because" (I trust you will admire the dear lady's logic) "it sheltered his most Christian and Gracious Majesty King Charles the Second at Boscobel; in memory of which certain Penderells enjoyed pensions till a very late period."—

"The Elm," murmurs a Croaker—not a John out of office—remembering the fancy of poor Thomas Hood, in one of the strange lyrics, where the Poet played with Death, like a lover, embossing every grim lineament, and clammy cerement of the Destroyer with quaint conceits and beautiful thoughts. "The Elm is the coffin-tree—and in the coffin alone there is repose: and repose is the best liberty to which poor burdened mortality may aspire."—

"The Upas Tree," mutter one or two despots crouched (witch-like) in hateful knot, in a corner; speaking in tones of pain: peradventure, because their hands are tied.—To which a modern discoverer replies with the most flippant and genteel assurance conceivable, "There's no more such a thing as a Upas Tree, there is an Unicorn!"—

"A Christmas Tree," cries the last German child extant, who still dreams of toys and play-books, and large dolls, and indigestible cakes, and pieces of elaborate knitting hung from branches illuminated by countless candles.—I say, the last German child: because, The Child has hardly a recognised existence in Germany, now-a-days. Schoolboys bluster about affairs of State—*Sixth Forms* stuff their waistcoats up with wool and muffle their hands in wash leather, that they may have the glory of settling this Minister or the other Dynasty, "at point of fox."—Everybody plays at Politics, ("we all smoke in Germany!" said poor Hood) and Politics are no child's-play: *Argal*, there are no more children in Germany, save the cupboard lover who speaks up for sociability (not socialism) and creature comforts (not constitutions). Dear German child! Your Christmas Tree was no Tree of Liberty after all! Do you forget St. Nicholas behind the door?—the dressed-up Saint, Goblin, or Tyrant in a mask (quaint relique of the Mahomed or Termagaunt of the Miracle Play) who was brought in to terrify you, if you were not a good meek creature?—or what was worse, was threatened and not to be seen by reason

of the darkness?—But, whereas, the German men of fifteen and others, are resolved to do away with this “*Old Bogie*”—who was mostly clad in a Russian Bear’s Skin—I fear, alas! that they are making sad havoc of the good things within the warm parlour: destroying cheerfulness, serenity, and prosperity, in their resolution not to be over-crowded! Heaven send I be wrong: and they prove to be as wise as Solomon, as strong as Samson, as continent as Joseph, and as merciful as The Prodigal Son’s father! . . . Meanwhile, neither the Old children, nor the childish Old men of Germany seem to me to have hit the right definition of the plant, so strange and hard to find.

A weary Professor shut out of his University, this instant, puts in a note, in which it is suggested, that the above uncertainty may, in part, arise from the soil of Germany undergoing great and essential changes.—“Our Fatherland,” says he, “it is said by Professor *Lie-big* (what an awkward name, by the way, for King’s or People’s counsellor!) “must be dressed with caustics;—our gardens manured with vitriol, and our domestic fowl fattened on phosphorus.—Then, at no very remote cyclical period, we shall see” etc. etc. etc. . . . But here, in mercy to my public waiting for information, I am constrained to cut the worthy man as short, as I cut the quoter of the worn-out translation from Alcæus:—

Shall we get no lights on the subject from America? With so many planters as “the States” contain, they ought to be in a plight to tell us something regarding the matter. Yet Jonathan of New England, and *Jean* of New Orleans, furnish us with descriptions totally different in quality, colouring, and bearing. Bigelow and Boerhaave may agree about common “Botany and Grass,” but this plant of larger growth is not to be settled, either as to race, *habitat*, leaf, blossom, or productiveness in the turning of a dictionary. “The Brown Forester” whose oration on the deck of the steamer Mr. Dickens so graphically recorded in his Notes, would be a little troubled to describe what manner of shrub was the Liberty Tree. Whether a kind of the hickory from which he cut his stick to clear the decks of such “strangers and pilgrims” as “riled him” by not admiring the Mississippi enough: or a bit of bomboo out of the plantation tilled by the luckless Negro—which supplies the poor black with stuff to work upon, and an engine to keep him in order withal. I have never heard precisely what law Lynch, the authority for such personages, has laid down on the subject, but can imagine it to have been something like this,

"The nearest stick a fellow can pluck up to thrash his neighbour with when he's discontented!"—a Tree, in short, under which Brute Force is apt to nestle; and independent opinion to be cowed or quieted into following Colonel Orthodox, or Captain Absolute, the noble popular leader. Perhaps the "parent stem" only exists in the wilderness: as hard to find as "The Great Carbuncle" of marvellous memory in the times of the Puritan Fathers:—for more particulars concerning which I recommend you to consult, "the Twice-Told Tales" of that most charming writer of short stories—Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne.

"Trash!" cries some indignant Son of Freedom, who wants to come the "*Special Constable*" over me, with somebody else's truncheon of African oak, because I *do* only believe that which I *can* believe; and reason on what seemeth to me reasonable evidence.—"Trash and Rigmarole! The question is settled in France!" "Unsettled, methinks, as yet," say I; who claim as much as you the freedom of prophesying; and perhaps, may have feelings as warm, and principles as deep on the subject as you!—"Unsettled, indeed," I must cry.—What if there be a spice of the Mandrake in what you are admiring?—somewhat bewildering to the brains of those who come under its shade?—Why, 'tis but the other day, that I found my friend William Howitt (honest I firmly believe, in his purposes, though given to hot words and wrong-headed luns) a Member of a Society whose badge is Peace on Earth, sanctioning a translation of *La Marseillaise*, that tune which mixed with so many a scream of frantic bloodthirstiness, with so many a cry of France's best who were murdered on the *Guillotine* and in the *Noyades*—for a peaceful English journal, intended to strengthen the moral force of peaceful English readers!—When I catch an old comrade at such vagaries, am I not justified in suspecting that the French tree distilleth "nightshade drippings"—as well as the delicious "honey dew" on which Poets are fed, to dream of Paradise?—This, it is true, may be an old English prejudice. Let us leave it, then; and try to look with our neighbours' eyes at our neighbours' arboricultural discoveries.

The French notion of "this most distinguished vegetable" (as I once heard a coxcombical lecturer entitle the Oak) seems like many other French notions concerning natural products, a little peculiar to clear-sighted English eyes. The Tree of Liberty is a sort of hop-pole such as that round which "*La Carmagnole*" was danced at the close of last century; which you may turn into

the support of a merry-go-round, where Citizens and Citizenesses shall take their pleasure—or into a lamp-post, on which other Citizens less esteemed may “*depend*,” without such ghostly comfort as *Trois Eschelles* would fain have administered to *Quentin Durward*. This dead stick is planted in vacant places by unemployed people, with songs, banners, and orations.—Men of letters inaugurate it—Priests come from their church porches to bless it.—Sometimes the *Orpheonists* (answering to our Mr. Hullah’s classes,) sing a chorus or so, in its honour and glory—or if a musician happens to be living in the neighbourhood (this really happened a day or two since) he opens the window of his *entresol* and blows a blast, not like the tune of Fear, breathing

prophetic sounds, full of dread !

but a sort of *Esperance* or *Republique* Polka, on his *cornet à piston*. Inasmuch, however, as this same dead stick (frequently a poplar) is easy to set up, it is not hard to pluck down.—It makes a very good weapon to beat a rebellious journalist with—as happened the other day, in the office of a newspaper, conducted by clever M. Girardin. Of this gentleman,—from all that my lame Boy and I heard about him in Paris, we have been led to conceive no very eminent opinion. But honour to him as having vindicated the liberty of public speaking! *King Crack* tried to put down the Reform banquet—*King Rabble* wished to imitate his predecessor, and to stop the journal that dared to criticise *Messieurs* the Provisionals: or rather those who provide them: accordingly with a pretty handsome switch of the Liberty Tree in his hands, he thumped at the door of *La Presse* with rather a pressing imperiousness, brandishing the holy plant, and assuring the Editor that his papers were numbered, if he persisted in speaking his mind. Honour to M. Girardin! Without needless “if” or “but,” taunt or defiance, he quietly informed *King Rabble* that he regarded his manifold Mightiness no more than he had respected *King Crack’s* solitary Despotism:—that no Liberty bastinado-ing should constrain him to hold his peace: that no compulsion should compel him to fraternise with persons whose measures appeared to him unbrotherly. Perhaps simultaneously with his bold words, he allowed *King Rabble* to have a peep of a bold cudgel (such as the Editor of the — used to keep in his back parlour): but that’s merely a guess. The new Monarch, like the old one, was compelled to “bate his pride”—and went off to plant the glorious

shrub in some other spot, singing "Ca ira," followed by two incense-boys, swinging censers for the delectation of his olfactory pride !

Let me not be understood amiss. I mean neither mockery nor unkindness nor mistrust towards the generous men and glorious struggles of France. But in the World's history there was never more need than now of clearness of view, as well as warmth of sympathy : of a right direction of enthusiasm : admiration : imitation :—never more need that Men should not be abused by words, but rest upon truths :—that we should hold our ears at liberty to distinguish the Ranter's jargon from the Teacher's sense : and our minds awake to discriminate betwixt Liberty and Licentiousness, Virtue and Crime. . . . But—acting on principles of justice—this *inter-paragraph* (to adopt a designation from Coleridge) must needs be cut short, as well as the classical quotation, or the German disquisition.

Now, as to Italy. What odd thing is that we behold on the Tree of Liberty there ?—A Tiara capping the pole, in place of the *bonnet rouge* ! Private Judgment getting its rights under the sanction of Authority ! This is, somehow or other, a "very wonderful Tree !" and whether it will not die out, after a short term of flourishing, like the Plane, or the Ribstone Pippin, is a question which may be asked. Then the different forms which it will take in Sardinia, Lombardy (supposing the Austrians fairly ousted)—the Roman States,—Naples (no longer including the kingdom of the Sicilies) are past prophesying for !—Heaven grant the Southernns adopt the Olive as their Liberty-Tree. Peace among themselves is conceivable ; by a sketch of hopefulness—in spite of the antipathies of one state against another ; [and observe, that never has NATIONALITY been so much raised by way of rallying cry, as now—when every one is also resolute "to live and let live," if we are to believe their Tyrtæan tunes of another quality.] But Peace under The Pope for Liberals ! . . . St. Matthew ! St. Mark ! St. Luke ! St. John ! ST. PETER ! bless us !—We must even leave "this nut" for The Sphinx to crack. It is too strong for frail mortal single or double Teeth.

We seem to have got a long way from home in our quest—as if the rejection of the Boscobel Oak, by way of answer to the inquiry, warranted us in declaring that the Liberty Tree was not a growth of England—unless, it be found in Mrs. Harris's garden !—Not quite so : yet the number of different things called

by the name would puzzle a conjuror. Perhaps this very number brings us a step nearer the truth, than those would admit, with whom Liberty means uniformity.— Shall we ever forget how dear, dreamy, enthusiastic Mr. Breakback was earnest that we, inhabitants of Halcyon Row, should cultivate, each his several garden, on one and the same Greatest Happiness Principle?— Now Miss Le Grand had a taste for London pride—and Mr. Lapple for Thrift—and the Cockles were thought to demean themselves by planting vulgar eatables, absolutely ox-eye potatoes, on either side of the walk up to the front door. The Dableys were fond of things that grew high— Golden rods, Hollyhocks, &c. &c. &c.— They were not to be lessened into Mr. Breakback's tastes for dividing the ground—apportioning the manure—&c. &c. &c.— They would have their own way!—each a different one—and called *this* Liberty. For they pleaded that self-effacement—call it Monastic, call it Socialist—*might* possibly, in reality, merely prove to be selfishness beat out into thin leaf, instead of being conglomerated into individual ingots.—The figure, however, I beg to say, is mine: though it strikingly reflects their protest— Each would have sworn, I doubt not, to a sprig of the Tree in his, or her own garden.

But my impatient neighbour Mr. Fightington insists that, at this rate, I shall never come to an end: that I am wasting the time of the occupied and the patience of the hungry—assuring me that he knows a quotation from Mr. Disraeli's "Revolutionary Epick" (though he has somehow or other forgotten it) which settles the question.—Ere I can appease him, my good old friend, the Reverend Mr. Vavasour, (who, as you know, is a bit of a natural historian, and all for peace and concord) taps me on the shoulder to whisper that he fears there are many misguided persons amongst us, who are determined to force a bad sort of *Judas Tree* on the market, in place of the right "herb:"— people with black and sinister thoughts, who do not care if they destroy the soil, so they only get a job: and force down their own miserable and stunted trash! They have seduced, he says with a sigh,—a number of wretched and deluded men to hawk the thing about—to terrify all the poor folks in the Liberty-Trade who want to vend anything else, and to threaten a universal rabbling of such landed proprietors as won't buy.—But need one use metaphor or management in speaking of miscreants who will have Liberty enforced by outrage, Rapine, Fire and Murder?—The

most determined spirit of cheerfulness becomes serious,—the widest charity finds its limit, when their vile suggestions, and atrocious incitements, are mentioned.—Nor is he, to my thinking, a true man, who allows himself, for one second, in jest or in earnest, to listen to their abominable counsel,—without a protest, and a separation, such as shall convince all whom he would convince of his worth and sincerity, that Reform, Regeneration, (Republicanism, if you will, to include those who state their opinions in the extremest form) and Ruffianism, ought not, cannot,—and SHALL NOT—be confounded.

Da Capo (as the foreign musicians have it) “Where is this Liberty Tree? and what is its nature?”—Shall we inquire of Paddy Blake’s Echo?—and get for answer “a Pike Staff for the Saxon,” peradventure a palpable illustration of the reply?—We must, perforce, leave the riddle and its solution to wiser men than ourselves. Meanwhile let us follow the example of that excellent and accurate statesman Mr. Joseph Hume, (with whom I take the liberty of often disagreeing) who, I am told, never lets the month

of blossoms
And sweet-smelling flowers

come in ;—without shutting up his blue books, rising by times in the morning—and going a-Maying!—

THE SAXON IN DUBLIN.

“THE LIBERTIES.”—Depth is height inverted—shadow points to the sun, and, like poverty, enhances the picturesque. The empty state and the extreme poverty of the Irish stand in juxtaposition—there is no gradation, no harmonious blending of shades—the effect to an Englishman is startling, almost harrowing—it appals.

For ever the same old, unpruned, fantastical, ivy-clogged human tree with sunshine on one side and shadow on the other—but the shadow out of all proportion or calculation, lengthening and deepening—deepening, deepening, till Famine, Pestilence, and Murder come forth into the congenial gloom, and stalk triumphantly through the land—casting their boding shades and pestilential

breath into the fair sunshine—transforming the “gem of the sea”—the Emerald Isle—into a Pandora’s box.

A Pandora’s box—a mundane purgatory Ireland is and must remain until it has expiated its national sins and moral backslidings. Indolence and ostentation are the canker-worms that have made her the guilty, wasted thing she is, the contempt of nations:—for only as individuals and exceptions do her sons ever stand forth and shine from out the dark back-ground:—the elements of union, industry, order, and prosperity are not hers. Her children are fragmental atoms with a strong affinity for the centrifugal force:—although their warm but blind patriotism seems, at first, to contradict this statement. We ask is it all *pure* love for their own Erin? Is it not rather tinged with self-exaltation? As a nation, what are ye? Your boasted individuality has destroyed it—ye would each one be king—ye see not the beauty of subordination, ye talk of your subjection to tyrants—subject yourselves, “be subject one to another”—then are ye conquerors likewise. Ye lack the key-stone that secures the arch—for ever and for ever building and projecting, for ever and for ever falling into ruins,—surrounded as ye are by an atmosphere of exaggeration, how should it be otherwise? Hate the Saxon with all your hereditary and accumulating hate,—ye are still yoked to each other—nor is it your interest to stand alone, you would then destroy yourself for lack of an object whereon to vent your combativeness—ye are the contrary wind blowing in all directions—producing doubtless a healthful circulation—anti-stagnative—with, as we said before, a strong affinity for the centrifugal force—ever flying off into indefinite space: there, may be, to form the nucleus of a more brilliant existence—for, after all, ye *may* be the monads ye conceive yourselves—around which at some future period worlds are to congregate and to circulate and derive their intellectual light! Yes, coming generations may find ye soaring high in some peculiar, definite orbit—at last checked into, reduced to order, for ye must be brought down first, in spite of the entertaining antipathy to the centripetal tendency which all things evince that emanate from Ireland, that chaos of good and evil—that boiling cauldron of religion and politics!

In the meantime excuse our Saxon density, if we ask for the meaning, the end, the aim? What is all this boiling and turmoiling about? Much we are inclined to fear that ye are, after all, but a rod in pickle for poor England! Good Edmund Spenser

seems to have been moved by the spirit of truth when he said—"Marry, so there have been divers good plots devised, and wise counsels cast already about reformation of that realm (Ireland); but they say, it is the fatal destiny of that land, that no purposes whatsoever which are meant for her good, will prosper or take good effect: which, whether it proceed from the very Genius of the Soil, or influence of the stars, or that Almighty God hath not yet appointed the time of her reformation; or that he reserveth her in this unquiet state still, for some secret scourge, which shall by her come into England, it is hard to be known, but yet much to be feared."

Poverty, Misery, and Crime are not always vagabond; they seem to have found a local habitation in one fair and very beautiful isle—where they sit at home and brood and plot and sin, unabashed, for they are a numerous company.

Since "nothing is without a sufficient reason"—why and whence the wretched mockery of human forms that haunt these dilapidated mansions?

This question forced itself upon my mind one morning as I was walking up Coombe Street, in The Liberties of Dublin. In these streets the élite of Ireland formerly reigned; but The Liberties is no longer its appropriate name, since its inhabitants are now fettered down there by the fatal chains of poverty and depravity, coiling and tightening round them and around them with all their countless corroding and hideous links.

"Brethren!" I mentally exclaimed, "how came ye into all this wretchedness? What are ye? Specimens of unemployed, unappropriated, and unregarded human beings, driven, hiding on the dark side of life's mysterious tree. What know ye of living, soul-saving thrift? What can ye know, crowding as ye crowd into these forsaken mansions of ruined grandeur—one entangled web of human misery—hopeless, aimless—for Poverty, Pestilence, and Crime with clasped hands hover around ye, holding in their withered fingers the threads of your sad existence? Ye cannot if ye would, away—here ye are, and here ye may perish, unless emancipated souls come to your rescue."

Let it be remembered that I am now describing that part of Dublin which was once its glory, but is now its shame.

Encompassed and seemingly jeered on by skeleton mansions, I continued my curious perambulations amongst these haunts of wretched humanity—haunts whose inmates are hunted down by

hunger, but not tamed—only benumbed. The reckless eye and squalid frame tell thee, that they hold **THEIR OWN** lives so lightly, that **THINE** can scarce be safe amongst them. An inadvertent look, an idle remark might prove fatal to thee—their wretchedness they have lived through—they endure,—but not thy inconsiderate scorn—nor even thy commiseration—the pride of earls and dukes is theirs, added to the pride of poverty—it is hereditary, their only inheritance, and this they cherish, particularly the lower orders, who were the original Milesians.

The poverty-grasped beings I met, or rather passed, at every step—for the greater part were leaning indolently against door-posts, squatting on the pavement and steps, or lounging out of glassless, frameless windows, surrounded by rags and wretchedness—some mute, others gossiping with that volubility and recklessness peculiar to the Irish:—yet, withal, they struck me as comparatively cleanly, and there was something decent in their manner and deportment—the lower orders of this country are naturally well-bred, to their credit be it spoken, reared as they are in the sternest privation.

For my part I never could admire, what the Celt himself is so proud of, viz. the ready wit of their people; to me it sounded flippant and discordant—I could rarely smile at it; but what I do admire, is, the genuine decency and respect they usually evince in their manner to each other and to their superiors.

My attention was arrested by a respectable looking old man, who, nevertheless, was literally covered with rags, but he wore a clean, white shirt—the collar, sleeves, and front peeped cursorily forth from beneath his dark shreds and tatters:—his was no solitary instance—I observed several emaciated objects in clean, tidy cravats, neatly tied.—In the very face of their abject poverty these poor creatures have an instinct of decency that is purely national—an inward impulse that at once places them on a higher social elevation than their better clothed and fed cotemporaries on our side of the Channel.

It is this pleasing and peculiar feature that inclines us to believe, more than aught they boast, that they actually have been, in some far distant period of the fathomless past, a highly civilised and chivalrous people.

What is their present degenerate, pugilistic propensity, but an exaggeration of the divine sentiment that in happier ages animated them to knightly and courteous deeds?

The Irish orator has sung his chaunt to the departed glory of his country, and its peasantry incline us to credit his poetic visions.—If the Irish over-rate themselves we as decidedly under-rate them, not as a nation but as individuals—individuals influencing and advancing the literature and the enterprise and achievements of the nineteenth century.

But to return to the streets—the Liberties. Picture to yourself what in England we should consider wide streets: towering on either side rise mansions that have once been handsome—now but ghosts of antiquated grandeur—the windows boasting casements all innocent of glass, partially closed up with rubbish, rags, wood and stones—whilst recently-washed shreds of clothing, jagged dresses, quilts, &c., hang aloft, high over head, from out the upper stories, floating to and fro in the impartial breeze or sunshine.

The poverty the eye encounters and all the misery indicated rather than obtruded—life stagnant and aimless, running to seed:—the quiet of the streets—the prowling, fine looking, well fed, stout policeman, walking his beat—his intrepid, plump form contrasting with the shades of humanity he stalks amongst—the intense quiet of the streets—unbroken by the busy hum of animated, occupied, interested, animating human beings—what scenes do these frowning walls screen from mortal ken?

“Who,” mused I, looking in through the open door of a capacious hall—“who dare venture to ascend yon ample staircase,—once invitingly carpeted for the satin slipper, the delicate foot to press?—How many bright eyes and bounding hearts have in the days that are gone ascended and descended them—how many a light form has, in this very mansion, glided joyously through the winding dance—and many a fairy finger here plied the rapid needle in happy expectation of the approaching ball, or bridal or Christmas festival!—their generation is passed to be succeeded by creatures so utterly wretched and desperate that few dare enter their dens.”

I was aroused from my reverie by the energetic tones of two shrivelled crones; one, it appeared, had just lost her husband and her son in the typhus fever.—“But these are the sudden times,” said the other—“what with the fever, the murder-fever and the famine in the land”—observing that I was listening, she suddenly ceased speaking—I passed on.—“The murder-fever,” (their metaphorical mode of expressing the typhus-fever)—“the sudden

times," repeated I—the two phrases made me pause, made me think—how well-chosen, how expressive, those two short sentences?—What better could be selected for the heading of an article?—How much might be written on them, thought I?—How came you broken crone to utter words so apt, so full of meaning?—What sudden touch of truth was flashing through her mind?—What was it suggesting and connecting the words "sudden times"—"murder-fever?"

From the highest to the lowest the Irish have ever the ready word and the ready sympathy—accompanied by the quick, intelligent glance. There is too in their peculiar, artistic expressions, a depth, a meaning, a tragedy or a comedy, all carelessly as they are uttered—expressions that sound at least picturesque to the English ear—if they sound nothing more nor deep into his heart.

Not that the Irish are particularly lavish of their words—they hoard them rather for civility and friendly greetings. For Donnybrook Fair—and the funeral chaunt—for blessing and for cursing and for their begging diversions—the nod and the smile is sufficient for them—fling words to the Saxon!

On my way home I had to force my way through a crowd, that surrounded a high six-storied house, the first floor of which was a bacon shop—occupied when last I past it by the proprietor and his wife—now, on my return, he lay within, a corpse: she was in custody.

"What is the matter?" inquired I.

"A woman has just stabbed her husband with the bacon knife."

"Is she dead?"

"Dead as mutton," said an emaciated young woman with an infant at her naked breast, "aye, dead as mutton, and I'm a-looking for my devil—I wish to—I could happen on him," added she, flashing her wild but keen black eyes, and breaking from the eager crowd amongst whom she had been vainly seeking him.

"If every woman would sarve ye in the like style," said a more decent but determined-looking young creature in a floundering cap to a group of men who were battling for a peep through the shop-window where the tragedy had been perpetrated.

"Aye, indeed,"—applaudingly exclaimed a chorus of women and girls.

"Faix," exclaimed one—but they shouldn't tempt us beyond—Dioul's (pronounced Jowl) own pets!"—

Not a man there banded a word back to her—crime in woman appals the sterner sex.

"She'll swing for it," said a morose-looking giant, whose voice, however, was mild and compassionate.

"Aye, poor soul, she'll lose her shroud," said a third.

How quickly, thought I, sympathy passes from the murdered to the murderer.

I was next stopped at a crossing, and for nearly half an hour, by a funeral-train which was dragging its slow and weary length along the intersecting street.

This is another curious Irish feature—'tis a fact, that many think less how they are to live—(what is life to them)—than how they are to be buried.—Not to have a decent burial is, indeed, a misfortune, the greatest and last that can befall them—improvident, as they notoriously are, 'tis strange how the Irish poor will yet hoard up little sums to furnish themselves with a coffin and a shroud.

It is a remarkable fact, that many, even young girls, provide themselves with funeral garments, and religiously put by a small sum for their "wake," to use their own term.

Having occasion, some years since, to go myself to the cabin of a maid-servant I had hired, I found her busy at her needle.

"I see you take in plain sewing—this is some bridal grandeur," said I, taking up what seemed to me a most elaborately-wrought night dress.

"'Tis no wedding garment," replied the girl, proudly—my shroud—let life bring what it may, please God, I hope to have a dacent wake."

The respect the Irish pay to the dead, and to the memory of the past, has always pleased me—'tis the Land of Memory—they have nothing to hurry them away from it, and they love to linger amongst its ruins.

That Ireland should, in spite of its poverty and degradation, continue an imaginative nation, for ever dwelling on the Past or the Future, is another proof that character and individuality can never be crushed out of any community. Trample on it, thrust it aside as ye may—'tis a divinity that will for ever re-appear—re-appear till 'tis acknowledged and a place found for it in the world—let nations and individuals preserve their peculiar characteristics, let them go forth unshackled and stand fearlessly erect—each has a distinguishing beauty to be developed—contempt

and scorn but testify the scorner's ignorance. Let him pass, and we will again return to our own warm, comfortable chat.

I write down my thoughts and impressions as they flow—at length comes the last out-side car, crammed and groaning beneath its heterogeneous burden—the hearse has long been lost to view—a satisfactory funeral-train this, mused I, for the deceased's survivors to contemplate and talk about. Let who may deride, 'tis not a whit less consolatory to the affectionate hearts that are following what was once so dear to them on earth to its last resting-place.

“A half-penny, that ye 'll never miss, for this starving child, that hasn't tasted bit nor sup this blessed day—kind feeling lady—and may the Blessed Vargin protect ye, for the sake of this fatherless babe, faint with the hunger—may God's blessing follow ye—may God's blessing follow ye—follow ye——follow ye——and never overtake ye,” shouted the mendicant, finding her appeal vain.

The lady addressed was fashionably and gaily attired.—

“Look,” continued the beggar, turning to another of her fraternity—“Look at the cratur,” pointing ironically to the lady's fine clothes; “the poor cratur ha'n't one half-penny!”

But, lo! whilst the aforesaid scenes and forms have been flitting before my eyes, and the thoughts and fancies they awoke through my mind—I have arrived at home again—and must wish ye—patient companion of my walk—God speed.

We will next visit Merriion-Square, and the more fashionable localities.

E. COOKSON.

THE GODS OF GREECE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “AZETH THE EGYPTIAN.”

ZEUS. APOLLO.

HITHERTO, considering the characters of the female divinities alone,—connecting them with present actual existence by the marvellous power of individualising which the Greeks possessed, owing to their own intense appreciation of Life,—we have passed by that which was of far more spiritual importance to them,—the

worship of the male deities. Great, and grand, and necessary as were the Heras, the Athenes, the Aphrodites of their mythology, and powerful as was the influence which they held, not only over the religion, but also over the daily life and household affections of their worshippers,—yet the Zeus, the Apollo, the Hermes, the Poseidon, and the Hephaistos, were of more weight, mythically and spiritually. And this is proved in their lesser individual characters,—being Gods rather than men, while the others were women as much as deity. When we say that the individualism of their characters was less, we do not mean that amongst themselves they resembled each other. Hermes, or, as the Latins named him, Mercury,—fair Maia's son,—had not one distinguishing attribute coalescing with Poseidon the "Shaker of the shores," Jove's brother, the awful but benign Neptune; Apollo, the "Far-darter," could not at any time, nor by the most ingenious interpreter of what never existed, be involved with Zeus; nor might Hephaistos and his forging Cyclopes be confounded with Dionysos and his frantic Mænades. As gods they were individual and distinct enough; but they were not so human in that individuality as were their "well-tressed" sisters, spouses, mothers. They were more sublime, or rather sublimated by a religious fire of faith into a condition more wholly spiritual; a condition to degrade which into a mere representation of physical phenomena, is to be wanting in the very soul and life of all true poetry and religious fervour. And yet pragmatiser, and materialist, natural philosopher, astronomer, and—to carry out their wishes—even chemists, think each and all to find materials for their separate theories, by which to prove themselves the world's only masters—all others else but blind and foolish. Let them still believe it! The sphere and range of Grecian myth, like the Totun's glove, is large enough to contain all who have a fancy to lodge therein, with room to spare. For deep as man's unfathomable heart, and wide as his vision,—ever increasing as it is, and ever penetrating farther and farther into the misty world beyond, whose signs and shapes it indicates when it cannot describe—is the Grecian mythology with all its glorious first ideas, its lovely later tales!

But to return to the original proposition. The goddesses were divine creations in truth; in beauty, as in design, glorious beyond all; but they were none the less living, actual, loving women. How beautiful and refined soever the representation, the inlying

idea was womanhood as existing on earth. Not so the gods. They were out of humanity ; the female deities were simply beyond its daily enshrinements. We have our Hera, we have our Athene in daily life ; but we have no type of Apollo, Dionysos, or Zeus speaking of familiar things, and looking into our eyes, our fathers, brothers, or lovers. It may be that men, called more into action—their characters therefore becoming more sharp and defined leaving nothing to the imagination—we see them all displayed anatomically like the muscles of the Dædalian Heracles ; whereas women, wrapped as in a veil by reason of their passivity, are left more to the imagination ; and what we cannot define with accuracy, that we fill up with poetic imagining. A word escaped us unperceived. We said that we had no gods in our lovers. What sad mistake then clouded over our brain !—what most mischievous imp guided our hand, and bade us write a falsehood in place of the truth ! For who does not know that all lovers are the gods of the ancient world, re-incorporate, to each young maiden's soul ? Few of earth's fair daughters would give up the veriest commonplace Lothario who has crept into her heart for even Daphne's pursuer, or the desolate Ariadne's heavenly mate ! And yet we spoke to the calm and sane, not to those "drunk with love's sweet poison," whose vision is obscured by the "splendour of their love." Peace be with them, poor trembling hearts ! Let them still believe their Fredericks and their Alberts, their Charleses and their Adolphuses all that gods could create or man enshrine ! It is a harmless fancy, pleasant while it lasts, but fallacious enough ; and a few months of hard reality will reduce it to the nothingness whence it sprang. Marriage is love's best cure, according as marriages are made and persevered in at present ; and the girl who, after that fatal ordeal, still believes her "dear Alphonso" the same being as whilome was the idol of her courtship, bids fair to live and die the blessed victim of a most blessed delusion !

The gods were lovers ; but they had all Greece for their homesteads, and every living heart for their possession. We doubt if even Anaxagoras, or Protagoras, or any of those called atheists by their countrymen, could ever, even in their deepest reflections, cast off the influence of the faith they disbelieved. The very air was impregnated with it ; they might not turn their eyes without beholding evidences of its power,—a power not all unbeneficial to their fellow-men. And the sternest, hardest, most mathematical

head of them all, must have paid some reverence to the faith which could bring forth such glorious creations as did the Hellenic. When arts, and sciences, and all high thoughts, and heroic deeds, and deathless poetry, owed their origin to this, it must have had some interest—some more holy purpose—than iconoclasts and bigots would allow! And if to them then, to us also now; for though years have separated us, and a different clime and a different faith, yet still are we brethren knit together by Nature's indissoluble band of likeness. And even now, in this our day, ought we to study the old records of the long past, and learn from them whatever lessons they may have to teach.

Sometimes individuals of keener sensations and more vivid imaginings than the rest singled out some favourite shrine, which woke up, it might be, dear remembrances of childhood, or seemed to speak more eloquently yet of the future womanhood. It might be that the priest officiating, seemed—so beautiful was he!—but the copy of the great antitype he served—the propyleum to the adytum. And there at that lovely shrine they paid their vows to the God all spiritually at the first, to the man all naturally at the last! Nay, start not, nor name such worship blasphemy; else carry thine indignation within the walls of our most Christian churches, and there condemn what thou abhorrest here! And then, as time wore on, obscuring all suspicions and recording only marvels, as is the way with time among a simple early credulous folk, it was believed that Semele, and Danae, and Alcmæna, and many another fair fond nymph had been raised by a god's love to a temporary co-partnership with himself. And families, the most illustrious of Greece, claimed kindred with an Olympiad, when but an earth-given Bar Sinister ought to have been placed upon their scutcheons. In this, too, are the moderns and the ancients most marvellously alike in making that an honour, under some conditions, which under others is the direst disgrace. And these conditions are merely rank, and place, and riches, and supremacy. Where, then, is a fixed morality? Who can say that such and such is, *per se*, a sin? No! no! It is not the fact, but the appearance; not the event, but the condition which man regards!

In spite of these most palpable evidences of the distinct human characteristics with which the gods were endowed, we repeat again that, to us, they had not the entire, isolated, definite, and individual characters of the goddesses. They are not alike amongst each other, but they are not so human in degree.

Zeus is grand:—oh! in truth, a most grand, all-powerful, deathless conception is that! There is nothing equal to him in any other mythology, not even the great serene god Brahma, the lower impersonation of the one ineffable Brahman! Zeus is the highest point to which Majesty can be brought in humanity: no, not in humanity as it is, but in human shape, with all the barriers of imperfect organs, clouded senses, dull perceptions, and partial views. There is not a finer image in all the galleries of Art, nor in all the worlds of fancy, than the Olympian son of Chronos and of Rhea. There could not be more grandeur in the conception, nor more perfection in the carrying out of an idea. Of its kind it is the highest, the noblest, the most divine, that man has ever created. Created, or interpreted? The words are widely different!—as wide as the two sects of philosophers and worshippers who divide the earth between them and fight for the isolation or the inspiration of man! If the divine poem of the blind old bard of Chios had contained nothing but the two lines which inspired the Athenian sculptor, the noblest that earth ever saw—Pheidias the son of Charmadas—when he made his Elian Jove, it had been a work immortal for all ages, though not a fragment of that gold and ivory statue remain, and nothing but a lifeless description pictures it out to the mind. Gods! what a spectacle must that have been to the countless multitudes thronging before the Great Temple at the Olympic games, while, the heavy curtain slowly falling to the ground, that glorious statue of the Pheidian Zeus was revealed to their eyes! It was in truth a moment worth living for; and if Pheidias had died that moment, he had lived long enough, and his life's work had been sufficient, though this were the only evidence of his genius! We think even now to hear the checked breath of so many thousands—we see the cheeks that were flushing with the excitement of expectation grow pale with religious awe; we hear the deep-drawn sob of an overwrought hope, as the purple drapery swings aside:—and then come the stillness, the mute adoring worship, the awe, as in the presence of a God! Great as had been the expectation, the fulfilment far surpassed it—for unless each mind had been equal with that of Pheidias it could not have imaged his grand conception. What triumph for the glorious art was that! What an hour of heaven's delight for the heroic sculptor, as he stood, himself all humbled even before the work of his own hands! For he saw in that work, not the mere mechanical labour of the chisel and the line,

but rather the divine inspiration which Poetry and Faith had breathed into him. And blame them not, idolators though they were!—blame them not if they sank the knee in mute or most eloquent worship, before that lifeless thing of wood and stone! There was something holier than the mere Eidolon that they worshipped:—there was the undying thought, the grand idea, the worthy vision of a God, making the seer almost equal, by the power of appreciation.

And surely none could execute such a work as the Pheidian Zeus without the influence of inspiration! To attain to such grandeur of execution the forming mind must be grander still; and be he poet, painter, sculptor, or holier prophet, who perceives such great and glorious things, he himself must be great—a very God-man, raised by love and purity above his fellows. If this be the idolatry of art—this belief in its high design and direct inspiration—then, despite its fearful name—for what are names but empty sounds, having no life nor power?—despite the cruel cry of superstition, heaven grant us all, long years, this same so banned idolatry! And even now, when the Grecian faith is dead, never to waken into life again—dead as the slain Adonis on his lettuce-bed—even now, when its light is put out and nothing but blackest darkness follows in the track of so much glorious flaming,—even now and yet an awe steals over us, when in the presence of any really great work of Grecian art, let it be fragmentary and simply indicative as it will! For we feel that it is not only beauty, perfect in its form and accurate in its representation, that they aimed at producing; within and beyond that mere beauty of form, and the cause of its so perfect representation, was a spirit divine—an inspiration from above, which gave to man the power of seeing the divinity of life, in such fashion and under such shape as was noblest, according to the limit of his vision and the scope of his understanding. And without this deep and earnest reverence, even for the very work done by one's own hands—without this childlike obedience, unquestioning, to an inward impulse—which men call inspiration—and a belief in its divinity, nothing great in art or poetry can ever be accomplished. It is not the working by technical rules, it is not the perfection of mechanical aids, that create a really grand work; but it is the belief that something higher than sensuous perception animates, and something beyond a technical knowledge inspires, the idea which all else serves to perfectionise only to the outward sense. To the

inward reception, the first forming thought was the test, whether the artist's genius were God-given, or simply a mechanic's talent, careful for all detail but inadequate to a grand design. If the last merely, he may be the god of his coterie—but he will never be the hero of a century—never the man of an age! Callimachus was famed far beyond Pheidias and Praxiteles for technic perfectness, but he never fashioned the Athene of the Parthenon, nor imaged out the Elian Zeus! A golden lamp and its brazen palm-branch funnel—the disposition of the Acanthus leaf into the capital called Corinthian—these, beautiful as they were, had nothing of the artist's inward grandeur; though seemingly born of faëry-land, they were not of half the importance of one simplest metope of Pheidias! And this, because the thought and not the skill, the mind and not the hand was wanting.

And all that has been said of the personification in marble, may be also said of the first primitive religious idea. As the ideal of a calm and grand humanity,—a humanity raised far above any individuality,—made only the type, the perfection, of a class, and that class the perfection of a kind,—the form of Zeus towers above all the other gods of Olympus in its grandeur, severity, and wholeness of idea. Not so intellectual nor so spiritual as Apollo,—without the full purpled life of Dionysos, nor so marked in muscular strength as Hephaistos, nor so skilled in manual arts,—the idea of Zeus is yet perfection, by combining these several prominent and partial developments in one sphere of entirety, one life of universal wholeness. He is the father whose life is both the source and the completion of his children's;—who sees himself represented and subdivided in them,—as the sun is mirrored in each dew-drop on the grass—in form, but not in size.

He himself has distinct characters or phases. He is the Zeus Olympios—that majestic imagining of Pheidias,—the father-king seated on his throne, bearing a winged Nike or Victory in his hand, his kingly brow of majesty and rule surrounded by the olive wreath—the *κοτινος*—with which also the conquerors at the Olympic games were crowned; the sceptre of many metals in his hand, the hilt resting on his knees which the wide-starred mantle covered in loose, broad, flowing folds; his open eye, and glorious head—the hair rising in a thick waving mass, and falling down upon his shoulders in heavy tresses, like the lion's mane, of which it was the human type,—as this impersonation he was very different to the Zeus Horkios, the oath-avenger, of Olympia, at

whose altar, by which he stood with terrible countenance and grasping a thunderbolt in each hand,—the athletes who were to be competitors at the games, their gymnastic masters, sponsors, friends, and relatives, as also the Hellanodicæ, or judges, were obliged to take their various oaths, binding them to their respective duties. Yet the Zeus Olympios and the Zeus Horkios were within a bow-shot of each other, on the same plain of Elis, near the same grove of Altis. The Dodonæan Zeus crowned with oak-leaves,—patron of mysteries and oracles, in remembrance of the mystic signs which accompanied, or rather preceded, the establishment of his oracle at Dodona,—was again another conception; and the winged Avenger, battling against the Titans, with thunderbolts and darkly threatening looks, would scarce be thought the same as he whom Leda loved and Europa did not fear. The Avenger, the Father, and the God, are all emblemised in the three instances of the Zeus Horkios, the Zeus Olympios, and the Dodonæan Zeus.

The legends concerning Zeus are very beautiful. They have the same mixed character which we have noticed in his impersonations, and which give such a wholeness, by variety—each so perfect in its kind. The myths concerning his infancy are Cretan, though the Arcadians also disputed the honour of holding the birthplace of the “King of Gods and Men.” But their legend is not so beautiful as the Cretan. It is pleasant to imagine that bright concourse of Melian nymphs, with Adrasteia the fairest child of the king, loveliest of them all, as they flocked round the stately Rhea when her hour was come; and with her sister Ida—aided, too, by the young Curetes—that gentle maiden received her darling, the latest born of Time. In a golden cradle Adrasteia laid the child, fashioning for his plaything in that deep dark Dictæan cave a golden ball, or sphere, with which the baby-god made sport, as afterwards with the world of men. A lovely picture that Dictæan cave presents! The fair maiden,—gentle but queenly, befitting both her birth and station,—virginal and matronly at once,—kneels by the cradle side, bending over the boy with a maiden’s awe and a woman’s maternal instinct of love and guardianship; standing beside her is her young sister Ida, mirthful and sportive, weaving garlands for the laughing child, and sometimes flinging handfuls of the fresh dewy buds among the nymphs who dance, and sing with their bird-like voices there at the entrance to the cave, where ivy and honeysuckle and all

creeping plants twine down, and the violets, and the blue convolvulus, and roses, and lilies, and the gentle-eyed forget-me-not look up from the ground; farther off stand a crowd of brave martial youths, clashing their arms and shouting out loud songs, to conceal from that cruel father where his son lies hid. And couched within the cave, upon her bed of dry leaves and moss interspersed with flowers and sweet-scented hay, clover, too, and all that her nature would demand, rests the patient goat, Amaltheia, whose very name has since become a synonyme with all gentlest loving matronhood. And there he lives his brief baby-life,—the glorious God, future slayer of the giants!—nor ever afterwards did he know more bliss than the bright pleasures of his childhood in that dark Dictæan cave! Fed with honey and the milk of the shaggy, meek Amaltheia,—or, as others say, with ambrosia which divine doves brought from old Ocean's waves and springs,—or nectar, which an eagle, kingly omen of his future!—gathered daily in his beak from a rough and rugged rock,—the heavenly babe grew rapidly up to manhood, when he need fear old Chronos' selfish timidity no more. And to those who cannot realise this picture, we wish them heartily more faith, more fancy, and more poetry, and a world less of railroad dust which has put out their inner eyes, so that they have become blind as the Cyclops Polypheme, when Odysseus left his cave.

The myths which place the birth-land of Zeus in Arcadia,—for all that the name brings forth such dear images of purity, and innocence, and joy, are neither so graphic nor so beautiful as that Cretan legend:—yet there is something inexpressibly touching in the image of the mother-goddess, who, all a mother then,—a woman lonely and helpless, wandering through "blest Arcady," in search of water wherein to bathe her new-born child, found none, until she herself brought forth a flood, a purest rock-born torrent—an emblem of how much woman's love can conquer and create, though Nature and her resources have failed! It is another and slightly differing version of Hagar in the Wilderness, and the woman's patient, uncomplaining, unwearied love is the prominent feature in both.

Zeus was not always the mere wanton lover which it pleased a corrupt taste to imagine him. He rewarded simplicity and sincerity in Baucis and Philemon, and punished the impiety of Lycaon, the Arcadian king, whose varied crimes, of such deep iniquity, he repaid with death or wolfish transformation. Both

tales are reported. There is a deep and blessed meaning in that first-mentioned myth. The tale of Baucis and Philemon, and their patience, their simplicity, their kindness, their piety and its reward, may not be all barren ground even to us ! Aye, even in the Greek faith, which, if we view it rightly as a thing most holy, enshrining truths which man could not of himself have known, had he not first been inspired by the Holiest—we should never name an utterly false superstition, false in its foundation as well as in its superstructure—even in this faith, which men term idolatry, fatal damning idolatry—even in this most glowing sensuous religion, do we find the still quiet virtues sufficiently acknowledged, do we find the poor cared for ! It is not only a purer revelation which contains these ! There are degrees, truly ; but heaven never left itself without a witness in the heart of man, nor was there ever a day in which these virtues, which we are all too fond of assigning only and wholly to Christianity, were not held dear by all moralists, and practised by the public. In the earlier states of society, when men fighting with oppression, hunger, inadequacy, and hostile nations, were forced to deify strength and all martial prowess, there was not room for these still unobtrusive virtues. The only simplicity which they honoured was that which taught them to bear themselves more hardily in a campaign than their fellows ; to dispense with, as effeminate and idle luxuries, things which we—degenerate !—esteem only as the commonest, most needful necessities ; their highest honour was bravery—their most cherished virtue endurance. And this is the case with all early nations, while still unsettled, still fighting hand to hand with life, wresting their years with pain and trouble from the surrounding poverty. But for any ethical simplicity,—any oneness of mental or moral purpose, not immediately connected with practical result,—of this they needed nothing. The time had not yet come, when long years of peace and security should oblige them to turn their eyes inward, and discover then, in the moral world, what they had overlooked through the hard pressure of the actual. And yet the elements of an ethic purity were in that warrior simplicity and earnestness of theirs ;—it was only a different phase of the same quality, which Baucis and Philemon, and all their kind have shown, when they received Gods, unknowingly, honouring them for goodness not for gain. And afterwards these noble old Phrygians were rewarded with such a gift as proved heaven's high favour

more than gold, and silver, and precious gems would have done. A simple death-boon was it!—the transformation into two stately trees which grew before the temple door, and shaded the noonday sun from off both worshipper and altar. And it was in accordance with the characters of those who prayed it—those simple, earnest, virtuous souls, to whom eternal office in God's temple and a simultaneous death were their best rewards:—both leaving at the same time that life which their love had blessed, and their absence would embitter. Such the return which the simple goodness of Baucis and Philemon won from Zeus!

On his marriage with his sister-spouse, the regal Hera, the heavens gave flowers in the warm spring rain and the genial airs of Gamelion; and when Athene sprung forth from his pregnant brain, a shower of gold told men and gods what divine thing was born of the Intelligence of Zeus. To celebrate the one—the children of nature, the harbingers of a full and genial life;—to advertise the other—that which men take as the type, not of natural nor of living perfection, but of all mental and ethical goodness. Yet after that marriage with all its sweet promises of unfading bliss, came altercations, unkindnesses, inconstancy, threatenings, and punishments; and Hera, like many an earthly mate, found that the glory of the bridal was not the shadow of the future, but rather is the beamy bow blended of the sun and the hinder rain—a mingled sign of tears and smiles—the tears outbalancing the smiles!

We have said little of the fate of those whom Zeus made briefly happy in his love, to be eternally miserable in its punishment. In this, too, is a deep moral thought. It is not only in one but in all religions that we find the heart of man speaking out holy things in pure moralities of patience, faith, charity, purity. The simple tale of Baucis and Philemon is especially one of the present kind, inculcating all care for the poor, all hospitality to the wayfarer, all earnestness and sincerity; and the punishment of Lycaon, and the sorrows of the unlawful loves of the God, are also proofs of how much heed the Greeks gave to virtues we so often arrogate only to ourselves and to our own faith. The like simple virtues have almost died out from our present world! They may by chance be found yet in the lonely wilds, among the hills, and on the fells, and in the distant valleys, where civilisation and its blessings and its vices, have not yet penetrated; but they are fading fast away, and love

of gain, and noise, and cant, and loud speaking when the heart is silent as the tomb, too full of vanity and self and all such dry crumbling bones, for the Life of Faith to be in it :—when injustice and wrong which no man can put right, and which all avoid as a thing hallowed by nations and suffered by society, when servile obedience to the world and distrust of the Law of Right on the one hand, and vain-confident reliance on self on the other, are the rocks of the Symplegades which crush the passing time we may envy much of Greece yet !

Would that Zeus had come down to earth ever with the view to search out virtuous Phrygians, like these our Baucis and Philemon !—would that he had followed no more reprehensible pastime than deception practised for the better probing of the virtuous—the better proving them worthy of reward ! But frailties, essentially human, not seldom marked the God's intercourse with men. He committed "slight mistakes" himself, which he would not have been so ready to pardon in others ! Hard was the fate of his most innocent victims, deluded, as oft times they were, and offending the jealous wife most innocently, most unknowingly ! Their own sad lives and the hard lot of their offspring—sacrifices both to the fury of Hera—may serve as warnings to many an over-fond and over-credulous maiden yet ! For they found that sin, which is disobedience to a natural law as to an educated—disobedience to all that the heart thinks and believes to be right—ever brought its own punishment either sooner or later in the calendar of time ! But a God should not have been the offending cause—a Deity should not have placed such stumbling-blocks of temptation in the way. This was the Grecian imperfection.

And now we leave the altar of that grand and kingly Father-God, drawing a veil over those blots and blurs, as the Pheidian Zeus was curtained in,—we leave him to the calmness of his dignity—the unbroken serenity of his high majesty ; turning to his glorious son, the golden-haired child of Leto, to trace what other word of man's deep thoughts lay enshrined in him.

Not speaking yet of any myths connected with him, the ethical and spiritual idea of Apollo is something more brilliantly glorious than the mere superficial reader of Hellenic mythology would ever hope to find. The purity of the conception, the union of the preservative and destructive characters, not only physically as emblemising elemental phenomena, but morally and spiritually,

addressing the minds rather than the senses of men,—beauty, love, high intellect, the perfection of the body and of the mind alike,—the image of Apollo may well claim worshippers even in the present day. It may claim them on the ground of an universal likeness to good in the past and in the present : it may claim them as being an image fashioned into life by the heart of man, uninspired, as we say, by any more direct revelation than it received from nature—left only to that nature and nature's god : it may claim them as possessing brotherhood and kindness with the thoughts of to-day, aye, and of all days, being the same by creation with all beliefs of man ! And as the expression of the natural vision of humanity and his insight into the world of mysteries—the world of spiritualities—the Idea of Apollo stands before us with a solemnity that makes us awed and breathless as if in the presence of a god. And a god in truth he is, even to us now, as being man's interpretation of the higher things which are beyond the reach of sense. Whatever once interested humanity has still the same power of interest. Whatever thought man has once embodied, that thought still deserves attention and reverence, if not for itself, yet as an evidence of what we were,—the difference of external conditions being allowed for,—a proof that it was the same as what we are. And for every spiritual idea we ought to feel this same reverence ; for we know that none but God, by the divine breath within us, could ever have given us power so to perceive. The perception is not perfect, because the transmitting medium is defective ; but the origin is the same—a holy—a most glorious origin ! Surely it is impiety to affirm that man in any state has been left uninspired by the Deity ! Surely when he has LIFE he has that condition which is itself an inspiration ! But by culture, and civilisation, and the physical improvement of that condition, he is refined and elevated, body and soul reflectively influencing ;—he is made to feel and know higher things. And these become clearer and more perfect as the external states improve.

The legends or poetic images of Apollo are extremely beautiful ; that of his birth has something peculiarly plaintive and touching. The poor mother roaming far and wide, rejected by all the earth, not finding a place of rest, nor where to lay her suffering body,—herself so mild, so calm, so patient,—the gentlest of all her kind was she, the “fair-ankled” Leto !—but notwithstanding all that sweetest nature, the wrathful wife found no pity for her, but made

her feel how oft the innocent stand in the place of the guilty, and receive their just punishments. Delos had, to all the Greeks, a name most holy and beloved above all the other islands of the sea: and the privileges which the God bestowed on that, his floating cradle, gave it the character of perpetual life and youth, and unfading serenity. Such suited with the divinity who took mortal shape therein! None suffered to die, and no pangs of coming life permitted within its groves,—what an image of joy and peace it presents!—as if it were still clothed in the golden flowers which sprang up as the God burst forth to life beneath the bending palm tree! If Delphi were the Holy Land of Greece, Delos was its place of poetry;—a kind of spiritual Paphos, a purer spot than the “purpled Cytherea;” as lovely, but more moral, than the regions sacred to Aphrodite. Apollo was to the mind what she was to the senses; and beauty, and love, and all deep trembling joys, were what they could offer to all who would approach them rightly.

One portion of that birth-legend is displeasing,—the new-born babe’s miraculous strength and wisdom. We love the supernatural, but not that which is counter or unnatural. A man who can perform miracles of strength—a boy who equals a man in force and power—these are images which we receive with admiration as beyond, but not against, nature. But that a helpless new-born child should suddenly assume the functions of a man, shocks all our sense of poetry and harmony. In vain we remember that he is a God. We turn back to that vision in the cave of Crete, and see there a picture so far more true to nature, so far more symmetrical and beautiful, that the plea of God-head remains of no force. Yet we will not think of this. No! no! we will be no carping captious critics to mingle hemlock with our honey. Rich and golden the drops shall flow softly and sweetly one by one, and we will not miss the least to satisfy all our powers of nice discrimination. We will only listen to the shouts of the glad goddesses, answered back by the blue heavens above,—we will only look upon the joy of the gentle mother as she bends over the fair child, and only see the golden flowers which clothed the sweet isle of Delos, in Nature’s exultation at that high godly birth into the world. And in all this there is more of beauty than any blemishes can hope to obscure.

Of the childhood of Apollo there is no record, save that legend which makes him while an infant slay the serpent Pytho. Now

though Hercules strangling serpents in his cradle does not displease, being only the premature exhibition of his grand characteristic, yet with Apollo, whose ideal was beauty and poetry, it is unsymmetrical—unharmonious. And so we pass it by, for the brighter time when, a perfect image of manhood, he came before the world its darling God!

We know of no image so full of the Godlike as that when Apollo appeared before the Cretan mariners. He shot from their sight as a brilliant-blazing star, and came again, a youth of glorious beauty,—his long bright hair of gold floating in rich waves, high womanish for luxuriance, on his slender neck and rounded shoulders,—his countenance radiant, preserving in its perfect features a youth's ingenuous loveliness, and a God's clear majesty of thought and will,—his step at once elastic and firm, buoyant and dignified,—his look inspiring awe and love together;—the whole Pantheon contains none so glorious conception as this, when Apollo, bidding the bewildered sailors worship him as Dephinos, conducts them to his temple, leading them to that worship by music's heavenly harmony! The Greeks might have imagined nothing more, and still their mythology would have been a world's wonder and a world's study!

The earliest conceptions of Apollo were those of unstained purity. In later days various love adventures were engrafted into the original idea, consonant neither with its harmony nor its intention. Coronis, the faithless Larissan maid, who died by his own most fatal anger—a death deplored with a god's tears, and atoned for, as far as might be, by his tender care to the unborn babe, the great all-healer Asclepios, pupil of the centaur Cheiron—Daphne, the cruel Daphne, who flies his celestial love—Cassandra who gained her price and then refused her tenderness, a treachery most woefully avenged!—Marpessa, whose choice of the mortal youth argued more of wisdom than of love, more of prudence than of poetry,—Leucothoe, sad maiden, buried by her angry father, and by her Sun-god lover changed into a sweet-leaved incense tree—Cyrene, and the "Fair Voiced" muse Calliope, mother of the divine Orpheus,—these, and many more, were the imaginings of later days, in which the first glorious idea of the Silver-Bow'd was lost and degraded.

The legend which gives him as a serf to Admetus, the Thessalian King, is one of the most mystic, yet full of meaning too. The servitude of heaven to earth, of the Divine Thing to the

Lower—the Mean,—of God to Man, has a deeper meaning for those who well care to trace it out, than the mere physical phenomenon which many would make it. And all this suffering, this misery, this serfdom, for one hasty anger, one crime of bloodshed ! It is a legend daily repeated throughout the world ; repeated in each man's heart, when he subjugates his own inner individual sense of right to the dictates of that world, and sets man's laws, and the shallowness of seeming appearances before God's truth, as he would, if he dared, interpret it,—and the actual living thing places below the apparent ! It is a sad truth, that vileness in submission to a lie, which man daily practises ! God grant that it be changed, before the sun has ceased to shine upon our earth ! Too long have we been the followers of forms and delusions and names—of all but the Truth ; and a blessed day would it be for man, if, like the liberated God of the Ancient Myth, he should shake off the servitude of the world, and rise back to his original and former place of freedom ! Yet Apollo was commanded as a punishment ; we lay on ourselves our own chains, and ourselves bind our souls to slavery. Society, custom, opinion, these are the Admeti of our souls !—but surely the day will come when they shall be left for aye ! The Grecian Mythology is not without its uses if it can recal us, but a moment, to that purer sphere from which cowardice and sin have banished us. And that sphere is obedience to the Law of Right, the Formula of Duty, which every man carries within him in his own heart—and a defiance, contempt, abnegation of the laws of society which war against this one true individual law !

FALL OF THE PEISISTRADIDÆ.

BASIS OF THE NATIONAL AIR OF ATHENS.

Sword in hand, but sheathed in myrtle,
 To the Parthenon we go :
 So his blade HARMODIUS carried,
 And ARISTOGEITON so,

On the morning, bright and glorious,
 When they struck the tyrant dead,
 And Prerogative in Athens
 With Hipparchus hung the head.

Fools! they trusted to disarm us,
And with hireling steel to rout,
Till the pair of patriot falchions
From the myrtle sheath flashed out,

On the bright and glorious morning,
When they laid the tyrant dead,
And Prerogative in Athens
With Hipparchus hung the head.

Dear HARMODIUS! through such outlets
Though a precious life soon fled,
Spite of all thy wounds, we cannot—
No! we cannot think thee dead.

In the isles among the blessed,
We believe the men who say,
With Achilles and Tydides,
Still thou see'st the light of day.

Sword in hand, and sheathed in myrtle,
To the Parthenon we go :
So his blade HARMODIUS carried,
And ARISTOGEITON so,

When, atoning for the people,
Pallas' priests the bullock drew :
For the people sacrificing,
Freedom's priests the tyrant slew.

He that would rule o'er ATHENIANS,
Should be nothing less than God :
But of this divine Hipparchus—
Proved he more than flesh and blood,

When atoning for the people,
Pallas' priests the bullock drew :
For the people sacrificing,
Freedom's priests Hipparchus slew.

Ah HARMODIUS! blest HARMODIUS!
And ARISTOGEITON blest!
In your liberated Athens,
Ye have sweetly sunk to rest ;

But your fame shall be as lasting
As the soil whereon ye lie :
For with you dies proud dominion,
And with you oppressions die.

Sword in hand, and sheathed in myrtle,
 To the Parthenon we go :
 So his blade HARMODIUS carried,
 And ARISTOGEITON so,

On the morning, bright and glorious,
 When they laid the tyrant dead,
 And Prerogative in Athens,
 With Hipparchus hung the head.

April 17th, 1848.

KALLISTRATUS.

LETTERS FROM MARGARET MUCKWORTH TO EMILY GREENFIELD.

EPISODICAL TO THE SANITARY QUESTION.

EDITED BY T. H. SEALY.

[The following letters having been sent me by an unknown correspondent, I can only express my faith in their genuineness, and regret that the gentleman who transcribed and transmitted them, should have destroyed the originals. He may have been induced, possibly, to take that course, from their containing, (I merely conjecture this,) passages calculated to compromise important personages : for it will be observed, by the address of the letters, that Mrs. Greenfield lives "not a great ways from Winsor." I cannot help thinking, however, that my mysterious friend has been at some pains in improving the orthography, and in supplying punctuation. If so, it is to be wished that somebody had put a stop to his labours, and preserved the letters in their original purity.—ED.]

LETTER I.

NUMBER 16, GIMLETT ALLEY, ST. GILES'S.
Jan. 9th, 1848.

MY DEAR EMBLY,

I shoold ave ritten to you afore only for the pecks an moar a trouble as we bin in, owing to bein straind for rent, consequence a usband bein hill, an me bein not much better, and our deer boy Bill besides, and Mary as well, and Jane likewise, an indede every one on us, an Edward too. Ime feerful to telly the time as the doctor bin about us ; an the eaps an eaps a stuff as

we taken, an no better, thow hees a kind man an talks like a printed book such crabbed words by the duzzen as nobody never heerd ; for there never warnt a cleverer pusson I dont suppose, noways, but of course expects to be paid, only isnt hard in that, and well for us as he isn ; for nobody knows where the munny is to come from, and I'm sure I don't know neyther. Ime sertin your kind art, my dear Emly, will put e up to enquire what it be as is the matter along wi us all ; and about that I shal persede to telly, so far as I bin able to lurn from our doctor, which isnt of course a gurt deal ; good reason for why, such book-learnid folk as him dont use for to tawk in a langidge what every pusson can come at the meanin on, else whered be the vantage a bein so much moar full a knollidge than their nayburs ? Well, he says my usband at this present time of ritin is a igh fever, and our dear boy Bill as used to be sa useful, he's in a low fever ; and its only a mussy and a blessin that the rest of us haven't got no fever ; at least not partikalar, nothin to speak of. But Mary, she got a very strong inclination to be consumptive, and doctor says as that's a case as she requires to be indulged in ; so we dont get no great work out o her. Jane haven't nothin very special the matter, only a breakin down a sperrits ; an all as is ill along with Edward is only a cotainus disease as breaks out of his skin. Ime suffrin mostly from a soar art to see the rest a suffrin ; but besides that, a course I be a weak sickly skeleton thing, as I bin all the years as we live in this halley ; which I scarcely neednt for to tell you, because you known me well enuff, an ready to witness for me as I baint no better nor I should be, meanin, of course, as touchin the matter of ealth. Now the doctor tells us as the reason why we be all sa bad is because o the halley we lives in, namely that it wants wentilation ; an that I can redly set my mind to ; reason why, there isn a house in the row as isnt laid up, a part o the famly with some disease or another. Only twoo doors off, next beyond Moses Solomon's old boot shop, there's Patrick Flin done up wi tifus ; then there's sevrall o the Scotch lodgers scrapes their country music ; poor little Martha Blane is amost gone of consumption ; and Ellen Bett's baby, as isn't marrid, dyed a scarlet only last week. But wust is to come yet, namely Liza Briggs ; and is another case of tifus, which is a sweet cretur and so respectable, marrid to John Briggs, jurnyman taylor, an loves her dearly an she loves him. If John fall out to lose her John 'll break his art ; an is lookin'

about for fresh lodgings, an more hair, an less drainige ; which, pertiklar when rain is cummin on, is perfectly unpleasant, and the doctor says enuff to kill a ole reggment of orse. Liza Briggs she got one child, a little butiful innocent love of a unweaned darlin cherub, which is o course put to grate inconvenyence now as his mamma is laid up, an oblige to be taken care of by mutule friend, an verry pinin an sickly hisself, as its quite natral under sircumstance, couldn possibly be expected no ways other. Doctor says its very bad as there isnt any back yard to the ouses ; an its verry enolesome so much dirt an ashes as collects in the rooms ; an it was but last summer since they kep a ded lodger up stairs longer nor he ought to bin, never heerd why, lesswise it was as he hadn paid his rent, or they couldn spare time to berryn cept of a Sundy. Taukin a berryn, there's a berryn-groun again the back a sum the ouses funder down the halley, which Bridget Flin looks into, and is the reson that Patrick, her usband come by tifus ; that's what our doctor say. But luckily our ouse hant got no back windys, so we dont be inconveninced noways so much by that cause as what sum of our nayburs be : for the tales as is told o that berryn groun, is enuff if they be all true, an I haven no reason to doubt it, for I seen some on it myself when Helinor Jones called me up to hur back attick, to make a pusson's hair take itself out a paper, an rise up a tip-toe like so many scures an rat's tails. There's Mr. Walker they da say, he bin a meddlin, an routin on em up, tho I dont see as it isnt no bisniss a hisn ; an he bin a provin that the poor things as is berrid there isnt well comfortable in the ground afore they turns em out, more cruel hearteder than a tuppenny rope at six o'clock in the mornin, to make room for new comers ; an them not to be treated no better.

O, my deer Emly, pend upon it you be more happily pervided for than what we be, a livin in the country, where God's blessed breezes walks into your chambers without axin, an brings e the sweet smells a myrtles an a vilets, say nothing o roses an unnysuckles, as much as they can carry ! That's ow you kip up your compeschun an ealth ; for only mind how sick you was taken just one day as you cum to spend with me, an never ad no hillness before. I often think what I ouldn't give for a primrose afore my parlour windy ; or I ouldnt be miscontented if twas a snowdrop, or a daffydowndilly. Ah, well !—Doctor often say as pussons may ave their ealth even in town ; if it

wasn't for drainidge, and wentilation, an berrin grouns, an livin in dirt. But lodgin as we be, all a hole lap on us jammed together in a dark court, o course we cant breeth a olesome atmisfere, an it isn in the natur o things that we should stand up again fever an other trubbles as flesh is air to. O my deer Emly, I rite this with a eavy art, not knowin ow long we shall be all here, an not havin means to move. An now I must close this letter, which I havent been only yesterday an today about, so is purty fast ritin, an me got to attend to a usband and sick childern; therefore beggin you, when you ansir, to inclose a flower, if tis but a buttercup or daisy, this is all at present from,

O my deer Emly,

Yours very affecsunate till deth,

(which no one knows how soon),

MARGRET MUCKWORTH.

P.S. Please remember to your usband, and Ellen an John; which is the same from all; so good bye, til rite again.

To Mrs. Greenfield

Rose Cottage Hawthorn Lane Datchet

Not a great ways from Winsor.

LETTER II.

(FROM SAME ADDRESS. DATE, Jan. 13th, 1848.)

MY DEEREST EMILY,

Althow I ritten to you only four days ago, and that a long letter, three sides, an crossed, an both ends, yet I take pen in hand once more to inform you how we gets on amidst of our trubbles; for I felt sa much relieved as you cant imagine, after unbussumin into that sheet of paper as I sent you last; and I think theres no way so good to lessen our sorrow as dividin of it among our friends. Things isnt any better with us than what they was last time as I rote; an indede a good deal wuss; for husband he don't improve; and Mary ont do to be trifeld with; and poor Bill he's dangerus; an mesself isn't certney no better than I wor; an Edward is a little better in ealth and sos Jane; but I baint none the more easy in my mind about them; an indede, in sum respects, them's the two as trubbles me most. O my deer cretur, you as lives in the country among the larks an cookoos,—not to speke o the lamkins, as is dancin innocents in

the feelds by Dachett, but butcher's meat on this side Hide Park corner,—you dont know but little of the temtations as there is in this greet boilin innikkity pot o London, an how the sinful dragon has its mouth open day an night, to bolt all the armless creturs between twelve years a age and twenty ; and much younger them as hasnt mothers, or as has mothers as isnt mothers ; that is, as has mothers as is mothers, but such mothers as mothers ought to be. O my deerest Emly, when I think of the samples as my beloved dawters has before um, both in this halley likewise, an in the naybrin streets also, I cant help wishin as we was at least a million o miles nearer you, a pickin the dandilions out o the grass, an trainin a jassmy round of a windy ! An tisn't them only, but there's Edward,—he's only thirteen come fourteenth o next month, and he makes friends with the boys round, as is natral he should, and some of em is preshuss bad carriters, an renders me uncommon fearful as what some day he'll be had up afore one o the beaks of Bow Street, or, for what I da know, afore his majesty the mayor. Deer Emly, I've lived a long time in this halley, an seen others come an go ; an it isnt for me to speke, but I will say, that sum as come respectable didnt leave by no means the same : an I do think, an husband he think with me, an John Briggs he make the same remark, an Liza Briggs she quite agree with him, (as she do always, for them's the agreeenist couple as ever fall to my lot to see,) I say I do think that livin in a dark and unholesum halley not only makes the ealth bad, but it dont tend in no way to the improvement of a pusson's morrils ; no more dont bein cast into indiffrunt sort of company ; an the reeson why, I leeve to be tauked over in the Parlimint house by the Majesty and her ministers. An that's what tis as makes me so ankshus about Edward ; and more partikler about Jane, which is a good-lookin girl and free an cheerful of her manners, an is of a age that wouldn't make me sorry if she was in a sitivation in service ; though always make herself verry useful an verry helpin in the ouse. An this, my deer Emly, must be all at this ritin, an hope to here soon : so please to give all our remembrance to your usband, an Ellen, an John ; and am,

My blodv friend,
Yrs. verry faithfull and affecshunate,
MARGRET MUCKWORTH.

LETTER III.

(DATED Feb. 2nd, 1848.)

MY DEAR FRIEND EMLY,

Ip, ip, ip, ooray! Better luck is turned up than nobody wouldnt ave thought of. I take up my pen with the melancully pleasure to inform you that my usband's gurt uncle, as has bin oldin out so many years, has left im is property at last! We all of us thought as the poor old man never would move off, and was verry thankful for the ealth he was blessed with, and I do ope you ont think as we wished im to make room one minnit afore his date was run out; but he was a verry old man, nearways upon a hunderd; an the years of the days of a man's life insnt ordinarywise more nor three score an ten, call it seventy; so he eld on nearly thirty years beyond most people's share, which looked like a freeold. Howsomer he's turned out of possession at last, and we comes in as the next tenants. Always glad to see him enjoyin hisself while he was livin; an put up a eadstone to is memory now as he's gone. For my part, I am sa sorry about the old gentleman, an sa glad about the munney, (which we dont know exactly yet, but is near away on three hunderd pound) that I cant think o nuthin else: an its a near miss as I didn forget to telly how all on us be. But first I hope you be still goin on charmin, and yer usband and Ellen and John: and pleser remember me to em, an the same from all here. Boor Bill, he's the wust, and docter think he'll ardy rekuver, onless we can move from this ouse; but that we shall be able to do now as we got the munney; an John Briggs bin tellin us of a place, an we goin to seen it; an John Briggs an his wife they goin to leave our alley, which shall be verry sorrey to part with em, only not much consekence if we go too. An my husband, he's a little better; that is, the fever's left en some time, but verry weak, and not able to go to his work; but not verry much importance now, as the old gentleman's dropped off, which will enable us to ripplace our furniture, and moav to the back of that. Docter says its verry important on Mary's account as we shouldnt stay here; but doesn't think her lungs is diseased anythin to speak of yet. An a clock we bin wantin so long, usband just stepped along to High-street fust time he's bin out of ouse, and sin one he thinks ll jus suit for thirty-six shillins, cause a course weed ave a

purty good un, now as we got the munney. But youd scarcely think it, that yung varmint Edward, I jus stepped out yesterday and there I saw the pelise a shakin of un in the street, an toll me to look sharp after un, for he sin him two or three times a dawdlin along with three young fellers as was taken up two days agone, for makin quirys in gentlefolks pockets; an moar o the gang about. But as for Jane, I cant make her out; she sim so quiet like an silent by herself, an never iant in the ouse when wanted. However I must close this in the gurtest haste, for reesins which wont stop to state, and wishin you all appiness an meself the same, which one has a rite to expeck, after the melon-cully occashun which this cums to inform of, bein always yours,

Verry affect^e an in much improved sperrets,

My deer Emly,

MARGARET MUCKWORTH.

P. S. Docter says poor Bill is a case o tifus, an only ope wont go through the ouse.

LETTER IV.

DATED Feb. 4th, 1848.

MY KIND EMILY,

The tirror as is exercised toards poor peepke is enuff to make one's blood boil an sing like a tee kettle. An that fool Briggs to put up with it, an let his darlin wife submit to it; and she a angel of a creetur, quite contented and pleased with it all. Well, if me or my usband was so wantin in sperrit I ouldn mind how soon the ouse tumbled an made a mince pie on us, childern an selves. Ive ardly patience to rite about it an tell e; but there, usband do take it quieter than what I do, but it work in his mind an damage his ealth, an so of course it did ought. I've scarcely patience to telly; but I know you've got a art to simpethise, and a bussim to eave with indignashun when rongs is done to the class as we both belongs to. Well;—we went, as I told e we was to go,—usband an me, an first time as usband bin so far, an very tired he came back, though got in a omnibus part a the way,—yesterday twas as we went, and we went along wi Briggs,—oh that fool of a John Briggs, it du make me so mad when I thinks of it!—all the way to Pancras, to a street as you would'n know the name on, to look at some partments as as been bilt a purpus for poor peepke; an I hope they may find poor

people to fill um ; but if they do, they may so well call it a lunetic sylum, an John Briggs the cheef a the lunetics. The place wont be no better, an the pussons wont be no better as is in it ; for anybody with aff a grain of sense an feelin must be right down ravin mad to put themselves of themselves into a gurt prissin of a place, for all the world like Bucknam Palace, or a Onion Workous. There tis, a wild ospitle of a buildin, with commidation, so they do say, for more nor a hundred families, ketch me being one on em ; an a lookin the smell o stickin-plaster, as like as it can look. In a gurt open airy sitvation where everybody can see a body cummin in an out ; and a gurt igh bilding, with a gurt door, an a gurt all, an gurt stairs, and gurt passidges, an the rooms bigger than what we bin accustummd too, an them got gurt windys. A mint o munney they da say it cost, an that I can redly beleeve ; for taken seprate the parts is butuful : the walls is sa flat an sa strait, an the flores is sa new an sa white, an the glas in the windys is sa clear an such normous pains, an the doors for all the world is like gentlefokeses doors, and the chimblies is xlunt chimblies, an all fitted up with graits and earthstones, and two bedrooms openin both into the sittin room, an the ceilins so clear a soot, and a sink as ould do yer art good, an evry convenience, an others moar nor I can mention, an gas turned on in the passidge, an can ave it in yer own room if like, an a washous in common, an a bakeous as may be ave the use of, an several things as I cant think to telly. O my deer friend, if we ad three a them rooms, along of ourselves, down a quiet comfortable court, with plenty of hair an no drainidge, which da trouble us sa much where we be at present, that ud be one thing : but as I said afore, in a gurt prissin of a place,—though its very true as the rooms is perfectly distint and got dubble doors to make em privat,—but there ! to be a fancyin of yerself inside of a Onion,—it ad bring teers in my eyes when I da think of Liza Briggs in that position, an she got that innocent cherib of a baby as ud smile an crow at a parish garjian. For my part, I never shall be easy in my mind, an usband he make the same obsurvashun, until her Majesty and Prince Albert bring in a bill to the Ministers for the peal of all the Onions throw the length and bredth of the land. You may deepend on it, my deer Emily, sooner or later that's what it must come to, if we baint to ave a revilution in the country : but in the meenwhile, sted of takin the bull by the orn's, the artless, good-for-nothin creturs as tirrinizes over the poor man,

is bildin up fresh Onions under the still moar sispishus name a "Model Lodgin Ouses;" an trying to entice the onwary and onsifisticated—I cant think how that John Briggs could ever—to barter their freeborn English sentiments an that natral pride as every man ought to feel as nusses the British lion in his bussim, for a few panes o glas gurtter than ordinary, an a clean floor, an a white ceilin. Its true that they tells us that there wont be no interference, an everybody live what way he like: they may tell that to the marine-store keepers but it wont do for me. They be lettin their rooms fast enuff; but Ime appy to say, isnt to the poorer sort they lets em, as ont be tookt in. John Briggs an his wife is the only one of our class as has been drawd into it; an the rest of the lettins is among better-to-do-people, such as a peanny-forty maker, an a man as cuts picturs in box-wood for the papers, an a master asses-milk-man, an indeed I was told, but cant hardly think and out warrant, as Knackers, the gurt cats-meat contractor, was one among the number. Well, I wish em joy an success, an glad to hear tumorrow as their ouse is burnt down; always, exceptin, a course, as no lives isnt lost. There's that John Briggs is a movin his wife to-day, an got most of his furniture in the new lodgins aready: well, poor thing, there's one comfort among it all, an that is as she's likely to ave her ealth better. I wish we could a moved our Bill; docter thinks it ud be the only savin of en: but poor boy, he must wait, while we looks out for some place other. And now I must conclude; but I feel liter since I bin pourin out my anger and indignashin to my deer Emly. So please remember me an the rest of us to all your famly; not forgetting yerself, an yer usband, an Ellen, an John. I wish Jane was away from this; an poor Mary too on account of hur ealth. I old up purty well, as always did, for the weekest to look at is often the strongest, thow sickly: but Edward causes me to worrit my mind by reason of the bad samples he fall into. Therefore in aste, and wishin you ealth, I sincerely write meself,

My deer Emly,

Your true and faithful friend,

MARGRET MUCKWORTH.

P.S.—I made up my mind since I bin to the prissin, as its possable to ave things too clean and nice, so as not to know which way to turn.

LETTER V.

(DATED *Feb. 18th, 1848.*)

OH MY DEEREST, DEEREST EMLY,

Woe an sorrow an greef an misery is cum upon us and overwhelmed us an crushin of us down ; an my art is brakín like a bit of best Wallsend when you strikes it with the poker after it has got hot through. Oh my deer, deer cretur ! trubbles doesnt cum alone, it never rains but it pores, the fire that burns the bed burns the blanket, and the hole as lets through one rat lets through twenty. Oh my blessid Emly ! that I had your kind simpethisin art at hand, to empt the burnin contents o my art into ! Oh my best bloved friend, our dear boy Bill !—Him as was always looked up to to be the s'port of the family !—But that isnt it—that isnt where the shoe pinches—Oh that poor dear wicked 'artless girl Jane !—But its no use to sorrow for them as is past mendin : its Mary as I thinks about. Oh my Emly, that dear girl Mary, with her looks as is always as gentle as a purrin kitten or a dove afore it coos,—But there,—them's light trubbles,—its Edward as concerns me. My cheeks is red hot enough to be ammered into orse shoes when I think that dear Emly, and every man woman an child which own the government of the British unicorn, (as is always forgot when people talk of the Lian,) has seen my boy exactly as large as life in all the printed newspapers, and him gone to Brixon. Such a angel of a boy too, if he hadn bin sa wicked ! And Docter blame us so as we didn't move to Pancrus : and John Briggs he look in two evenins ago to console us as well as he could,—he's a kind-arted sensible cretur, is John, —and he tell us as deer Liza Briggs is gettin on so well, quite nice an cherful, but not yet seen her babby ; and he tell us that they find everthin sa pleasant an sa clean and sa convenint in their new dwellin, and isn't at all trubbled with other lodgers, and no sort of interfeince of any body. Only he regret, an I regret too, and so do husband with all his art an sole, as the rooms is all taken now, and only sixpence a week more than what we pays here, which ud be paid over an over in washin an bakin an docter's bills. Oh my dear cretur, we was fools not to take them lodgins as we looked at : for docter think as dear Bill might a bin saved a fortnight since, with good change of air an cheerfulness ; an certney Edward would ave bin kep out of this burnin an boilin an devourin disgrace and sinfulness ; and Jane, as is a lost girl now—

oh my deer, deer, dear Emly, my art is a brakin, brakin,—an the tears is a blindin of me whilst I rite,—she went away from us six days agone, and not come back ; that was two days afore her brother died, and the verry day after Edward was had up. She'd a bin out o temptation's reach ; an not a bad girl at 'art. And I think the way she took on about Edward, and feelin we was a disgraced famly, urried her into the pit. And then there's that darlin Mary,—I don't know whether we should ave saved heer if we'd moved a fortnight agone ; but there would ave been ope as we might. Now, I fear, she's goin gallopin ; an the medcin of London wouldn't save her, if she took it all ! Oh my deer, deer, swett, kind, Emly ! I ope you maint never know trubbles as we knows em now, an as I never didnt know em before not in the same degre. There's usband, I bin an sent im out, sa poorly as he be, to look for sum other place for us to git into, for if its ever so I ont stay here another week. I should be fearful for im for his mind, for he takes on dredful ; an indede, for the matter of that, I baint quiat about me own. Oh my swett blovd cretur, I cant rite no more, for the teers as kip runnin from my eyes is sa blindin an sa hot. An all, in a gurt measure,—that's where tis !—I cant elp feelin as its our own falts, cos we was sa stupid. Oh my deer Emly, my darlin swete Emly, this is from your onappy, perfectly art-broken, sorrowin frend,

Which is ever yours to command,

MARGRET MUCKWORTH.

P.S. Pleso to giv all our affecshunate kind love, which is only three at presint, an Mary sa bad !—but I ope Jane she cum back, and if she do she shall be forgiv, and Edward, he only gone for a fortnite to the place as in connecshun with cant rite the name of,—an our best regards to all of your kind family ; which ad almost forgot, but must excuse in the greef an misry as this present ritin finds me in ; namely, including yerself an yer usband and Ellen and John. Oh my deer Emly, my deer Emly, Oh what fools we was !

THE OLD MATHEMATICIAN.

A SKETCH FROM THE LIFE.

I AM about to write of a great man—no ideal, but one who most truly lived, laboured, suffered, died, and “left no sign.” You will not find his name in the rolls of the Royal Society; and yet he was a wiser philosopher than nine-tenths of that learned body. You will never be asked to subscribe to a testimonial immortalising his benevolence; and yet he was a philanthropist as sincere—perhaps as great—as Clarkson. You will read no book dilating on his trials; and yet he was a hero—a martyr too. No painter ever craved permission to transmit his bodily likeness to posterity—the pen shall do it here.

Clement Griffin sprang from that rude mass which is the foundation-stone of society, but from whose rough, unformed depths, many a pure marble fragment has been brought to light; and, doubtless, there might be many more, if some skilful sculptor’s hand were found to breathe life and beauty into the shapeless lumps. Clement Griffin was one of the people. He bore in his person the distinctive marks which most commonly descend from one labouring generation to another—the short ungainly stature, the large rough hand, and the ill-formed mouth, in which no curve of beauty was found. But one peculiarity of his face was too striking to be passed over: he had the eye of intellect, grey, piercing, yet at times inexpressibly soft; and deeply set under overhanging brows. These eyebrows were so remarkable, that a stranger would have noticed them,—thick, bushy, iron-grey, even in youth, and meeting in a line over the nose. Had Clement lived in these phrenological days, a Spurzheim or a Gall would have gloried in the strongly-developed head; but at the close of the eighteenth century, people only regarded the internal faculties of a man’s cranium, and that little enough; otherwise, Griffin would never have been the poor drudge he was, namely, master of writing and arithmetic in a provincial grammar-school.

Yet this man who, day after day, went through the dull round of duty, and might be seen trudging to and from the school in his coarse, threadbare garments, his ribbed worsted stockings, and

immense clouted shoes ; or in the school-room carelessly treated by the master, and made game of, for his odd old-fashioned ways, by youths only a few years his juniors,—this man was an abstruse mathematician, a philosopher, a mechanist of the most ingenious kind, an astronomer, acquainted with nearly all the abstract sciences, and had pursued these various acquirements entirely unaided, save by the force of his own powerful mind. Yet, with all this learning, in his manners and habit he was, as simple as a child. He would come home from his daily toil, eat his bowl of porridge and milk—for both from poverty and choice Clement Griffin was a Pythagorean—and sit down to pore over mathematical and astronomical lore, which he followed as far as the written science of the times permitted. When he could go no farther on the track of others, he calculated and made discoveries for himself.

I know not how far the wisdom of my hero may be impugned, when I confess that he was a cabalist and astrologer. He was no petty charlatan, no prying sceptic ; but his strong, earnest, and withal pious mind, penetrated, or sought to penetrate, into those mysteries of science and nature which the ignorant have ridiculed and the cunning made a tool of, but which many wise—aye, and religious men too—have in all ages believed. This is not the place to enter into an argument ; but, while setting forth as a broad principle that no man should scoff at or condemn anything which he has not fathomed to the bottom, let us not think the worse of Clement Griffin because he was an astrologer. He pursued this favourite study, not for gain, but as a lover of science, thus carrying out the astronomical and mathematical principles which are the root of the occult art.

It is not surprising that these pursuits made Clement, even at the early age of thirty, a solitary and prematurely old man. Indeed, no one in the neighbourhood ever remembered his being young. Everybody knew him, thought him an oddity, perhaps slightly mad ; but his peculiarities were quite harmless, and no one ever had an ill word to say of “ Old Griffin,” or “ Old Griff,” as he has always been called, even when the parish register might have proved him just five-and-twenty. He had none of those home-ties which make the poetry of life—no mother or sister ; and as for the young damsels of B——, they would as soon have thought of wedding the grim knight’s statue that frowned at the church door, as of laying siege to the heart of Clement Griffin.

Moreover, he had risen in mind at least above his own class—that of working artificers—and with the higher ranks he never thought to mingle, so that in every way Clement was essentially a solitary man.

He had no poetry in his composition—probably never read two rhyming lines in his life—had almost a terror of the visible poetry of the world—woman. A fair face alarmed him—the sound of a light, girlish, mocking tongue made him run away. This was not through contempt or misogyny, but merely because he understood and felt with the race of womankind even less than he did with his brother men. And he had little sympathy with the latter. There was only one feminine face that Clement ever looked at, and that was the face of a little school-girl, who, day after day, traversed the same road as he did. At first, Griffin thought this very disagreeable, as the chief reason of his choosing that road had been because it was so lonely, and no passers by ever interrupted his thoughts. But by degrees he grew accustomed to the light step that overtook his, and the passing look of a pair of brown eyes, as fearless, and yet shy, as those of a young deer.

After a while, instead of hastening off before the little school-girl had passed his door, lest he might meet her, Clement began to go out at the precise hour she came, that he might be close behind her the whole way. He never let her see him, but walked on the other side of the road, where the overhanging hedge almost entirely concealed him. There was in the fresh innocence and glad-heartedness of the child, as she went along, dangling her school-basket, sometimes conning her lesson aloud, sometimes singing merrily—something new, and rather pleasant than otherwise, which touched even the philosopher. He often stopped in the middle of some algebraic problem which he was working in his head as he sauntered along, to listen to the little girl's unconscious singing, and wonder whether a little sister, the only one he ever had, whose small grave he passed by every Sunday, had been like her.

This one gentle and humanising feeling was like a golden thread running through the dry and musty web of the Mathematician's life ;—the only spark of involuntary poetry which had ever lighted up the dark caverns of his powerful but rugged mind. The child's daily presence became almost necessary to him ; and he was less glad than usual when the holidays came, since she no longer passed

his door. But his engrossing pursuits soon diverted Clement's attention, and released for a time from the torment of instructing noisy, stupid, and headstrong boys in the mysteries of arithmetic, he devoted, as usual, his days to science and his nights to astronomy. When the holidays passed, Clement received a summons to attend a young ladies' school, where the former instructor in writing and arithmetic had absolutely eloped with the eldest pupil. There was no fear of Clement Griffin committing such an enormity, so he was chosen in the room of the transgressor. Woefully repugnant to all Clement's tastes was this situation; but he was so poor—poor even with his simple habits; and there was an astronomical instrument he longed to purchase, and could not, so he consented to attend Miss Simmons's class.

When Griffin entered on his duties, the first face raised to look inquiringly at the new master was that of the little school girl. It was smiling, and pleasant, almost as if she recognised him, and Clement became less shy and uncomfortable under its influence. From that time the Mathematician grew less painfully reserved—less shut up in himself. He had some human thing in which to take an interest; and his heart opened to all the world in proportion as it did to little Agnes Martindale. There was something in common between the philosopher and the child. She was, like himself, essentially solitary; one of among many brothers and sisters; she had no particular qualities to attract notice; little beauty, except those large, soft, brown eyes, and not one showy talent. It was only Clement Griffin's instruction which developed the natural bent of her mind, wherein her whole powers lay; and curious to relate, this strongly resembled his own. The master continually turned from his dull and inattentive boy pupils to this girl, who, by a faculty in general foreign to woman's mind, quickly apprehended as fast as he could teach; so that Clement, partly with a vague curiosity to see how far female capacity would go, and partly because these lessons were inexplicably pleasant to him, gradually led her on, far beyond the usual limit of feminine acquirements. When Agnes Martindale had finished her education and left school, Clement still gave her instruction; he could not bear to break the charmed tie.

. Oh how mad—how blind was that man! whose mind had strength to grapple with the deepest mysteries of science and nature, and yet was unlearned as a child in reading the human heart—most of all, his own. He never dreamed for a moment that

the secret influence which made life pleasant to him, and lent a new charm even to his dearest pursuits, was the universal Spirit which pervades all things ; bowing alike the strongest and the weakest ; the wise man and the—fool we were about to write—but no ! The meanest mind becomes great when it is able to harbour Love !

Clement came in and out as he chose, at Agnes's home. When the mathematical lessons were over, the younger children played with " Aggy's old master," for something in Griffin's nature made him assimilate more with children than with men, perhaps because there was in his own simple character a curious mingling of the child and the sage, without any admixture of the man of the world. Then, by degrees, he got into the habit of establishing himself in one corner, and receiving his bowl of tea from Agnes's hands ; no one ever seemed to think it necessary to talk to him or notice him any more than if he were some piece of household furniture, and so he would sit contentedly, hour after hour, in silence, until the time of rest came. Then he would quietly shake hands with one or two of the circle, with whom he was most at ease, and steal out, unobserved, to his own home. Often when he reached it, he thought how its gloom and darkness contrasted painfully with the cheerful lights and sounds of Farmer Martindale's cosy parlour ; and when he looked up at the stars, in whose influence he so firmly believed, he pondered more over the future than he was wont.

It chanced that for some weeks a long and severe illness kept Agnes from his sight, and then Clement Griffin felt and seemed like one from whom the light has suddenly been shut up. Every day he crept up to the farm to ask of children or servants the latest tidings, and none were surprised at his anxious face ; it was " only Aggy's master who made such a pet of her still." When the invalid came down stairs, the first greeting that met her was his. Agnes was almost startled when she gave him her hand, to feel a hot tear drop upon it.

" You have been very kind in asking after me, Mr. Griffin. I assure you I am really better," said the unconscious girl. " I shall soon be able to go on with the lessons. Pray be content about me."

He did not answer, but went quietly to his own corner. This illness of hers had made him restless. No longer satisfied with the present, he began to think of chances that might put an end to his happiness. Following too the natural inclination of his

character, he one day asked Agnes to tell him the day and hour of her birth, that he might cast her horoscope, and know her future fate.

Agnes looked at him eagerly, for he had half made her a convert to his own belief. Then a sudden thought appeared to strike her. She blushed deeply, and answered in a hurried tone—"No, I had rather not know more—more than I do already—it might make me unhappy, and I am now so."—

The door opened quickly, and the girl's blush deepened to the brightest crimson, as it admitted one who had of late been as frequent a visitor as Clement himself. Griffin was never quite pleased at this, for Rupert Nicol's entrance always put a stop to the mathematical studies, and, moreover, having been one of the refractory boys at the grammar school, the young man had hardly learned to treat his former teacher with consideration. Many a whisper and look from Agnes was necessary to quell his propensity for quizzing "old Griff," even now.

Clement went home early that night, wondering why Agnes had blushed at the thought of her future fate; feeling vexed at Nicol's sudden entrance, and oppressed by a vague sense of restless disquietude, which made him seize the next half-holiday to walk to the farm. When he came there, the family were all out in the hay-harvest, the maid said, all but Miss Agnes. Clement was rather glad of this. They would have the lesson in peace and quietness. He went to the little parlour, and looked through the half-open door.

The room was very still; so still that it might have had no occupants; but there were two—Agnes and Rupert Nicol. They sat together, her right hand lay on his shoulder, and above it rested her sweet, young face, not lifted to his, but drooping and blushing with deep happiness. Her left hand was held in both of his; he was trying on the third finger a gold circlet—the wedding-ring.

That terrible moment discovered to Clement Griffin his love and its doom. The quiet, cold, dreaming philosopher found out that he was a man, with all the long-slumbering passions and emotions of man roused up within him, and he knew likewise that they were all in vain, for a love more baseless, mad, and utterly hopeless, never tortured human breast, than now racked that of Clement Griffin.

The young betrothed, as she sat in her quiet chamber, preparing

for her bridal, or laid her head on her pillow, but to be haunted by dreams of her beloved, his last under words, his dearest of all dear smiles, knew not that there was another who paced night after night beneath her window, in agony so deep, so wild, that had the girl seen it her emotions would have been less of pity than of terror, who spent whole hours in lying on the cold stone steps of the threshold, which her light happy foot-fall had just crossed. Clement was no sighing dreamer, indulging in delicious sorrow, and sentimental woe; he was not young, and the one great feeling of love had never been frittered away into smaller fancies; it was no boyish ideal, but a terrible reality. He was not a poet, to make an idol of the past; the future suddenly and for ever became a blank; and Love itself was changed into Despair.

Agnes married Rupert, and went with him to the far-off home which he had made for her. After she was gone, a few of the neighbours observed that the "Old Mathematician"—they had cause to call him old, now, for his hair was quite grey—that Clement Griffin seemed lost without his pupil; that he shut himself up much at home, and was more eccentric than ever; when abroad—no tongue whispered, no heart guessed, the real truth.—When, a short time afterward, Clement threw up his situation, with the excuse that he was going elsewhere to bring out a new invention of his own: the only observation made was that "mad folk always get madder the older they grow." In another year, when Agnes came home on a visit and inquired after her old teacher, the people at B—— seemed almost to have forgotten his name.

Twenty years from the last epoch in my story, a lady in widow's weeds, accompanied by two children, entered the shop of a working mathematician, in one of the large provincial towns. She wanted to have a little casket repaired; it was made of porphyry, and the lock, of very curious workmanship, had been broken. The spruce shopman, whose profusely-scented hair and aquiline nose, under which grew a delicate moustache, bespoke him that most disagreeable of modern anomalies, an Adonised Jew, examined it with a puzzled air.

"I never saw anything like this before, madam. We have nothing of the sort in our shop," he said.

"Very likely not; I did not buy it; it was made for me many years ago. I believe the lock is quite original of its kind. Do you think it possible to repair it?"

The shopman shook his head. "I don't know, ma'am; there is something very odd about it; but we have a clever workman here. I will send for him, if you will wait a moment."

The lady sat down: her two boys amused themselves with peering at the curiosities of the shop, but the mother drew down her veil, and seemed rather thinking of the past than alive to the present. The shopman still pored over the casket with much curiosity.

"It must have been a skilful workman who made this, madam. Porphyry will turn the edge of our hardest tools."

The lady did not reply to his evident curiosity, except by a bend of the head; and in a few minutes the person who had been sent for came. He was a little old man, nearly bald, with grey bushy eye-brows, and wonderfully keen eyes;—as these fell upon the casket, he started and trembled visibly.

"Do you think you can mend this, old fellow?" said the young Jew, carelessly.

The person addressed took the casket in his hand, and walked to the light. He never looked at the customer; he saw nothing but the casket; and did not notice how the lady had risen, and was watching him in extreme surprise.

"I know this well. I can easily mend it. Where did you get it, Mr. Salomans?" anxiously inquired he.

"It is mine," answered a sweet voice under the widow's veil, and a hand was stretched out to the old man. "Do you not know me, Mr. Griffin? I remembered you at once."

The casket fell from his hand. "Miss Agnes, is it you, Miss Agnes,"—he glanced at her dress.—"I beg pardon: Mrs. —, I am old, and cannot remember your name now."

"Never mind, call me anything you like; I am so glad to have found you out at last. Many a time, Rupert and I—ah! poor Rupert,"—the widow's voice faltered, and her tears fell fast. A strange dimness had gathered over the eyes of Clement Griffin too. It was well that the young Jew was busy with some new customer at the other end of the shop.

"And are these children yours, Miss Agnes?" said the Old Mathematician, trying with instinctive delicacy to divert her attention, though his whole frame trembled with agitation, and his voice was almost inaudible.

"Yes! Robert and Charles, go and shake hands with Mr. Griffin; you have often heard about him. They know you quite well, indeed, dear old friend. Robert has learned all the definitions you wrote out for me, long, long ago."

"And did you think of me, Miss Agnes? how good of you!" said Clement, taking her hand with a sudden impulse, and then dropping it again in alarm, as he saw the eyes of his superior bent on him with astonishment. "We cannot talk here: may I come and see you?"

Mrs. Nicol told him where she lived, shook his hand again warmly, and departed.

"So you can mend this, Griffin, I suppose," said Salomans, with a sneer.

"Mend what?" Clement repeated, dreamily.

"The casket, you old idiot."

"Yes, I ought, for I made it myself."

"And that lady, pray do you know her?"

"A friend, an old friend,—yes, I think I may say that," muttered the old man.

"Umph! I did not know you had a friend in the world. Come, off with you; nobody wants an old goose like you in the shop."

Patiently, without answering a word, the poor old man stole back to his workshop. Strange that with his commanding intellect, he should have been the slave and butt of a petty fop like this. But throughout his life, Clement Griffin, in all worldly things, was as simple as a child. Agnes Nicol felt this, with a compassion almost amounting to pain, when he told her, as they sat in her little parlour, the outward story of his life since they had last met. She discovered how more than one curious mechanical invention of his, now making a noise in the world, had brought wealth to others, while the deceived inventor toiled on, for very life, by the labour of his hands; how his talents and skill had been traded upon, and were so, even now, while he himself was treated as a poor drudge: not that he told all this, for he hardly perceived it himself; but Agnes found it out from his simple and undisguised tale.

It was to them both a strange return of old times. When the children were gone to bed, Griffin sat in the fire-side corner. Agnes had made ready for him the simple supper he always liked—bread-and-milk: when he took it from her hand, the old man put it down on the chair beside him, and burst into tears.

"You are very good to me, Miss Agnes, very! I beg your pardon, I am but a foolish old man, and you make me think of past times."

Agnes herself was much moved; the more so since she had her own story to relate—not a happy one. The girlish dream

had hardly been fulfilled. Alas ! when is it ? But the widow's sorrow sufficiently testified to the wife's abiding love. A mother's cares were added too, for her boys were growing up ; and Mrs. Nicol was poor, very poor. Clement had yet seen nothing but herself ; now he glanced at the meanly furnished room, and though he understood little of such things, he felt that it was hardly meet for an inhabitant like Agnes. How he longed for every coin which he had cast away, or been robbed of, that he might pour all at her feet, and then go and work for his own daily bread all his life long.

If ever an earnest, noble, disinterested love abided in human heart, it was in that of Clement Griffin. Strangely distorted though his nature was—a compound of strength and weakness—of wisdom and madness—of unworldliness that amounted to ignorance—warped through circumstances, and yet intrinsically noble—most surely there was in it one spot, an altar, that might have been a resting-place for angels' feet. Time had quenched the burning fire which once consumed him, and he could now look on Agnes' still fair face, and feel no pain. He felt thankful that she had never known his madness, or she would have despised him. It *was* madness ; but Agnes was too much of a woman to have despised any true and earnest love, however presumptuous and hopeless it might have been. It was over—the wildest imagination could not rekindle its ashes now.

It was a pleasure to Agnes in her widowed and poverty-haunted solitude to have the occasional presence of the kind old man, whom in her childhood and youth she had sincerely regarded. He taught the boys, too, all that lay in his power, and it revived his old enthusiasm to take young Robert on his knee, and instruct him in pursuits to which the boy had already an ardent inclination.

"He will make a great man—a first-rate mathematician," Clement would say, while his eyes brightened, and he looked from his young scholar to the mother who had once been his pupil too, while Agnes would smile, half pensively, and only hope that her boy's life might not resemble that of the hapless enthusiast before her. Sometimes she tried to reason with him ; but the old man was quite contented with his present home.

"Salomans gives me food and clothes, almost as much as I want," he argued. "What more can I desire ? He only requires me to work in the day, and then I have the night for study. I am really quite content. Besides he took me in when I had not a penny, and saved me from going to the parish perhaps," said

the old man smiling sadly. "I ought to stay with him out of gratitude; and every now and then he gives me some money too; so that in time I shall have bought back all the books I lost."

Poor simple philosopher!—simple, yet wise—for all the sages in Christendom could not have boasted that truest, purest wisdom, which is before all things in the sight of the All-wise.

Agnes Nicol had to struggle hard to bring up her boys as she desired. As Robert's talents developed themselves, she longed to give him every advantage; but it was a hard thing even to provide him with books. Clement Griffin found out this, and soon the needful volumes were brought by him. He said they were his own—a loving and generous fiction. The old man conquering his natural shyness, had sought for stray pieces of work from the other opticians of the town, and devoted his nights to their completion, to gain the payment which his skill readily commanded. Thus it was that his pupil's little library grew. Clement Griffin in his simplicity could imagine no other need but that of books, or else his whole nights would have been spent in thus supplying comforts to Agnes Nicol and her children.

At last Robert had a chance of obtaining advancement in the branch of learning to which his taste inclined. A distant cousin of his father's, who was a mathematical instrument maker in London, offered to take the boy for a small premium. But all the mother's contrivances could not procure the sum. Clement Griffin's sorrow was equal to hers, for he loved the boy, and was proud of his talents. Night after night, as he retraced his way homeward, the old man pondered over every possible expedient to get over this difficulty, and find the necessary money. Sometimes in his simplicity he thought of walking to London—but a hundred miles—and offering to work six months in old Nicol's shop, if he would only remit the premium for Robert. But then iron fetters could not be stronger than those self-forged chains which bound Clement, as he thought, out of gratitude, to Salomans. And then, with instinctive delicacy, he felt that Mrs. Nicol must not be made acquainted with any sacrifice for her sake, or her refusal would at once make it vain. The old man was floating in a sea of doubt and perplexity. To him coining twenty gold guineas would have seemed less difficult than earning them in the ordinary old-world fashion like any other man.

At last, as the Old Mathematician sat one night among his books, a bright idea flashed across him. Those beloved volumes suddenly assumed a value, not like that he had so long set upon

them, but a marketable value. They might be sold! Had he himself been starving, the thought would have never entered Clement's mind; but for Robert—for her child—yes! he would sell them! The dusty old tomes seemed transformed into bright shining coins already, all whispering in his ear, "Do it, Clement; what good are we to an old fellow like you? Use us to make a great man of this boy, who will grow up to be famous, when you are no more." Clement turned over their leaves that he might come to some conclusion as to the definite value of these his treasures. It seemed almost like a man anatomising his own children; so dear, so sacred were they to the old philosopher. But stronger feelings than even these were at work within. The man's noble heart triumphed over his devotion to knowledge. He sold the books.

Then, even when the struggle was over, the twenty gold coins sat like a weight of lead upon Clement's heart. Day after day he carried them with him to Mrs. Nicol's, and yet he could not tell how to give them so as to prevent her knowing through whom the gift came, and the sacrifice by which it had been purchased. At length chance opened a way. Agnes, in despair at her boy's melancholy, proposed writing to a rich relative, and entreating, not as a gift but as a loan, that he would provide the means for Robert's outset in life.

"Strangers are sometimes kinder than friends," the mother tried to moralise, "and he is almost a stranger, though connected by blood, for I never saw his face or had a letter from him in my life. Yet people say he is a good man. I will try him."

It chanced that Clement Griffin in the course of his chequered life had known this man, and known too that the outward character he bore was false. But he did not deceive the sanguine mother, for, with a quickness, and loving stratagem, most unwonted to him, he conceived a plan of doing what the rich man would never have done. He assented eagerly, almost tremblingly, to Agnes's proposition.

"I knew him once. I will take the letter myself," cried Clement.

He took it, and returned next day with a kind message and twenty pounds, "as a gift," he said, though the eccentric but generous donor refused any acknowledgment, either personal or written. Agnes, almost wild in her joy, did not notice the quivering lips, the tremulous voice of her old friend, nor the hasty confusion with which he retreated home. He had suffered more

from the contrivance of this *ruse* than even from the noble self-denial which had prompted it. His truthful conscience reproached him even for the generous lie, and it was long before he could meet the eye of Agnes Nicol.

As Clement grew older he plunged the deeper into his dreamy pursuits. While Mrs. Nicol and her children lived in his neighbourhood, there was still one tie that connected him with the outer world. But ere long, a small accession of fortune came to the long-enduring widow, and she went to establish herself near her prosperous boy Robert. Before she left, she entreated her old master to come and settle in London, where Robert would be able to requite the care which had mainly contributed to his success. But the old man only shook his head, with the smile of quiet melancholy that had become habitual to him.

"No, no, Miss Agnes. What should such as I do in London? People would only laugh at my odd ways—perhaps you yourself might be ashamed of me."

"Never, dear, good friend," cried Agnes. She felt it at the time; but afterwards she thought, the grey ribbed stockings and clumsy shoes would look rather strange in the pretty drawing-room of which Robert wrote. "And is there nothing I can do, to show how much I value you?" she asked.

Clement's eyes looked dim, and the muscles about his mouth twitched convulsively. "You are very kind, Miss Agnes;—then, will you think of me now and then, and perhaps write to me? Direct to the post-office, because I rather imagine Salomans reads all my letters when any come for me."

"And yet you stay?"

"Oh, yes. It does me no harm. I have no secrets. God bless you, Miss Agnes, and good-bye!"

"And Robert, who owes you so much: can he do nothing?"

"Why, yes," said the old man, hesitating, "I have heard of a new object-glass for a telescope. I should like to see it, because I thought of inventing one myself. Perhaps Robert would send me down one, if not too much trouble. And tell him I am very glad he is growing a rich man—only he must keep to mathematics—a head-full of geometry is worth a house-full of gold. Good-bye, and God bless you, once more. Miss Agnes—you have been very kind to me, you and your boys. Good-bye."

Agnes watched him down the street. A quaint figure he looked, in the long grey coat and broad-brimmed hat. She noticed how slow and trembling was his gait, and how he stooped

more than ever over his thick stick, which had of late become indispensable to him. A few tears rose to her eyes, but they were more to the remembrance of past days than to him.

"Poor old Griffin—he is a good soul, though he is so odd. I wish Robert could have done something for him; but then, he seems quite content, and has so few wants. Well, well, I suppose he is quite happy in his own way." And she turned away, to think of the cheerful home which Robert had prepared for her.

Mrs. Nicol was a good woman,—thoughtful, kind,—aye, grateful. For a long season, the strange, long, rambling letters of Clement Griffin were regularly answered; and several times a gift of the kind most likely to please him—a new scientific book or curious invention—found its way to the garret at Salomans. At last Clement wrote that perhaps Robert had better not send again, for Mr. Salomans generally took them in his own care, and he himself had little use of them.

"How tiresome that he will stay with those wretches," said Mrs. Nicol, "there is no doing anything for him while he is at Salomans."

She wrote and told him so; and for a long time after no more letters came from Clement Griffin. Then Agnes received one, which follows here, in all its quaint mournfulness:—

MRS. AGNES NICOL.

DEAR FRIEND,—Not having received any answer to my last three letters, I am afraid you have forgotten me. It is not surprising; for I believe London is a strange place. I write these few lines to say farewell, as I may never be able to write to you again, or see you again on earth. I have been very ill. Indeed, I think, from the appearance of the stars, and Saturn being in opposition to my *Hyleg*—that I shall not get better. Mr. Salomans says I am a great expense to him, and I believe I must be, as I can work little now. So he has told me to leave him next week. I hope he will give me a little money; but I am afraid he will not; and then I shall have to go to my parish, if I can walk there. So, dear Miss Agnes, if you should not hear any more of me, this comes to bid you farewell, and may God bless you and yours, and may He take my soul to Himself when the time comes. I wish you had let me cast your horoscope, as mine has come so true—of which I am rather glad. I hope you are well in health—should have liked to have heard from you once again, but suppose you had other and better things to think about. My

hand shakes, but I hope you will make out this. I pray God to bless you all your life, as He has me, in spite of all my troubles. And so no more, until we meet with Him. From your sincere friend,

CLEMENT GRIFFIN."

Agnes was painfully startled, and almost conscience-stricken by this letter. "Good heavens! we must do something for the poor old man. Robert shall go down next week, and bring that Salomans to reason," was her first thought.

But Robert was just then very busy, constructing a curious machine for a scientific nobleman, and could not be spared. "The week after will do, mother; you know it is not the first time those wretches have threatened to turn him away—it may be only his fancies. He must be quite an old man now, and perhaps his mind wanders. The letter is written very unconnectedly," reasoned the young man.

Mrs. Nicol agreed that it was, and perhaps matters were not so bad as old Mr. Griffin thought. At all events, Robert could not go just yet; and it was no use writing. She put the letter—a soiled, crumpled, rough sheet of paper it was—in her gay workbox, and only thought of it once or twice afterwards, until another came,—a formal missive from a parish doctor. It stated "how an old man, found dying in the road, had been brought into the workhouse at H——. There he had died, and been buried at the parish expense. The only thing that was found upon the deceased—a book, on whose cover was written the name and address of Mrs. Nicol—the doctor begged to enclose, as perhaps it was a memento of some old servant."

It was a Bible, inscribed in a cramped childish hand, to "Clement Griffin, from his pupil, Agnes Martindale, 2nd May, 17—."

The richly-dressed, lady-like Mrs. Nicol bowed her head upon its torn, worm-eaten cover, and wept bitter tears of remembrance, not unmingled with self-reproach. They were the only ones which ever fell to the memory of Clement Griffin. Had that gentle, humble spirit beheld them, he would have thought them more than his due.

No loving and admiring disciple has ever raised a stone above this unknown philosopher. He foretold, half a century ago, that men would journey by steam. Now, the lightning-like railway passes within sight of his grave. He spent years in perfecting a mechanical invention: its wheels now whirl and roar in a manufactory not two hundred yards from the green pillow where the

brain which first conceived their uses is peacefully mingling with the dust. He first declared that the human mind and character were faithfully portrayed in the human head as in a map : not long since, in the little town where his wanderings ended for ever, a phrenologist—a learned man too—lectured to crowded audiences on the new science. The sage—the philosopher—the devoted follower of science—has passed away and left no memory—no, not even a poor name written on a church-yard stone. Yet what matters it? The great men of earth are those who have done most good to that world which may never know or utter their names. But

“The seeds of truth they sow are sacred seeds,
And bear their righteous fruits for general weal
When sleeps the husbandman.”

DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

ELECTRIC MOMENTS.

EVERY individual who has had a moderate experience of life can recognise the fact, although he may not actually have felt it, that there are mental occasions which, in the words of Byron,

“Curdle a long life into one hour.”

Such must have been the emotion of Cortez on his first sight of the Pacific, so beautifully commemorated by the Poet Keats in his noble sonnet,—of the Hottentot watched by the lion, as described by the African missionary, Moffat,—or of Napoleon, in the last hour of Waterloo. Dreams do the same every night, and drowning men have thus seen the whole of their life, with its minutest actions, pass before their memories between their first bubble of the water and its final bubble. Such epochs of the character teach us incalculable truths before we hear the clock chime again ; and watching the still face of the dead, or meeting the disappointment of a project, or even hearing the refusal of a love-suit, we find that we have ceased to be something that we were and never can be. The hair grows grey, or the heart old, in little more than that trifling space, thus assuring us how disproportionate are material succession and spiritual progress.

But a more frequent case, still analogous, though comparatively unimportant to our general history, is that of unusually thrilling

moments of feeling, brief flashes of consciousness that arise merely from some rare and unexpected object, or the rarer combination of objects with sensations. The whole result is either to startle one, or to give us a sort of new insight, by sudden reflection, into the movements of the soul within. Sometimes it appears to take place without an adequate external cause, at least—that we can clearly trace it to: the writer himself has experienced an unaccountable degree of delight, wonder, or obscure awe, from only beginning to notice the surrounding scene when earnestly bent on a purpose quite apart from it. Or when a boy, in the midst of some impetuous race, some out-gush of animal spirits, all in an instant the disregarded landscape—trees, ground, water, hills, and sky—would seem to pierce into his very brain with a sudden shock of wild surprise.* The mental law of contrast, making one feeling produce its opposite, and two emotions more perceptible at their confluence, explains this. One or two instances of a different kind, stronger and perhaps more complicated, at any rate more externally describable, and therefore more generally interesting, recur to us at present in illustration of our title for the fact. The writer and a relative were passing over the side of Arthur's Seat near Edinburgh towards Duddingstone; the air clear and frosty, everything beneath quietly and firmly wrapped in a veil of snow. First, beyond the brow of the hill, appeared the distant slopes and hollows, swathed in that fair white winding-sheet; Craighuillas, its trees and ruin, transformed into the beautiful monotone; here and there a point of the half-disguised landscape glittering like the corner of a spar; there again like a silver coral, betwixt the eye and that azure air which seemed to have made earth in its embrace grow purer than itself. You could not have fancied it fit for anything but peace; for movements tranquil, and emotions happy as a vision. Next minute the cottage-tops of Duddingstone village, the church tower with snow hung from above it, and spread on the upheld palms of the old tree-branches; the wall and sexton's tool-house edging to the water. One's eye took them in at a moment, but did not note them; the glauce of that little leaden-hued lech, so dark in its sedgy fringe amidst the unbroken fluency of white, itself startled you. At first glimpse, however, of the scene before us, an additional sensation thrilled both observers; with one mutual look that superseded words, both stood transfixed

* See a passage in Wordsworth which will recur at once to his readers.

on the hill-side, gazing on the patch of ice below. All was silent as the snowy hill-top ; but not another sign, attitude, or gesture was needed to inform one of the truth. Some by the edge, some on the deep-grey surface, all were huddled towards one another in a dark group, that *searched* for something in the space between. Minute after minute passed, still and solemn as if the strokes were counted by tinkling, tingling whispers of the frosty landscape ; until at last the common murmur escaped that was heard distinctly upon the hill. Two dripping, rigid bodies, dead beyond the means of recovery, as it proved, were borne up into the village ; and the dull-grey loch, with a black and ragged pool broken near its miry edge, was left solitary ; like the fixed eye of a scene that had become death-like in a moment. Or like the ghostly *ear* it lay, listening after the steps of those whom the grasp of Nature had bereaved and then given them back their clay. Another time we were standing fixed at the lower end of a vast multitude, that thronged, and heaved, and steadied each other up the reach of Edinburgh High Street to its top. They were waiting an execution, and we would fain have got away from it ; although from that spot nothing could have been seen of the lethal signs or issues, except the faces of the crowd far up, clear of the shadows from the tall old houses, who *would* be spectators of *his* coming forth. At eight of that bright April morning *he* was to die, a man of fearful crime, brought from the inner darkness of a jail, to stand a little quarter of an hour in the full glare of open day and public sight, then pass into the deeper darkness of the future world. As we looked up for air, held perforce betwixt the swarming sweltering masses of human life, we suddenly perceived a small arc of St. Giles's dial, shining in the early sun over the house-tops, with the upper figures only in sight, above the chimneys of a building now removed. The fingers of the clock were hidden in the space below ; one would have thought them vanished by a miracle of grace, or in mercy refraining to denote the time appointed in man's stern sentence. The highest number in the horologe stood fixed midway above those smokeless chimney-cans : when its longest finger should reach that awful Twelve, would the criminal be led out into the air ; when it should touch the quarter, then would he be launched into the unseen. Yet it seemed the machine had lost its indicator ; face and circle both, it spanned the cold grey piles between, as bare and motionless as if the wheels were working uselessly within. The suspense of watching it was insufferable,

but eye after eye of the spectators caught sight of it, till silence crept down the street. Something like the interest which sympathises with the worst man's chance for escape, in a tragedy you know the end of, replaced the general execration, the vulgar ribaldry, in that part of the crowd. At last, with a common sob of pent-up expectation, the point of the long clock-hand was seen creeping up from behind the chimneys. Slowly, slowly, like the sure fore-finger of avenging Nemesis, it stole round to the twelve: and at length, with strokes of thunder, long and unrelenting, that crowned Cathedral-tower pealed forth the time! Strangely enough, along with it the chimes were ringing out a shower of merry notes, that suited a spring morning; when burghers open their windows, and milk-women hasten from door to door, and shop-boys take off the shutters to enliven the empty streets. The succeeding pause was broken by the roaring hum of the multitude above, as the doomed man came into their sight. And when the solemn token had moved down again, glittering, into the shadow, *he* was hanging with his covered face between the beams that crossed the sunshine on high,—the soul utterly passed from hearing of mortal sound.

Once more, on a dark evening early in the year, we had glided up the Thames with a full tide, threading the barges, ships, and steamers of that peopled river in a smack from Leith. Greenwich, Blackwall, with their stately piles and statelier floating fabrics, were passed by in the obscure; sounds thickened on, and glimmering or moving lights, the shadows black and blacker, the fog more densely grey. All was confused, bewildered, and meaningless, but we moved with exertion and bustle, with care and nervous preparation around us, into the very heart of London unawares: till our vessel was one of the forest of masts and hulls that lay stationary on the dark bosom of its mid-stream. Then was the far-spread murmur of the city audible far and near, as if we were in the centre of some mighty sea of life; yet it was already hushing down into longer-drawn breaths, and the throbbing peace of night. All at once, from over the broad outline of the city, from the very gloom, lurid and flickering, that hung above—came issuing an iron clang, that boomed over the countless housetops as if every several roof reflected it again. Another and another colossal stroke, each taking up the ending tone of the other, from the mile on mile it seemed to have vibrated away: and not till the startling phenomenon had ceased, did we find composure to recollect that this was St. Paul's striking nine. But

in the midst of darkness and mystery, it came like a revelation : there were in it, concentrated, all the thrilling thoughts and associations of our reading, hearing, or fancy, about mighty London. London, old, new, wonderful, and world-like ; London, that strange meeting-place of all extremes,—the high, the low—the bad, the good—the fearful and the excellent ; London, merchant-mistress of the tides of commerce, was proclaimed in that great voice from the cloud. That “mighty heart” would soon be “lying still ;” but the very pulse to which its life-blood retreated, and which in the morning would send it out again to circulate through every member, seemed now to have within it the essence of this many-sided vitality. In a moment our faëry dreams of it, our metropolitan romance and reality, rose vivid and reanimated, as by the touch of an enchanter’s wand. Even then, and at last, did we feel what it was to be for the first time in London, better than if rolling in upon the swiftest wheels, from precinct to suburb, and through the growing hubbub of its streets. And who that has been there knows not what a life’s emotion *that* is !

For a last illustration of our epithet, take the following incident, described to us by a friend :—his grown-up elder brother “lodged” in a side street of the New Town of Edinburgh, and he himself arrived late one night on an unexpected visit to him from the country. Being known to the landlady, he was admitted at the door without question, and passed into his brother’s chambers unaware whether or not the latter was returned home from his professional engagements. However, on perceiving the gas let down, with open books about the table, and as it was not long past eleven, he sat down to amuse himself with a volume, and await his brother’s coming. Half an hour had elapsed, still no appearance of him ; the youth was getting weary enough of the dull medical work he was obliged to peruse, when at last he fancied he heard a low breathing through the half-open door of the little bed-room. The thoughts for the first time struck him that his brother had been all the while comfortably in bed ; and half provoked at his own stupidity, half at his brother’s pleasant unconsciousness, he resolved, with boyish recklessness, to play him a trick. Stealing into the bed-room, through the window-blind of which the moon shed a dim light, he all at once placed his hand forcibly on the sleeper’s breast, and shouted out to him in a threatening voice to rise. With one bound the young man sprang out to the floor, and, before the other could contrive to make himself known, there was a struggle between them, in

which the former reached hold of a pistol from his dressing-table. "Oh, for God sake, Tom!" gasped out the younger, snatching aside the window-blind, as his brother, still bewildered with recent sleep, held him at arm's-length. He said he never should forget the expression of his brother's face in the moonlight, as the fierce glare of hostility changed into recognition, and he let fall his weapon on the floor. Neither of the two could speak for some time, but the first words the elder brother said were—"John!—you stood nearer this night to making me your murderer than tongue can tell. If that pistol had been primed, man, I'd never speak to you again, I think. Never while you live play a second trick like that to me!" Many a practical joke has had a worse ending; but the narrator confessed he never passed such another moment of emotion—not fear at all, but the throng of a thousand lightning horrors—as that in which he saw his brother's eye, just opened from sleep, meet him like those of a mortal foe, and by his own thoughtless freak.

New Books.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH. A Biography: in Four Books. By JOHN FORSTER, author of "Lives of Statesmen of the Commonwealth." 8vo. Bradbury & Evans.

COMPELLED to peruse numerous biographies compiled rather than written, it has often been the subject of our hope that some writer with original powers, a lively fancy, and above all, a dramatic genius, might be induced to cultivate this branch of literature. We read the *Lives*, as they are termed, of men, and retain only remembrances of battles and treaties, negotiations or intrigues; if literary men, of the success of their publications, their bargains with booksellers, and their introduction to patrons. Indeed, it has been a stereotyped phrase from Rowe downwards, that there is nothing to tell of literary men beyond their place of birth, list of publications, and time of death. Matters, probably for this reason, made the subject of most tedious discussions, and swelled into an absurd importance. This treatment of literary genius is of a piece with the conduct awarded to them on all occasions. To the regular student and common-sense men of the world, they are a kind of "*lusus naturæ*," and how they produce their works is as great a mystery as their individual existence. Indeed, we have heard it said, and that by some who had a right to rank amongst them, that this mystery was desirable, and that to know their works is sufficient.

To some extent this may be true. If we are only to have a few isolated actions, or a few doubtful and unimportant facts palmed off by glozing phraseology, and a loose chronology, as that involved and intricate mass of emotion and thought—the life of a man; then, let us take the utterances in an author's works as his existence, and leave the fleshly frivolities to return to the dust from which they sprang. But more than this may be done; and more than this the heart as well as the intellect desires; and we have works in our own, and more especially in the French and German, which contain fair portraits of men. The impertinence of Boswell has been preserved to us one man with a "taxidermistical" fidelity unequalled; and which, by the aid of other helps, probably brings us as near to a truthful judgment as one human being can have of another. To give, however, a whole-length portrait of a life, with all the minuteness of a Mieris, and the strength and breadth of a Titian, is a task almost unattempted. To do for biography what has been aimed at (and, we think, successfully,) for history, by Thierry, and Michelet, and Lamartine, and in our country by Carlyle: to raise up a view of past transactions, and infuse into the dry bones of chartularies and the catalogues of defunct proceedings a true vitality: to animate, with the powers of the poet and the dramatist the mere lifeless facts collected by what is termed history: to adhere, with a glowing fancy and inspired imagination, to the cold circumscription of the rigid fossils that remain to tell of the past: and to extract truth from ashes, and pictures from relics, is a triumph of genius only hoped for in modern times. To do this for biography has been felt to be more particularly desirable. Such an exposition of individual humanity would be more interesting, perhaps more serviceable, than of concrete humanity.

Every writer of judgment, every mind of taste, and every lover of truth, has continually present to him the inexorable nature of time. How little escapes: how fastly into his abyss-like wallet all things are thrown: how everything withers and receives the taint that is left by his noxious steps. It seems, when contemplated closely, an impossible effort to wring anything in a perfect state from his ruthless grasp; but the immortal mind struggles with him, and, in spite, preserves something. Art alone wages successful war with him; and Art—potent in literature as in marble—will still preserve some lineaments of the departed great. How dimly, with how much distortion, with what imperfection, mere events are stated, daily experience shows us; and the comparison of any description, with any reality, will tell us how little we can rely on such narrative. Art alone, then, can give a resurrection to the departed, and reproduce the extended idea that once was a man. It is not the collecting but the distillation of the facts that gives them force. It is not the mere recombination of them into a coherent appearance that renders them valuable, but the reuniting the fragments into a whole, which shall be in accordance with the few notes that remain of the intricate score that was once a harmony. The patient investigation, the large acquirements, the

intimate knowledge of the surrounding facts, the capacity to appreciate every allusion, the fancy to illustrate, the imagination to combine such materials, and perhaps more than all, the skill to express to the general comprehension, in clear language, the compound image thus raised, are qualities not likely to frequently meet in one individual. Such would be the Shakspeare of Biography. To say that the author of this delightful volume had perfectly accomplished this would be to say too much; but he has gone far towards it. He has fully felt what Biography might be: he has all the accomplishments and much of the nice delicacy of judgment requisite for his great undertaking. We say great, because we feel convinced at every page that he is working with the fervour of an artist to establish a great model: he is advancing on the mighty but rude efforts of a Titan of literature; and, disgusted with the "flimsy insufficiencies" of the Carlo Marattis, is more inclined to follow the grandeur of the Michael Angelo of letters, and endeavours to unite the graces of one school with the forces of another. The author of "The French Revolution" and "The Protector" has done more than any man of our time to expose the impostures of history—to show how its professors bridge over with words impassable chasms, and connect, with flimsiest fragments, the remnants that are left. In his History of Cromwell he proceeds with most reverent step—he pauses on the brink of each fissure that suspends the plain path of his narrative. He tells you when he is quite off the scent, and keeps up no yelping babble to make a pretence that the clue is still there. He thus shows how fragmentary must be the narrative of a great one's story. He is, however, quick of scent and sharp of sight; and the merest morsel over which the mind of his great game has passed is a revealment. He does this in utterances convenient to himself, glowing from his fancy; but not convenient to the lazy thinker, who will not trouble himself to go from his old associations. The author of the present volume has not studied this noble writer without profiting greatly by his theory and a little by his phraseology. He has much of his vigour and none of his violence; and may be compared to an athlete who has acquired the graces of dancing. The consequence of all this is, that we have a great unity of interest. His one great aim is to carve out the "true effigy" of his subject. This is his great cardinal aim, and this he accomplishes happily, and, on the whole, very successfully. We are not quite sure that a man of far inferior capacities and acquirements might not have given a more striking likeness—more striking, perhaps, because less perfect; as we frequently gain our ideas more correctly from happy suggestions than elaborate descriptions. We do not think the Goldsmith of the Club was at all the Goldsmith of the Islington pot-house; and he is represented too much in the society of those who rather depressed than developed his general nature. The true benevolence of Johnson, doubtless, commanded the warmest affections of Goldsmith; but he had a delicacy of sensibility, and a disregard of conventionalities, together with an unbounded flux of animal spirits, bred of a love of admiration and

fullness of heart and mind that sought less rigid companions. He was not so much a scholar as a genius : his aim was to be popular, and gratify his intense sensibility by its utterance. It is a great mistake, made by many writers, that if a man forsake the society of the acknowledged great, that he falls into an utter blankness of existence, or into worse—a vicious companionship. But all genius does not show itself in books ; and wits and sages are to be found, known but to a few, and too genuine to seek other manifestation than their own spontaneous utterances, and of too limited a sphere to be recorded. The brightest flashes of many a wit have fulfilled their function when they have set the table in a roar : and there are Parson Adamsses and Primroses out of select clubs or literary parties. The greatest discovery that could be made would be a diary during his long secessions from “the Club ;” or even one of Mrs. Fleming’s, his landlady, telling of his doings. Peradventure we should see then a much more joyous, a much brighter man, than he appears when amongst the prudent Reynoldses, the worldly Garricks, the stiff Pereys, and the arrogant Hawkinses and Boswells. Above all things is apparent the extreme coarseness that could ever condescend to make a butt of Goldsmith. The good—the great—Johnson never did. He, too, had known poverty—squalid poverty—though not so long, or perhaps so intensely, as Goldsmith. Oliver was poor, ugly, and had no artificial manners ; but he had the highest sense of the dignity and worth of the human soul and mind, and could not bear to be thought or made ridiculous. His humour, as it appears in his writings and comedies, is broad, and almost burlesque. It had none of the vigour or venom of witty repartee. No wonder then that though he saw and esteemed great goodness, great talents, in such men, that he was more at home in less pretentious society, and where a more genuine tribute was paid to his nobility of nature and his gay lively fancy. We would rather have spent an evening with him at his Wednesday’s than at his Bigwig Club.

The end and object of this book, after all, we take to be, to erect a frame-work for the introduction of much observation of literary life, and collected knowledge of the last age. And viewed in this light, it becomes a more important work than a mere biography ; though, as we have already said, the artistic treatment of the biography is excellent. It contains, however, several other portraits on a smaller scale, and we have the miniatures of all the important literary men connected with Goldsmith, with occasional groups and some picturesque interiors, such as the celebrated Literary Club, the dinners at Sir Joshua’s, and the assemblies at the Royal Academies. We cannot give a better sample of the graphic style which predominates throughout the work.

SIR JOSHUA’S DINNERS.

“ Well, Sir Joshua,” said lawyer Dunning, on arriving first at one of these parties, “ and who have you got to dine with you to day ? The last time I dined in your house the company was of such a sort, that by—I believe all the rest of the world enjoyed peace for that afternoon.” But

though vehemence and disputation will at times usurp quieter enjoyments, where men of genius and strong character are assembled, the evidence that has survived of these celebrated meetings in no respect impairs their indestructible interest. They were the first great example that had been given in this country, of a cordial intercourse between persons of distinguished pretensions of all kinds; poets, physicians, lawyers, deans, historians, actors, temporal and spiritual peers, house of commons men, men of science, men of letters, painters, philosophers, and lovers of the arts; meeting on a ground of hearty ease, good humour, and pleasantry, which exalts my respect for the memory of Reynolds. It was no prim fine table he set them down to. There was little order or arrangement; there was more abundance than elegance; and a happy freedom thrust conventionalism aside. Often was the dinner board, prepared for seven or eight, required to accommodate itself to fifteen or sixteen; for often, on the very eve of dinner, would Sir Joshua tempt afternoon visitors with intimation that Johnson, or Garrick, or Goldsmith was to dine there. Nor was the want of seats the only difficulty. A want of knives and forks, of plates and glasses, as often succeeded. In something of the same style too, was the attendance; the kitchen had to keep pace with the visitors; and it was easy to know the guests best acquainted with the house, by their never failing to call instantly for beer, bread, or wine, that they might get them before the first course was over, and the worst confusion began. Once was Sir Joshua prevailed upon to furnish his table with dinner glasses and decanters, and some saving of time they proved; yet as they were demolished in the course of service, he could never be persuaded to replace them. 'But these trifling embarrassments,' added Mr. Courtenay, describing them to Sir James Macintosh, 'only served to enhance the hilarity and singular pleasure of the entertainment.' It was not the wine, dishes, and cookery, not the fish and venison, that were talked of or recommended; those social hours, that irregular convivial talk, had matter of higher relish, and fare more eagerly enjoyed. And amid all the animated bustle of his guests, the host sat perfectly composed; always attentive to what was said, never minding what was eat or drank, and leaving every one at perfect liberty to scramble for himself. Though so severe a deafness had resulted from cold caught on the continent in early life, as to compel the use of a trumpet, Reynolds profited by its use to hear or not to hear, or as he pleased to enjoy the privileges of both, and keep his own equanimity undisturbed. 'He is the same all the year round,' exclaimed Johnson, with honest envy. 'In illness and in pain, he is still the same. Sir, he is the most invulnerable man I knew; the man with whom, if you should quarrel, you will find the most difficulty how to abuse.' Nor was this praise obtained by preference of any, but by cordial respect to all; for in Reynolds there was as little of the sycophant as the tyrant. However high the rank of the guests invited, he waited for none. His dinners were served always precisely at five o'clock. His was not the fashionable ill breeding, says Mr. Courtenay, 'which could wait an hour for two or three persons of title,' and put the rest of the company out of humour by the invidious distinction."

But it would be endless to extract the similar lively descriptions or the still more valuable brief but pregnant dissertations that arise gracefully and effectively out of the narrative. Here is one which shows how constant is the writer's mind to the chief duty of literature, the

advocacy of the great claims of humanity. It arises from a very admirable criticism on "The Vicar of Wakefield."

DOCTOR PRIMROSE AND THE HANGMAN.

"There had been, in light amusing fiction, no such scene as that where Doctor Primrose, surrounded by the mocking felons of the gaol into which his villainous creditor has thrown him, finds in even those wretched outcasts a common nature to appeal to, minds to instruct, sympathies to bring back to virtue, souls to restore and save. 'In less than a fortnight I had formed them into something social and humane.' Into how many hearts may this have planted a desire which had as yet become no man's care! Not yet had Howard turned his thoughts to the prison, Romilly was but a boy of nine years old, and Elizabeth Fry had not been born. In Goldsmith's day, as for centuries before it, the gaol existed as the gallows' portal: it was crime's high school, where Law presided over the science of law-breaking, and did its best to spread guilt abroad. This prison, says Doctor Primrose, makes men guilty where it does not find them so: 'it encloses wretches for the commission of one crime, and returns them, if returned alive, fitted for the perpetration of thousands.' With what consequence! 'New vices call for fresh restraints; penal laws, which are in the hands of the rich, are laid upon the poor; and all our paltriest possessions are hung round with gibbets.' It scares men now to be told of what no man then took heed. Deliberate murders were committed by the State. It was but four years after this that the Government which had reduced a young wife to beggary by pressing her husband to sea, sentenced her to death for entering a draper's shop, taking some coarse linen off the counter, and laying it down again as the shopman gazed at her; listened unmoved to a defence which might have penetrated stone, that inasmuch, since her husband was stolen from her, she had had no bed to lie upon, nothing to clothe her children, nothing to give them to eat, perhaps she might have done something wrong, for she hardly knew what she did; and finally sent her to Tyburn, with her infant sucking at her breast. Not without reason did Horace Walpole call the country 'one great shambles.' Hardly a Monday passed that was not Black Monday at Newgate. An execution came round as regularly as any other weekly show; and when it was that 'shocking sight of fifteen men executed,' whereof Boswell makes more than one mention, the interest was of course the greater. Men not otherwise hardened, found here a debasing delight. George Selwyn passed as much time at Tyburn as at White's; and Mr. Boswell had a special suit of execution black, to make a decent appearance near the scaffold. Not uncalled for, therefore, though solitary and as yet unheeded, was the warning of the good Dr. Primrose. Nay, not uncalled for is it now, though eighty years have passed. Do not, he said, draw the cords of society so hard, that a convulsion must come to burst them; do not cut away wretches as useless, before you have tried their utility; make law the protector, not the tyrant of the people. You will then find that creatures, whose souls are held as dross, want only the hand of a refiner; and that 'very little blood will serve to cement our security.'"

The estimate of Goldsmith's position is very fairly made. It may, perhaps, appear to many modern readers somewhat too highly fixed; for there has been so much brilliant writing since, and so much that is

captivating to younger readers, that but few of this generation have turned to the authors of the last century. That they have lost their hold on the public mind is sufficiently established by the simple fact, that the booksellers have long discontinued the trade editions of them ; and that even the more speculating traders, who seek for cheap works for the rising generation, do not think it worth while to reprint them collectively. They rather go back another hundred years, and reprint the works of Shakspeare, and the poetry which succeeded him. This we take to be a favourable sign, for in these writers there is a passion and a purpose deeper and more enduring than of the somewhat dilettante age the present biography illustrates. There is nothing more striking in reviewing it, as it is so well revived in this book, than its total want of passion. No great motive animated it, nor did its individual promulgators appear to possess any of the vigorous aspirations that have so illuminated the works on this side of the great French Revolution. It is a curious fact, that no trace appears of Goldsmith's ever being in love. Not a single letter, nor a single anecdote, refers to any such emotion ; without, indeed, the very slight allusions to his cousin in Ireland, or to Miss Horneck, be thought to indicate it. We must, however, say, that although we believe that the present, as well as his previous biographer, Mr. Prior, have collected all that is possible of his life, that there is yet a large section of it unrevealed ; and possibly in this unknown period of his existence he may have manifested this important portion of his humanity. But we rather think not, for there is no trace of it in his writings ; and there the passions, be of what kind they may, are sure to evolve themselves. It probably may be said that neither he nor his illustrious friend, Johnson, were ever really in love ; and indeed the latter asserted, that it was a matter of indifference what woman was wedded, provided she was virtuous and decent. It were a curious inquiry to trace how it was that so little of this feeling appeared amongst the literary men of the age ; and whether they, by their writings, acted upon the age in producing this lukewarmness towards the most universal of the passions, or whether they themselves were subdued by the reasonable and logical tone of the age, and were so trained both by others and themselves, that they brought such feelings to the milder level of the affections. Whatever the cause, it had a sensible effect on their writings, and so on literature ; and we no more can fancy a Byron manifesting himself at that period than a Napoleon.

This absence of passion, and consequently, as we think, in a great degree of imagination, gives an air of simplicity and almost of insipidity to much that was written. Dignity contented itself with a strut, and strength with dogmatic assertion. The architecture and the costume of the age furnishes a very striking index to the prevailing feeling and sentiment ; and nothing could be more prosaic than the one, and absurd than the other. It might be an age in which the perfection of common sense was cultivated ; but it was as certainly an age of poor conventionalities and trivial emotions. Learning had too much

usurped the place of wisdom, and sentiment of poetry. The effort was to say good things; not to feel mighty ones. And the mere effort to say caused many comical distortions both of language and reasoning. Of all this no one than the present biographer is better aware; and different was his treatment of that preceding hundred years, wherein the mightiest passions were exerted, and he consequently had to delineate a succession of heroes. And here we must say we prefer, though not so carefully or perhaps cleverly written, his *Lives of the Statesmen of the seventeenth*, to his biography of the beaux-esprits of the eighteenth century. He has however penetrated beneath the grotesque fashion of even this mediocre period, and fairly and wisely elicited the essential truths promulgated by the subject of his memoir. No one can peruse his book without being enlightened, and without acknowledging that even in this apparently superficial and barren era, seeds were sown by the gentle hand of the much enduring literary hack, and unsuccessful medical doctor, that have spread world-wide, and given to civilisation germs of perennial flowers that will blossom for ever. But herein the author shall, in some little degree minister for himself.

GOLDSMITH INSPIRES GOETHE.

"It was not an age of particular earnestness, this Hume and Walpole age: but no one can be in earnest himself without in some degree affecting others. 'I remember a passage in the *Vicar of Wakefield*,' said Johnson, a few years after its author's death, 'which Goldsmith was afterwards fool enough to expunge. *I do not love a man who is zealous for nothing.*' The words were little, since the feeling was retained; for the very basis of the little tale was a sincerity and zeal for many things. This indeed it was, which, while all the world were admiring it for its mirth and sweetness, its bright and happy pictures, its simultaneous movement of the springs of laughter and tears, gave it a rarer value to a more select audience, and connected it with not the least memorable anecdote of modern literary history. It had been published little more than four years, when two Germans whose names became afterwards world-famous, one a student at that time in his twentieth, the other a graduate in his twenty-fifth year, met in the city of Strasburg. The younger, Johann Wolfgang Goethe, a law-scholar of the University with a passion for literature, sought knowledge from the elder, Johann Gottfried Herder, for the course on which he was moved to enter. Herder, a severe and masterly though somewhat cynical critic, laughed at the likings of the young aspirant, and roused him to other aspiration. Producing a German translation of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, he read it out aloud to Goethe in a manner which was peculiar to him; and as the incidents of the little story came forth in his serious simple voice, in one unmovable unaltering tone ('just as if nothing of it was present before him, but all was only historical; as if the shadows of this poetic creation did not affect him in a life-like manner, but only glided gently by'), a new ideal of letters and of life arose in the mind of the listener. Years passed on; and while that younger student raised up and re-established the literature of his country, and came at last, in his prime and in his age, to be acknowledged for the wisest of modern men, he never ceased throughout to confess what he owed to those old evenings at Strasburg. The strength which can

conquer circumstance ; the happy wisdom of irony which elevates itself above every object, above fortune and misfortune, good and evil, death and life, and attains to the possession of a poetical world ; first visited Goethe in the tone with which Goldsmith's tale is told. The fiction became to him life's first reality ; in country clergymen of Drusenheim there started up Vicars of Wakefield ; for Olivias and Sophias of Alsace, first love fluttered at his heart ; and at every stage of his illustrious after-career, its impression still vividly recurred to him. He remembered it, when, at the height of his worldly honour and success, he made his written *Life* ('*Wahrheit und Dichtung*') record what a blessing it had been to him ; he had not forgotten it, when, some seventeen years ago, standing, at the age of eighty-one, on the very brink of the grave, he told a friend that in the decisive moment of mental development the *Vicar of Wakefield* had formed his education, and that he had lately, with unabated delight, 'read the charming book again from beginning to end, not a little affected by the lively recollection' how much he had been indebted to the author seventy years before."

It is almost superfluous to say that the biographer is very fond of his subject ; though indeed he may be said to be above his subject in more senses than one ; for it is a fate set down in the decrees of doom that "poor Goldy" shall be patronised alive or dead. Indeed it is the patronage of a kind man, and of one capable of esteeming ; but yet "poor Goldy," could he note it, would find that he was still rather looked down upon than up to. So much force has manner, and so little power innate unadorned greatness, with even the best specimens of humanity. But he sincerely loves the object of his work, and perhaps the more that his mortality is so constantly obvious. He makes his reader also participate in his affection, and not unfrequently weep at the miseries, indignities, and sufferings, that the tender, noble, and gifted writer endured. The following appeal would have been acknowledged by Goldsmith, for his fellow sufferers, as well as for himself, as a noble demonstration.

THE MARTYRDOM OF LITERATURE.

"IN A GARRET, WRITING FOR BREAD, AND EXPECTING TO BE DUNKED FOR A MILK-SCORE. The ordinary fate of Letters in that age. There had been a Christian religion extant for now seventeen hundred and fifty-seven years ; for so long a time had the world been acquainted with its spiritual responsibilities and necessities ; yet here, in the middle of the eighteenth century, was the one common eminence conceded to the spiritual teacher, the man who comes upon the earth to lift his fellow-men above its miry ways. Up in a garret, writing for bread he cannot get, and dunked for a milk-score he cannot pay. And age after age, the comfortable prosperous man sees it ; and calls for water and washes his hands of it ; and is glad to think it no business of his ; and in that year of grace and of Goldsmith's suffering, had doubtless adorned his dining-room with the *Distrest Poet* of the inimitable Mr. Hogarth, and invited laughter from easy guests at the garret and the milk-score. Yet could they have known the danger to even their worldliest comforts, then impending, perhaps they had not laughed so heartily. For were not those very citizens to be indebted to Goldsmith in after years : for cheerful hours, and happy thoughts, and fancies that would smooth life's

path to their children's children. And now, without a friend, with hardly bread to eat, and uncheered by a hearty word or a smile to help him on, he sits in his melancholy garret, and those fancies die within him. It is but an accident now, that the good *Vicar* shall be born ; that the *Gentleman in Black* shall dispense his charities ; that *Croaker* shall grieve ; *Tony Lumpkin* laugh ; or the sweet soft echo of the *Deserted Village* come always back upon the heart, in charity, and kindness, and sympathy with the poor. For, Despair is in the garret ; and the poet, overmastered by distress, seeks only the means of flight and exile. With a day-dream to his old Irish playfellow, a sigh for the 'heavy scoundrels' who disregard him, and a wail for the age to which genius is a mark of mockery ; he turns to that first avowed piece, which, being also his last, is to prove that 'blockheads are not men of wit, and yet that men of wit are actually blockheads.' "

With this we shall conclude, and probably we have said more than enough of this interesting, powerful, and manly work ; the well-known scholarship and accomplishments of the biographer will be sure to attract the attention of every one making any pretensions to belles lettres ; and the interest of the subject, and its elegant treatment, will give it a permanent place on the book-shelves. It is, as we have said, an admirable delineation of one of God's noblest creatures, a benevolent man of genius. It also is a collection of interesting portraits. Scarcely a man of celebrity from Jonas Hanway to Wilkes, but is nicely sketched. And many public events are cleverly interwoven. Wilkes' Riots, The Shakespeare Jubilee, and of course the events more immediately connected with the poet and dramatist. Above all, the just demands of authorship are gallantly maintained against trade usurpations, and it may indeed be said to be throughout a very temperate and masterly declaration of the Rights of Literature. But even here we cannot help detecting the influences of taste, for the conduct that is so ably denounced in the booksellers, is almost defended in the managers of the theatres. Griffiths and Gardner are scoundrels, but Garrick and Colman, though playing with the hopes and wants of their victim for years, with the coolness and dexterity of anglers, are excused. Some other slight blemishes might also be pointed out ; and we think some of the long quotations from Boswell, towards the end, as over well-known, might be spared. The illustrations are numerous, and are faithful as portraits, but otherwise not remarkable. That there is scarcely a new fact in the work cannot be urged against the author, for he has not professed to afford any. His object was to use with skill and genius those already known, and in this he has admirably succeeded.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S SHILLING MAGAZINE.

TWIDDLETHUMB TOWN.*

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

MAY-DAY IN TWIDDLETHUMB.—HOW CELEBRATED BY THE
TOWNSFOLK.

MAY-DAY with Adam !

For know, it is the custom of Twiddlethumb solemnly to dedicate the thoughts of the first of May to the first of men ; to sacrifice to the shade of Adam. To call up the awful presence in some green solitude, and essay a soul-communion with man when new to his inheritance, and awed and wondering at the wealth about him. It is thought a goodly season to strip off the daily garb of daily common-place, and in naked purity of heart to contemplate the teeming life of tree, and herb, and flower. Anew to take possession of Paradise—to have seisin of Eden.

For with these strange folks it is thought that Eden still remains to them. And is it not so ? If we resolutely will it, may we not, at certain seasons, overtop the fiery sword of cherubim, leaping the wall with desperate hopefulness ?

Therefore, at earliest sun-peep, every Twiddlethumber leaves his home ; betakes him to the fields ; walks deep into the woods ; lies far apart upon the margin of a stream, that talks to him in the earnest confidence of solitude. Yes. Every townsman cleanses himself of his daily doings ; washes his hands of the money-box, and with his soul as naked as it may be, reverently seeks the shade of Adam.

* Continued from page 382, Vol. VII.

Can May-Day have a better service? Twiddlethumb sets up no flower-pole; weaves no garlands; sets no musicians fiddling, no men and maidens laughing, dancing; taps no ale-cask to the glory of May-Day,—but sends her people forth, each a lonely pilgrim to the fields, and lanes, and woods, to find the spirit of Adam. And they do find it. Wheresoever in earnestness they seek the spirit of the primal tenant, of the first landowner, it is made manifest to them. Now Adam calls to them from the rooftops of cedars, and now identity eyes them from the cup of a flower.

And so, on this day, all Twiddlethumb lives apart. There is no evening merry-meeting; no toss-pot revelry at night in glory of the time; but every man, with his heart full of his talk with Adam, full—yea overbrimming—silently, reverently lifts his latch, and goes to bed hallowed by the thoughts of the past communion. He feels that Adam has holily laid hands upon him, and blessed him. Anew, he acknowledges the wealth of his present inheritance, and in the greatness of the present, the inevitable future.

To-day is May Day; and Twiddlethumb is silent—empty. This way,—to the fields.

Did ever God walk the earth in finer weather? And how gloriously the earth manifests the grandeur of the Presence! How its blood dances and glows in the Splendour! It courses the trunks of trees, and is red and golden in their blossoms. It sparkles in the myriad flowers, consuming itself in sweetness. Every little earth-blossom is as an altar, burning incense. The heart of man, creative in its overflowing happiness, finds or makes a fellowship in all things. The birds have passing kindred with his winged thoughts. He hears a stranger, sweeter triumph in the skiey rapture of the lark, and the cuckoo—constant egoist!—speaks to him from the deep, distant wood, with a strange swooning sound. All things are living a part of him. In all, he sees and hears a new and deep significance. In that green pyramid, row above row, what a host of flowers! How beautiful and how rejoicing! What a sullen, soulless thing, the Great Pyramid, to that blossoming chestnut! How different the work and workmen. A torrid monument of human wrong, haunted by flights of ghosts that not ten thousand thousand years can lay—a pulseless carcase built of sweat and blood to garner rottenness. And that Pyramid of leaves grew in its strength, like silent goodness, heaven blessing it: and every year it smiles, and every year

it talks to fading generations. What a congregation of spirits—spirits of the spring!—is gathered, circle above circle, in its blossoms; and verily they speak to man with blither voice, than all the tongues of Egypt. And at this delicious season, man listens and makes answer to them; alike to them and all: to the topmost blossom of the mighty tree as to the greensward daisy, constant flower, with innocent and open look still frankly staring at the mid-day sun.

And so with this sentence—the one ink-drop offering to the spirit of the season—we close the day; for evening has stolen, like a pensive thought upon us; the moon hangs, a silver shield in heaven, and the nurse nightingale sings to the sleeping flowers.

THE ROAD TO THE PILLARS OF YES AND NO—WITH A FULL ACCOUNT
BY THE WAY OF THE AMARANTH LEGEND OF MARTYRSFIELD.

To-day, the town seems stirring with holiday life. But there is no feast afoot; none. The blithe looks of the people, the cheeriness of their morning greetings, is the remaining part of yesterday. Every man feels that he is yet fresh from Adam. His blood runs gaily to the light of the sun, and he still perceives in his May-day soul the scent of buds and blossoms. The lark that seems to be in heaven, is, for all that, singing in the Twiddlethumber's bosom. For the man cannot at once break from the high enchantment of yesterday; he still feels as new-made, warm, and ductile from the earth of Paradise. Wait awhile, a little while, and he may be hard and dusty as a Babylonian brick—world-baked, world-written.

Let us follow yonder little boy—him in the sky-blue coat, with a bunch of flowers in his hand; he is about to go to school; he is bound for the two universities of Yes and No. The Hercules of Twiddlethumb—he is so old, his own name is lost, therefore is he known by a later alias—set up two Pillars, called the Pillars of Yes and No; whereat the children of Twiddlethumb are taught the two prime lessons of the world: whereat, amidst all contrarieties, against all temptations, they learn to say the right monosyllable at the right time.

YES, AND NO; FOR GOOD OR EVIL, THE GIANTS OF LIFE.

These words are cut in the Pillars; and though time, for thousands of years, has beat his wings against them, the words

are still sharp from the chisel. This way, for ere we reach the academy, we have a long walk before us. The road, at the beginning, is through pleasant places, and takes us by Martyrsfield, where a pretty sight awaits us. On our way there, you perceive the boy keeps straightforward, we will tell you a legend that, albeit older than man, is still fresh and blooming.

You must know that in the days of its darkness—for Twiddlethumb shone not always in the light—there lived a man, who, because he was short and spare, with a thin edgy face, a burning eye, and a ledge of eyebrow, was a man of no very good report. He lived upon a high hill alone; and spent all his nights gazing at the stars, and as the people said, wickedly pulling the world to bits to see what it was made of. Nevertheless, the man, though feared, had for a long time a sort of supremacy among the people, lest, being offended, he should revenge himself upon cattle and pigs; should beckon the lightning to corn-stacks and call up devils to enter the innocent mouths of sleeping children. These things, it was believed, the man had done; and he withered in opinion by such doings. Nevertheless, all the wickedness of the man was borne with; or at the most, sullenly grumbled at. But the people of Twiddlethumb were not to be ever outraged, and no vengeance taken. Though dwelling in the twilight of Time—for the age we speak of is so dark in history that it is impossible, even by the rushlight of chronicles, to come at its date—the people knew the sweetness of revenge; and, the time arrived, took a lusty bellyfull of it. And after this manner.

The conjuror had, for months, remained invisible to the people. No early shepherd had seen him on the hill. There had been a terrible storm; a thunderbolt—since used as the parish anvil—had fallen from the sky; and the lightning had consumed whole corn-fields. The wizard was not to be seen; and it began to be the wholesome belief of the people, that he had been burnt to dust, and scattered by the winds. Folks were settling down in this comfortable opinion, when one day the conjuror—keener than ever, his face set sharper, his eye burning more fiery than before—again appeared in the streets of Twiddlethumb. He walked, as seeing no one, and with a loud, singing voice, exclaimed—

**The sun is bound:
The earth goes round.**

It was now plain enough that either the conjuror was stark mad,

or stark wicked. He had wholly lost his wits, or rebelliously used them against the Maker of the world. He had been impiously taking the universe to pieces ; and in the vilest and most abominable ignorance, was now jumbling their relationship. And now, evoked by this new wrong, all former misdoings rose up in multiplied strength against him. Hordes of cattle, droves of pigs, scores of corn-stacks pest-smitten, destroyed, were now put to the black account of the wizard ; and his wickedness must be washed out by the old purifying liquid—blood. The wizard should die ; if, indeed, death could be made to get at him ; if the conjuror had not spell-bound his body for a time against fire, iron, rope, or water. And so the wizard was seized, and carried away before the judges—dim, misty sages, shimmering down the long night of time, how vaguely solemn they show to us !

**The sun is bound :
The earth goes round,**

Said the wizard, standing with his wrists locked together with iron, before the judgment-seat. And then, the judges made all sorts of signs betokening their horror of the wickedness. What ! was it for the meagre wretch at the bar to turn creation topsy-turvey ? Was it for such a demon, in mortal clothing, to juggle with their senses ? Had they not seen the sun sink in the sea at night, coming up on the other side the next morning—and should they now be told that the earth rolled like a bowl ? How were men to keep their feet ? How were the goods and chattels of honest people to keep their places in people's houses, with such upside-down work continually going on ? But the man was foolish ; brainsick ; he would think better of his folly, and unsay his gibberish.

**The sun is bound :
The earth goes round**

cried the wizard, when he was sent away to repent in his bonds ; and again and again he uttered the wickedness when placed before his judges. Again—

But, see, sir ; we are come to Martyrsfield. Is it not magnificent—wondrous ? What a legend is here—growing a million times in unfading amaranth. Look where you will, and the eye reads the text in tender, smiling flowers—

**The sun is bound :
The earth goes round.**

And the sun seems to smile more sweetly on the truth so flourishing in beauty.

But the sudden sight of the field broke in upon our story. Attend a moment; cease to read the flowering text for a brief while, and listen, and learn the cause of the glowing wonder around you. Hear the end of the wicked wizard.

The stubborn man made no answer to all that was asked him—none save the one you behold growing about us. He would not unsay his say; he would not turn his soul inside out. He would not, with so many burning letters, burn liar upon his tongue.

Well, then, determined the judges—who forgot their placidity, smitten into passing wrathfulness by the obduracy of the culprit—well, then, the culprit should die.

“Be it so,” bowed the wizard.

There never was, before or since, so great a bonfire kindled in Twiddlethumb, as the fire made to roast the sorcerer. Every man, woman, and child brought something to enlarge the pile—the pile that, as it consumed the blasphemer, should purify Twiddlethumb, tainted by his birth and by his dwelling-place. Old men brought their wooden flaggons; children gave their rocking-horses; women, old and young, lard and fragrant oil and ointments; and all, that the blaze might be wide and fierce, offered to the pile things the most precious to them. It was to be a sacrificial bonfire; a peace-making conflagration; and gum and cinnamon were not too costly to sweeten it.

And in the sight of all the dwellers of ancient Twiddlethumb—what name the town then bore we know not, though the dustman antiquary may some day discover it—the wizard was burned. What a bonfire—and what shouting! The sparks flew to the stars; the much-reviled stars, bearing with them the agonies of the wicked one. And still the people shouted, and still the music—for we had forgotten the rejoicing brass—came in triumphant brayings, and the body of the wizard became the cinders of flesh and bone, and now were loosened into ashy dust. And where the fire blazed, and where man was burned by men for the glory of heaven and their own ignorance, there was in a few days, a scathed mark, as from a gypsy’s pot in the earth, and there was nothing more.

And the next spring, the field—it was not then abruptly tost and broken as you see it now—was teeming with myriads of flowers; and as they grew, they grew distinctly in lines and words:—

**The sun is bound :
The earth goes round.**

“There’s magic in the ashes of the wizard!” cried the pale people of Twiddlethumb; and they ploughed up the field again and again, sowing it with brimstone. And still the wounds of the earth healed themselves; and still a crop of flowers grew, still in the same syllables:

**The sun is bound :
The earth goes round.**

And then the people of Twiddlethumb resolved to build upon the field. Whereupon they raised a fabric that served for a pattern—how he came by it we know not—to the man who first thought of the Inquisition. A large, wide, dreary edifice stood upon Martyrsfield; and the men in authority rubbed their hands, and stroked their beards, for they had crushed the lying legend; they had killed the tell-tale flowers.

And the next spring, day by day, the building flawed, and at length—with a thundering crash—fell. For the roots of the eternal amaranth still struck and grew beneath the mountain of stone. And, flower as it was, it was the flower of truth, and with the meek eye of an angel, had an angel’s might; and as it grew it displaced foundations of flint,—and the huge stony lie fell in heaps upon the ground; and everywhere the amaranth crept above the ruins, in tranquil and immortal triumph.

And now, not a stone of the building is to be seen. But everywhere blooms and blooms, and will for ever bloom, in lettered loveliness—

**The sun is bound :
The earth goes round.**

So immortal, and so wondrous in their effect—whatever power may for a season crush and bury them—are the ashes of martyrs. And this, sir, is Martyrsfield. How gloriously the sun basks on the amaranth! Here let us rest, and again and again read and ponder on the truthful flowers.

THE SKYLARK.

QUIVERER up the golden air—
 Nested in a golden earth—
 Mate of hours when thrushes pair—
 Hedges green and blooms have birth—
 Up, thou very shout of joy
 Gladness wert thou made to fling,
 O'er all moods of Earth's annoy—
 Up—through morning, soar and sing.

Shade by shade hath gloom decreast,—
 Westward stars and night have gone,
 Up and up the crimsoning east
 Slowly mounts the golden dawn ;
 Up—thy radiant life was given
 Rapture over Earth to fling—
 Morning hushes—hushed is heaven,
 Dumb to hear thee soaring sing.

Up—thy utterance, silence, robs
 Of the ecstasies of Earth,
 Dowering sound with all the throbs
 Of its madness—of its mirth ;
 Tranced lies its golden prime,
 Dumb with utter joy—oh fling
 Listening air the raptured time—
 Quivering gladness, soar and sing.

Up—no white star hath the west—
 All is morning—all is day—
 Earth in trembling light lies blest—
 Heaven is sunshine—up—away ;
 Up—the primrose lights the lane—
 Up—the boughs with gladness ring—
 Bent are bright-belled flowers again
 Drooped with bees—oh soar and sing.

Ah—at last thou beat'st the sun,
 Leaving, low, thy nest of love—
 Higher—higher, quivering one,
 Shrill'st thou up and up above ;

Wheel on wheel, the white day through,
 Might I thus with ceaseless wing,
 Steep on steep of airy blue
 Fling me up and soar and sing !

Spurner of the Earth's annoy;
 Might I thus in heaven be lost !—
 Like to thee, in gusty joy,
 Oh might I be tempest-tost !
 Oh that the melodious rain
 Of thy rapture I might fling
 Down, till Earth should swoon from pain—
 Joy—to hear me soaring sing ?

Yet, high wisdom by thee taught,
 Were thy mighty rapture mine,
 While the highest heaven I sought,
 Nought of earth would I resign ;
 Lost in circling light above,
 Still my love to Earth should fling
 All its raptures—still to love,
 Caring but to soar and sing.

Osborne Place, Blackheath.

W. C. BENNETT.

THE LONDON SEASON.

FIT THE SECOND.

“ May, Queen of blossoms
 And sweet smelling flowers,
 With what pretty music
 Shall we charm the hours ?
 Wilt thou have pipe or reed
 Blown in the open mead,
 Or to the lute give heed
 In the green bowers ? ”—

sung Lord Thurlow, in the rhymes which Byron and Moore agreed to laugh over as “ *damned nonsense*,” now some thirty years ago, yet which are not utterly forgotten.—Never, in my time, at least, were the echoes of London during “ the season ” in case to answer his Lordship’s most unparliamentary inquiry with so loud a concert of harmony.—Dead in Germany, or fed

sparely by the new Frankfort *Diet*,—shut up, in Italy, with The Pope in the Castle of St. Angelo,—*organised* out of Paris, by MM. Blanc and Blanqui (for *La Marseillaise* now goes of its own accord, needing no Costas to conduct nor *Coryphées* to lead its Chorus,) Music has set in, during our past London May, with a severity, the full particulars of which there would be no exhausting did even some Sir John Hawkins *redivivus* open to us his vast and ponderous pages, for our engrossing. Pianoforte players have thronged this way as thickly as common *crowders* at a fair! *with* beards and other hair plantations—the first day or two; because that has a decidedly foreign look.—Next comes the moment, when, finding that the Misses Bull are not enchanted as fast as was desired, they will have a touch at English respectability; and off go Beard, Moustache, Imperial, &c., &c., &c.!—Some how or other this scheme is apt to prove a failure, too. The Odaliskes who sate for a whole day in their Kiosque, laced up in cruel *bottines*, and torturing French frocks, under the shade of melancholy bonnets and parasols—believing, the while, artless creatures! that they were European; were not worse at fault, than MM. A. B. and C. are, after the pumice-stone has passed over their chins! Cold, sorrowful, and ashamed they look; repent bitterly towards the third day—and, on the fourth, vigorously betake themselves to comforting back the sacrificed decoration, by the aid of rapid unguents and cosmetics, for the names whereof inquire of Causse, or Isidor, or Delcroix.

But—bearded Wisdom apart—the musical ado and amount of arrivals—in defiance of what Sir Peter chooses to call the “A Lion” act—have been unprecedented. Such a superfluity of means for amusement during such a time of anxiety as the present, is a phenomenon, which, however familiar to the Herveys and the Walpoles, must strike our less gossamery political economists, as remarkable. Over-production every where! Competition in our pleasures! Work—the condition of modern society! Wages (so runs the jargon of the Golden-Spoon Utopians) the privilege of every man! *Therefore*, MM. *les Pianistes*, you are hereby invited to transfer your talents to “the bush,”—at the risk of there finding what happened to the settlers in Squampash Flats, immortalised by Hood—namely, the Grand Piano gutted, to serve by way of corner-cupboard!

In short this has been the most musical May in our recollections: not, however, the most harmonious.—Who spoke of

anxiety? All the world knows that we have nothing serious to think about just at present: and so, the strife between the two Operas (to begin in the highest places) has this year again raged as wildly as betwixt the *Have-s* and the *Have-nots*. Heaven bless our dear sober English matrons!—our blushing “budding virgins!” They *do* enjoy a little envy, hatred, malice, &c., &c., when they can get the same. One laughs at our own last-century follies about Cuzzoni and Faustina,—at the battles betwixt the “*Coin du Roi*” and “*Coin de la Reine*,” in the *Grand Opera* of Paris; at the strife betwixt the Gluckists and the Piccinists—but those who know the London season, can feel small freedom to laugh as persons who, themselves, are untouched by like insanities. Last year, the diner-out who denied that the tip of Mademoiselle Jenny’s nose, was perfect beauty—was, there and then, in certain houses, not merely “set below the salt,” but peremptorily put to the door, and his “place was to know him no more!” Let the very reeds this May venture to whisper that Alboni has grown more *Abyssinian* than last spring, (to give fatness all the state and grace of an “Allegory on the banks of the Nile,”) and *The Times* is in a thundering passion.—“Sir, the Woman’s a Zephyr! and you are a Goose!”

New elements, moreover, have been thrown into the cauldron. ’Tis not only Pianists in whom we are superfluous: but we have the monopoly of the singers, just now. Let me hazard a bold remark, which, I hope, will not be made into a *casus belli*, by French, Italian, German, or American;—and bold it must be, since I have never seen it broached by foreign traveller or historian. But truth is truth. Raumers may reason, Waagens may wail—Hahn Hahns sigh “sad *Heigho!*’s” or sarcastic “*Ha! Ha!*’s” —Sands sneer at the “*fluide Britannique*” which keeps our respectability so clean, Refugees who rush to our shores for food and shelter, rail against our “Mammon worship,”—as flagrantly as they will. But, at least in Music, John Bull has always been able to get the Court cards into his hand!—Kings and Queens of every suit and colour—alack! and also the Knaves (there is a certain unhappy Mr. Felix who has appeared in London under five, if not six different names),—and the ACE of the Art, whom I will not attempt to name, having small desire to throw the Apple of Animosity into the arena. But stop,—there are four Aces! and all may be trumps in turn. This does not help the Opera courtier far, however, in the matter of civility—for we have, this May, six

prime donne: two in Mr. Lumley's *Market*—four in Mr. Delafield's *Garden*!

Now setting aside the York and Lancaster feud between the old and the new Paradise of singing, here is matter for as pretty rivalry, in each several Eden—as could well be devised: the whole making up a situation, compared with which the immortal “dead lock” of the Lovers and the Uncles in Sheridan's farce, is but a simple combination,—a mere piece of child's play. The perspicuity and resonance and variety of a Homer are eminently needed, to catalogue aright this wondrous Half Dozen;—and, what is harder to find among mortal chroniclers, the impartiality of a Rhadamanthus.

Let me try, however, for the benefit of friends in the Country: and all such, beside, as love to describe what they have never thought about, and to decide on difficult points which there is no settling! Madame Tadolini *has had* the voice: Madame Persiani possesses the execution—Madame Grisi retains the beauty and the power—Mademoiselle Alboni exhibits the geniality—Madame Viardot-Garcia amazes by the genius—Mademoiselle Lind charms by the charm. This committed to memory, will save much argumentation, much trouble, much wrath,—and satisfy nobody! And yet it is as true, as it were written in *The Morning Post*.

Turn we to other luxuries: The past musical and melancholy May has been remarkable for its picture-sales—*sales*, let me add, not bargains. The treasures and the trash of the Red-leaf collection seem, alike, to have found new Masters, at war prices. The “Gems of Peninsular Art,” collected by Mr. Brackenbury, have not been distributed among unbelieving Israelites or neglectful heathen at a *paste* figure! The Art-Union may be sickly (I mean the institution, not the periodical!) but the Academy is flourishing: and I am told that the R.A.'s, and the A.R.A.'s, have been encouraged by liberal and solvent purchasers for their wares. There is an excellent exhibition in Trafalgar Square, this year, clearer, I think, of affectation than many among its recent predecessors at home and abroad, and therefore nearer high art. For who would not have a real “Mary of Castlecary” in preference to a make-believe *Madonna*? with eyes, mouth, the tips of her fingers and the points of her toes, arranged according to tradition? The reign, let us hope, of antiquarian foppery, calling and fancying itself devotional feeling, is over—at best, it enjoys but a provisional government in England. A few half-instructed or over-

instructed pilgrims, went out to see Munich, and read German æsthetics, and came back in fits. A few painters, only waiting for something to borrow, found in the Teutonic religionism precisely the sort of thing, which it looked "calm and classical" to appropriate. And a few subtle or silly Ecclesiastics preached up "the movement" at once by way of asserting their own exquisite and refined connoisseurship, and with the hope of restoring the old Church monopoly, under which the noble works of Middle-Age Art, were planned and executed! But the preachment was in vain. Inapt the English may be: impatient of school-instruction: indisposed to technical discipline—but they are neither to be charmed, cozened, nor compelled into the painful simulations of such quietism or enthusiasm, as our foreign neighbours accept for poetry and feeling. There is with us no commanding a frame of mind, by edict or *ukase*: whether uttered by Royal Command, or Fashionable Despotism, or Republican fervour.

This law laid down—controvert it who can!—I am not going "the round" of the Great Room, or the two Smaller Ones, or the Miniature Den, or the Octagon Hole, or the Sculpture Vault,—catalogue in hand, and like Common Sense in the song,

"Many wise things saying."

Besides—does not every one of you, my dear readers, know by heart what an R.A. Exhibition is sure to include?—the wood-scenery of Lee—and the canine intelligence of Edwin Landseer—and the "water privilege" of Stanfield—and the admirably-drawn, but over-animated, and over-crowded, and over-decorated groups of Maclise—and Mulready's one delicious cabinet-piece of domestic comedy and truthful expression and colour as good as the best of the Flemings—and Etty's several naked females, or bearded Rabbis?—to say nothing of portraits of English ladies of quality and Scottish clergymen, of Officers in the Army, and Governors of some opulent Company or Hospital? Who need talk of these things, if even the daily papers were not? Wranglers or Graduates, it is true, this year miss Turner—Mr. Dyce is supposed to be lost behind a *fresco*-scaffold—but these omissions, too, are disposed of in one line—while half a dozen will dismiss the striking and original Miniatures of Thorburn; the lighter prettinesses on ivory of Ross—also, the wondrous sketches of Chalon, who, at last, in his quest of fine clothes, moon-like eyes,

and cypress waists, seems to have reached that pass of human improbability, at which Common Sense and Simple Admiration "can no more, though poor the offering be!" But almost everybody is haunted by some one picture—(Danby's "Evening Gun" doing the feat by the majority of Academy visitors this year):—and, therefore, I will tell about the work which has possessed itself of me, because it seems particularly English, and yet (my qualifying "yet," will be heartily relished by M. M. the Transcendentals) to be particularly full of poetry, meaning, and character,—I allude to Mr. Frith's *Witch before the Justice*. It is not merely nor mainly by its colouring or grouping or painting that this picture is a haunting one—neither by its furnishing a sort of pendant to Dr. Meinhold's wondrous story of the "Amber Witch," in which, also, Love proves to have been the Familiar Spirit that has brought about the false accusation and peril of the Culprit. The story is clear, and though not told with the Shaksperian directness of Hogarth, forcibly expressed; not to be mistaken. But what I like is the main figure.

"I think the 'oman is a witch indeed."

Cowed, hunted, tottering beneath the burden of age, and the yet more terrible weight of detestation—if I mistake not, the Prisoner herself half believes in the power to beguile, and avenge herself!—There is a sort of hidden menace, mixed with all her submissiveness and terror, (at least to my apprehension) which is,—as it should be,—fascinating. Nor can power be developed much more cunningly than in depicting such a mixture of feelings and emotions.—I hear many visitors admire Mr. Herbert's *Herod rebuked by John the Baptist*—and the rage and the vengeance of the sinful Wife are things to recollect.—But, though not belonging to a scriptural composition—the Apparition at the bar of Justice, which I have been admiring—seems to me a piece of higher art!—The picture is a work for a great national collection.

A word on our May pleasures of yet another quality. The Wits, Novelists, Painters and Journalists acting for the Shakespeare Curatorship—have made an entertainment of wondrous "pastime and prodigality."—Were I the dramatist elect, in aid of whose establishment at Stratford Mr. Forster enacted *Kateley's jealousy*, and Mr. Dickens donned the strut of cowardly *Bobadil*—I should have a greater pride and pleasure in pence (were there no more)

thus gathered, than in pounds such as a Dryden got for a dedication—or which a weary Minister is teased into voting by way of popularity-measure! Excellent is it to see our men of letters righting themselves; in place of haunting anti-chambers, and courting a Lady Suffolk, or a “*sincere et tendre*” Pompadour—or a Duchess Dollalolla! But this excellence is a text, peradventure, for a separate discourse—the subject being one which must lie close to the heart of every honest man who has ever handled goose quill.

As for sights! one would think that the Metternichs and the Guizots walking the Chiswick Gardens, at a Horticultural *fête*, was of itself a spectacle wondrous enough to suffice for the May of our *Annus Mirabilis*.—Has M. Robert Houdin, the Magician of the *Palais Royal*, had no hand in bringing about a combination so wondrously unprecedented? Who knows but that the whole present state of affairs—M. de Lamartine’s exaltation, and the Sicilian Republic,—and the Northern Blockade—inclusive, may not prove an extra-conjuration got up betwixt him, the Stock Exchange, and Mr. R. M. M., the Poet—who is as fond they say of describing Republics, as George Selwyn was of seeing highwaymen. Are we in May or in December? I defy the most sensible and phlegmatic of mortals, Scotchmen or schoolmasters, to witness this conjuring Frenchman’s *gramarye* (as displayed at our *St. James’s Theatre*) without his mind being crossed by some such troubling speculations—some misgivings that—

“Nought is everything, and everything is nought,”—

some trembling conviction, that if M. Houdin pleased, he could shake out of his hat the *Roi Citoyen* back upon his throne,—reinstall Metternich in the peaceful and paternal care of happy Vienna, and M. Guizot—in the Foreign Ministry. . . . No, the last trick beats even M. Houdin’s art.—But he is some eighty years more perfect as a Sorcerer, than Cagliostro or Schröpfer themselves. Since it appears that the Italians and the French apprehend English intrigues against liberty from our *discrowned* and *disportfolio’d* inmates,—it would be only wise in Lord Palmerston to set a watch on M. Houdin’s proceedings. . . . What a Commission of Commissions—by the way—for his Lordship of Cannes and Vaux!

There’s this Chinese junk, too, at Blackwall—on the poop of which the Barbarian feet of our Queen—almost Chinese!—have trodden.

Have the Prophets of Tee To and Tum nothing to say about such an Apparition by way of *Lion* (no, *Dragon*) among the other Lions of the season?—We have had the Bayaderes twirling and thrumming in Piccadilly; the *Ornithorhynchus Paradoxus* setting all Zoological mouths agape with wonder, Rajahs and Princesses of Babylon at Mrs. Leo Hunter's "*Morning soirees*"—Siamese Twins immortalised in song. We eat birds' nests. We drink Wenham Lake ice!—There is a talk of a party of Oriental travellers—setting up a Camel four-in-hand Club—But a Junk in the Thames! *that* thing to have got across the ocean, with its lumbering, slouching unmeaning build, and its rig of the year One,—Seppings and Seymour may believe in the miracle, if they like!—*I* have not forgotten the Japanese Mermaid, nor the Egyptian jewellery in Great Marlborough Street:—and therefore call upon the Comical Author of "the Porcelain Tower," to throw light on the matter.—If it be genuine, and the Junk be no joke—one can but say, as sprightly Mrs. Piozzi did, when she read of the crimson snow in the Polar Travels of Sir John Ross, "that there's nothing for it but to lie down and die!" Canton come up to Blackwall!—We shall have the Isle of Dogs next, turned into a practicable illustration of that immortal landscape design—yclept the Willow Pattern.

Yes: the times *are* strange—and very strange the pastimes of the season. Of course, when we are talking over these, we must not forget one main resource for those who shake the dust of Vauxhall off their feet, and consider Cremorne Gardens a sort of haunt where "a lark at H——'s gate sings." A word is claimed by the May Meetings. What if we begin by talking of the "*May-Not*" Meeting, held in Hanover Square by Mr. Towlinson and his fellow domestics to induce the world of Masters and Mistresses to get rid of foreign servants? Absolutely there have been found Protectionist and Patriotic Lords, wise enough to preside at these and other such assemblies.—'Tis but a passing ferment, let us hope, unworthy alike of the average Jeames, or of the average Lord B. Square Chairman: but it is a sign of the times, as unmistakeable as the distress of certain feeble "folk" among the animal creation which forebodes thunder aloft.—Akin to these has been the declaration of the silly Women of Fashion against the employment of French commodities: a manifesto calling (as the *Examiner* neatly said) for *Diamond Schools* for the instruction of Duchesses,—to meet the *Ragged Schools* intended

for the regeneration of the Rookery!—But, after all, I suspect, that there is a window in St. Paul's Churchyard, which will decide the question with Mrs. Bull—or with Mrs. Alderman Sun, Moon, or Seven-Stars:—a window blazing like the page of a Book of Beauty, with silks, not Ladies, of Lyons!—here, a Peony Pattern, “*Very Gorgeous*,” as bought by Lady B——! hard by, a more sentimental combination of lilies and canary colours—“*Very Chaste—as ordered by Her Excellency of——!*” “*Terrific Bargains! Heart rending Sacrifices!*” “*Any length cut!*” Some how or other, I do not fear that the May-Fair Protectionists will inflict any permanent harm any where, save on their own charity and reputation for accomplishments. Of course, like Sheridan's Affected Lady, who would have “her harpsichord untuned,” they will *unlearn* French! abandon the Opera, and, in place of devouring that delightful foreign Nonsense in small yellow volumes which comes from Brussels or Leipsig, give themselves up to the exclusive study of—*The Shilling Magazine!*

One might cry “*Fudge!*” to all these distracted little efforts, as one does to Fancy-Fair Free Trade—or Fiery Furnace conversion of the Heathen.—But let us be just! They show that in the midst of the ferment and froth of the season, an element of benevolence is still striving and growing: not as some sour and dangerous people assert, under the strong stimulus of terror; but, because,—God be thanked!—such a motive is largely, honestly, beautifully, English. It softens, even, the sour infallibility of our fanaticism,—it mitigates “the satanic virtue” of our respectability. We are not losing our Manhood, because we are becoming more thoughtful—but something of new love and brotherly-kindness mingles, day by day, with our thoughtfulness, and in spite of the mean interests which alloy them, and the angry prejudices by which they are set off (as though affection and protection could only be proved by tyranny and cruelty *some where*) we will not despise their presence, even when it animates fashionable imbecility!

Thus, whatever be its results—great is the pleasure we derive from the speech of H. R. H. The Prince Albert on behalf of the comforts of the labouring classes,—“an utterance” (as Mr. Carlyle would say) of the spring, by no means to be lost sight of nor to pass without the commemoration of every honest and healthy recorder. Turn but to one of our books of the season, if you would see what England has gained in this matter!

Read Lord Hervey's Memoirs of our Royal Household one hundred years ago,—the details of his own servitude not left out. The parallel, between times past and times present is fraught with instruction—and with some hope also!—And for the sake of this, I will say nothing about the wonted brimston-iacal demonstrations at Exeter Hall—in which the Vials and the Seals, the Great Beast and the Scarlet Lady, are handled with confident and glib pleasantry—by the Reverend's of the alphabet of *odium theologicum*—as attractions no less certain to draw than the Lind's "jug jug," or Alboni's deep, deep G!

Let me point to one or two other English manifestations during the past May, eminently seasonable, at a moment when the rabbling and wrangling of our neighbours has been enough to vex the most tolerant into some arbitrary notions of Jedwood justice, founded on Mr. Carlyle's opinion with regard to the Irish (namely, that they are savages, and to be civilised at point of the sword) extended to our friends across the Channel. Enterprise for no selfish end—Beneficence with no mammon-worship as its second purpose—have not yet ceased in the world! Let us give a good wish to those who are gone in search of John Franklin.—Let us record as among our national munificences the chivalrous old name of Beaufof. "What of this?" may some careless reader ask.—Only, the foundation of a third mathematical scholarship of 50*l.* *per annum* at the City of London School, by the same liberal hand.—If there be not health and strength for a nation, in deeds like this—let each man among us study how best to emulate an Elwes—a cut-purse—or a Common Spoliator—as his humour leads him.

There has been also one great death this May—as significant, for aught we are convinced to the contrary—as the fall of the Rock of Cashel.—What must the Sagamores of the West—and the Sultan who o'erlooks the Golden Horn of the East apprehend?—what the Pacha of Egypt and the Rajah of Sattara (if there be any more than one) expect? How must the German patriots break out into thanksgiving—and the Gallic chanticleers crow, as lustily as *Jaques*' self—on reading that *THE CHAMPION OF ENGLAND* is no more!—The Elm Tree, holds the monarch of what pleasant M. Grosley long ago called "*Le Boock*!" Cribb is cabined in the "Narrow house" at last! And where are the manly sportsmen that we recollect in our boyhood—who will put on crape and weepers, or come to

fisticuffs for chief mournership—let alone the succession? O! (no disrespect to the memory of a man, who might, despite his unhappy training have been as gentle as a child and good natured as Lord Morpeth's self) it would be a great thing for this land, might we indeed accept the Champion's departure as an omen, that the pen has taken the place of the clenched fist.—Who knows? Esteemed vaticinators have threatened us with The Pope's end this year—Transcendentalists of one figure, have set the date of the commencement of the Millenium, somewhere hereabouts. There may be more to be said on the matter ere the third and last fit of our chronicle of the season, touching on the Delights of the Dog Days,—sees the printer!

THE ENGLISH GENTLEMAN,

PAST AND PRESENT.

“Let laws and learning, art and science, die—
But give us still our old nobility!”—LORD JOHN MANNERS.

It is agreed on all hands that a gentleman in the abstract is a gentle man;—that is to say, an individual in whom the soul predominates over the senses. The word varies in its conventional significance throughout every country and in every age. In the vulgar acceptation of the word, a gentleman means a man of decent birth, and of undisputed worldly honour:—but take the word in its true significance, and it will be found to imply charity, generosity, and morality. These two distinct significations have been attached to the title gentleman, from remote times. Following history, we shall perceive that as civilisation advanced, people began to render homage to personal merit, and to show a proportionate contempt for mere possession. This fact is borne out by the progressive movements of the present time. Each step in advance is one prejudicial to the aristocracies of nations—because the wide diffusion of knowledge has tended to increase the number of gentlemen a hundredfold, and therefore to create proportionate contempt for the vulgar parade and haughty ignorance of the aristocracy of mere wealth and birth. An ignorant community naturally regarded men more enlightened than themselves

with awe and with respect ; but an educated people will not render homage unto men who are not superior to themselves, but very often inferior, in point of acquirements and morality.

With the savage, the pomp and circumstance of wealth produce awe and reverence ; but an ignorant Englishman will not respect or pay deference to a savage monarch ; because, though ignorant when compared with his compatriots, he is a Bacon when placed beside the royal barbarian. The social disorganisation which now troubles Europe reminds one of a mathematician, who, having taken his old clock to pieces, is puzzled how to reconstruct it so that it may work precisely, without hitch or flaw. We have taken the clock to pieces, and Lamartine, Pio Nono, and a host of earnest and erudite men, are labouring to reconstruct the machine on sound principles. Gentility has been so long associated with wealth, because, formerly, knowledge was not compatible with poverty, and therefore the rich were generally a race of more highly cultivated mental capacities than the great bulk of the people. Hence the application of the title gentleman to persons of some worldly consideration only. Many centuries back society was resolved into two distinct classes—namely, the nobles and the serfs. The nobles were the educated and wealthy class, and the serfs were the pauper and ignorant class. As civilisation advanced, a third class moulded itself from these two elements, and to this middle class the title of gentleman was peculiarly appropriated. Any person, however, could aspire to be ranked with this new body ; and many persons, consequently, whose cultivation would have left them in the lower ranks of life, aped the manners, and won, by reason of their limited wealth, the privileges of gentlemen. Hence the double significance of the title. It is the purpose of the present paper to show how far the English gentleman of the seventeenth century resembles the English gentleman of to-day ; and for this end it will be necessary to quote from Richard Brathwait's work,* published in 1630, and from Henry Peachum's book,† printed some years previously.

* The English Gentleman : containing sundry excellent rules or exquisite observations, tending to direction of every gentleman, of selecte rank or qualitie. By Richard Brathwait, Esq. Sold by R. Bostock, at the sign of the King's Head. 1630.

† The Compleat Gentleman : fashioning him absolute in the most necessary and commendable qualities, concerning Mind or Body that may be required in a person of honour. To which is added the Gentleman's Exer-

In his dedicatory preface, Richard Brathwait holds virtue to be "the greatest signal and symbol of gentry," and that the gentleman is rather manifested—

"By goodnesse of person than by greatnesse of place. For however," he continues, "the vulgar honour the purple more than the person, descent more than desert, title than merit,—that adulterate gentility, which degenerates from the worth of her ancestors, derogates likewise from the birth of her ancestors. And these be such whose infant effeminacie, youthful delicacie, or native libertie, hath estranged them from the knowledge of morall or divine mysteries: so as they may be well compared to the ostrich; who (as the naturall historian reports) hath the wings of an eagle, but never mounts: so these have the eagle wings of contemplation, being indued with the intellectuall faculties of a reasonable soule; yet either intangled with the lightnesses of vanity, or trashed with the heave poizes of selfe-conceit and singularity, they never mount above the verge of sensuall pleasure."

So far back, then, as the reign of Charles the First, and even long before that date, men of learning and refinement held gentility (the word is not used in its modern sense) to be synonymous with refinement and morality. Even then, while the war between the people and royalty was threatening—while a stern despotism for a time cowed the people, and gave a short-lived triumph to the king and his oligarchy—while ignorance on the side of the aristocracy was balanced by the studies of Hampden and Cromwell (men then in their youth), Richard Brathwait made bold to sketch a gentleman after this fashion:—

"But I am here to tender unto your honour's judicious view, a gentleman quite of another garbe: one, whose education hath made formall enough, without apish formalitie, and conceiving enough, without selfe-admiring arrogancie. A good Christian in devout practising, no lesse than zealous professing; yet none of the forward'st in discoursing on religion. For hee observes (as long experience hath brought him to be a judicious observer) that discourse of religion hath so occupied the world, as it hath well neere driven the practice thereof out of the world. He esteemes such only happy who are of that number whom the world accounts fooles, but God wise men. He observes the whole fabricke of humane power, and hee concludes with the preacher: *Ecquid tam vanum!* He notes how the flesh, becoming obedient, behaveth herselfe as a faithfull servant to the soule: this governeth, the other is governed; this commandeth, the other obeyeth. This is the gentleman whom I have presumed to recommend to your protection; and to you hee makes recourse, not so much for shelter as honour: for his title, it exempts him from servile bashfulness, being an English gentleman."

Mr. Brathwait's model, albeit it is two hundred and eighteen years old, differs little from that put forth by the moral writers of

cise, or, an exquisite practice, as well for drawing all manner of beasts, as for making colours, &c. By Henry Peachum, Mr. of Arts.

the present day. Considering the earnestness and force with which the true basis of a gentleman's character has been expounded by many generations, and by many able men, we must note with wonder how few are the beginnings towards the foundation of gentility on its legitimate model. Do we not now (as when Richard Brathwait wrote) value "the purple more than the person, descent more than desert, title than merit," in our estimate of a modern gentleman? Is not our gentility still that "adulterate gentility" which recognises the scapegrace lordling and turns its back upon the meritorious tradesman? At the present time, France is perhaps the only country where a man's claim to gentility is based upon his personal merit. Here wealth and birth still dispute gentility with learning and morality; and here the many still recognise the gentleman in the drunken jockey (if he have wealth or title), or the grossest sensualist, born a lordling. While Richard Brathwait contended that personal merit alone entitled a man to be ranked as a gentleman, he did not fall into the error of denouncing generally men in high places. He admits that it is a serious undertaking to stand prominently before your country without exhibiting some defect to the common gaze; but he asserts, with equal truth, that if you would see the disposition of man truly discovered, and the veil which kept him from sight taken away, you must watch him when he is advanced to a post of honour.

"Many," continues the same authority, "have an excellent gift of concealing or shadowing (which giveth grace to any picture) so long as they are obscure and private; but bring them to a place of more eminent note, and give a lustre to their obscuritie, you shall view them as perfectly as if their bodies were transparent, or windowes were in their bosomes. Here you shall see one unreasonably hautie, scorning to converse with these *groundlings* (for so it pleases him to tearme his inferiours), and bearing such a state as if he were altered no lesse in person than place. Another, not so proud as he is covetous; for no passion (as a learned schooleman affirmeth) is better knowne unto us than the coveting or desiring passion, which he calls *concupisibile*; and such an one makes all his inferiours his sponges; and ostridge-like, can digest all metalls. Another sort there are, whose well-tempered natures have brought them to that perfection, as the state which they presently enjoy makes them no more proud than the losse of that they possess would cast them downe. These (Camillus-like) are neither with the opinion of honour too highly erected, nor with the conceit of affliction too much dejected. These are so evenly poized, so nobly tempered, as their opinion is not grounded on title, nor their glory on popular esteeme; they are knowne to themselves, and that knowledge hath instructed them so well in the vanities of earth, as their thoughts have taken flight, vowing not to rest till they approach heaven."

The author goes on to enforce his assertion that mildness, munificence, and fortitude, are the natural characteristics of a gentleman.

"Mildnesse," he says, "is a qualitie so inherent, or, more properly, indviduate to a gentleman, as his affability will expresse him, were there no other means of knowing him. He is none of these surly sirs, whose aime is to be capp'd and conged; for such gentility tastes too much of the mushroom. And, in very deed, there is no ornament which may adde more beauty or true lustre to a gentleman, than to be humbly-minded; being as low in conceits as he is high in place. With which vertue (like two kinde turtles in one yooke) is compassion."

As regards munificence, the author does not understand the word as an indulgence in wasteful state, but as synonymous with generosity. He advocates that prudent generosity which tests the worth of the recipient—a generosity such as that which moved the Emperor Titus to keep a list of the names of those whose deserts had purchased them esteem, and who had not tasted of his bounty. And when a day passed without his having added another candidate to his list, he would exclaim, "O my friends, I have lost this day!" And under the head *Fortitude*, that courage is inferred, which stands in defence of equity—not doing but repelling an injury.

Under the head *Knowledge*, Mr. Brathwait would inculcate a sense of the importance of moral strength over book-lore—the pre-eminent importance of strict integrity of purpose when compared with the frivolous accomplishments which then made up, as they now make up, the greater part of an ordinary education. He compares the moral character of an educated man with that of an ignorant man, and his argument, as it appears to us, lays bare at once the qualifications of a gentleman.

"Yet see the miserie of custome! what delight these (the ignorant) will take in actions of incivillitie! nothing reliseth with them, save what they themselves affect; nor can they affect ought worthy approbation(?); for education (which one calls an early custome) hath so farre wrought with them, as they approve of nought freely, affect nought truly, nor intend ought purposely, save what the rudeness of education hath inured them to. These men's aimes are so farre from obtaining honour, as they partake of nothing which may, so much as have the least share in the purchase of honour. Their minds are depressed and, as it were, earth-turned; for they aspire to nothing which may have being above them; neither can they stoope any lower, for nothing can be under them. Nor can their actions be noble, when their dispositions, by a malevolent custome are growne so despicable. Hence it is that the philosopher saith; *The divine part in such men is drowned*,—because not accommodated to what it was first ordained. They (saith Phavorinus) who sucke sowes's milke, will love wallowing in the mire; inferring,

that as our education hath formed us so will wee addresse ourselves in the passage and current of our lives."

The healthy tone of this author's mind pervades every page in his book. He is given to rhapsodies on the glory of warfare, but he by no means advocates that state of things so eloquently expressed in the couplet at the head of this article. On the contrary, he gives the preference to learning, art, and science. He could see the tinselled splendour of the state fall away, provided the refinements of life were left for man's consolation. To be sure, Richard Brathwait lived two centuries back, and Lord John Manners enjoys (or rather endures) the civilisation of the nineteenth century.

Henry Peachum, in his book, published at the beginning of the seventeenth century, gives much wholesome counsel "to gentlemen on their carriage in the University." If we may rely on the authority of this writer (and he took orders at Cambridge), the universities have seriously degenerated. Speaking of a residence at the University, he says:—"So there is no infamy abaseth the value and esteem of a gentleman all his life after, more than that procured by sloath and error in the Universities." Now-a-days, neither sloth nor the grossest debauchery affect the character of an University man. He may be a seducer, a gambler, a drunkard, and an ignoramus—but he is a gentleman *by birth*.

"And," continues Henry Peachum, "as in a delicate garden kept by a cunning hand, and overlooked with a curious eye, the least disorder or rankness of any one flower, putteth a beautiful bed or well contrived knot out of square, when rudeness and deformity is born withal, in rough and undressed places: so, believe it, in this Paradise of the Muses, the least neglect and impression of Error's foot, is so much the more apparent and censured, by how much the sacred arts have greater interest in the culture of the mind and correction of manners."

This is as it should be, and as it is not.

"Wherefore," continues the writer, "your first care, even with pulling off your boots, let be the choice of your acquaintance and company, for as infection,"—&c. &c.

Whereas the first care of a young man is too often no other than to initiate himself in the vices and frivolities of his fellow-students. He is beset by tradesmen eager to become his creditors; and if he does not acquire much learning, at least he contracts very gentlemanly debts. Before closing Mr. Peachum's book, we will extract therefrom a very truthful sentiment. He says,—

"Our speech ought to resemble plate, wherein neither the curiousnesse of the picture, or fair proportion of letters, but the weight is to be regarded."

Richard Brathwait limits the vocation of a gentleman to intellectual activity or "personall exploits in the field;" and on this point his views are not so enlarged as might be expected, judging from the general tenour of his work. He attaches too much importance to the means whereby a man lives, and does not recognise the trader. His book is rather directed against ignorant men of birth; and while he condemns them as unworthy the distinction of gentlemen, he forgets to judge other classes by his standard of gentility. He does not assert that any man, be he peer or peasant, if he have certain mental and moral qualifications, is, to all intents and purposes, a gentleman. And this omission is a serious defect in his work. But when we call to mind the era in which the author wrote, we must make all allowances for this single narrowness, and accept the large amount of information he has handed down to us.

He was an upholder of the dignity of the soldier, but he did not admire that reckless daring whereby many heroes of old won renown.

"O Gentlemen," he exclaims, "how many of your ranke and qualitie have perished by standing on these terms! how many, and those of the choicest and selected'st rank, have exposed themselves to extremes danger, whereby they might gaine themselves the stile of valiant! how many, even upon trifling occasions, have gone into the field, and, in their heat of blood, have fallen? Sure I am, their deare countrey hath felt their losse, to whom in all due respect they should have tendered both love and life, and not have made prodigall expence of that which might have beene a meanes to strengthen and support her state."

He discourses somewhat timidly of the means a gentleman is at liberty to employ in the vindication of his fair name. He was evidently an anti-duellist; but, conscious of the contempt the promulgation of his sentiments on this head would excite, he treads his ground cautiously, evidently in fear of compromising himself by a decided opinion. He counsels gentlemen to avoid quarrelsome men, and is especially severe upon professed duellists; but he lacks boldness in the exposition of his real sentiments in the matter.

"Yet respect to our *good name*, being indeed the choicest and sweetest perfume, must not be so sleighted as to incurre apparent termes of disgrace, and not labour to wipe off that staine, by shewing some arguments, that wee have so much conceit as to apprehend what an injurie is, and so much spirit as to take revenge on him, by whom the injurie is offered."

Until very lately, few writers have expressed themselves as antagonistic to the principles of duelling. And to this day, so strong is the prejudice in favour of the custom, that a jury cannot be found to convict a prisoner for having "shot his man;" nor are there many men who have the moral courage to refuse a challenge.

Summing up the character of a gentleman, Brathwait describes him as a man of himself, without the addition of either tailor, milliner, seamster, or haberdasher,—as one who scorns baseness more than want, and holds nobleness his sole worth.

"A crest," he says, "displays his house, but his own actions express himself. He scorns pride as a derogation to gentry. He hath been youthfull, but his maturer experience hath so ripened him, as he hates to become either gull or cheat. He admires nothing more than a constant spirit, derides nothing more than a recreant condition, embraceth nothing with more intimacy than a prepared resolution."

He further describes him as neither uncivil nor servile. He holds that no complement gives more accomplishment; and that he intends more the tillage of his mind than his ground; yet does not suffer that to grow wild.

"No object," continues the writer, "can withdraw him from himself; or so distract his desires as to covet ought unworthily. Recreations he admits, not to satisfy his sense, but solace himself. Acquaintance he entertaines with feare, but retaines with fervour."

Such the ideal gentleman, limned some two hundred years since by Richard Brathwait; and now, as then, how far short of the ideal do many world-esteemed gentlemen fall! The sole tests of a gentleman, now-a-days, are birth, wealth, and a worldly honour. If he have been gently born and have passed with no slight upon his honour, the world dubs him gentleman. He may become the grossest sensualist, he may seduce his friend's daughter (provided he will meet the friend afterwards), but he is nevertheless a gentleman.

W. B. J.

TRUST NOT YOUR EYES IN LOVE.

—◆—
 "Love sees not with the eyes, but with the mind ;
 And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind."

SHAKESPEARE.

I.—THE RENDEZVOUS.

It was a dark night. The heavens were gloomy with an approaching storm. At the entrance of Gloucester, leaning against the wall of a large and ancient mansion, stood a young cavalier, enveloped in a dark cloak, his face entirely hidden by a slouched hat. In a low tone he was humming the celebrated refrain of the Cavaliers :—

"Down with the dead man ! down with the dead man !
 Down with the dead man : let him lie !"

He was interrupted by the noise of a window opening above him, and three taps gently sounding, assured him that his signal had been answered. A letter fell at his feet. He picked it up, but the darkness prevented his reading it. The window closed gently again, and he hastened away to a light he espied at some little distance, and was engaged in an enraptured perusal of the billet, when his serving-man approached.

"Bad news, Master Wyntoun," said the worthy man. "Her maid says it will be impossible to admit you to-night."

"Slife ! Robert, thy news is so stale, that it is worthless. I have here assurance worth that of fifty maids : we are to be at the garden gate precisely at twelve, and then she herself will admit us."

Robert winced a little. In spite of the dolorous aspect with which he had communicated his bad news, his reception of this intelligence did not display any eager anxiety on his part for the proposed admission.

"It must be nearly twelve now," quoth Master Wyntoun, reflectively.

Robert could not gainsay the fact ; so the two sauntered slowly on towards the garden, which was at the back of the street in which they stood.

Master Wyntoun was a daring, gallant fellow enough, but troubled by an uncomfortably jealous disposition, which his comparative poverty fostered to an unhappy degree. He was the suitor of Mistress Florimel Ruffhead, the beauty of Gloucester, and an heiress ; who, although she returned his affection, was, on the one hand, so strictly guarded by her father, and, on the other, so surrounded by admirers, that, except in the rare clandestine meetings she was enabled to give him, kept him in a constant state of suspense and jealousy. But one five minutes by her side sufficed to dispel his gloom and anxiety.

Among the rivals Master Wyntoun most dreaded, was the reckless, roaring, rioting, gallant Sir Patrick O'Reilly, who had recently made Gloucester ring with his exploits. He had made open love to Mistress Ruffhead, and although coldly received, he could not be daunted in the pursuit. Sir Patrick was a "broth of a boy." His Irish exuberance of animal spirits made him the terror of the quiet, worthy citizens of Gloucester ; and the reason will be best gathered from his conversation with Brag, his serving-man. They are now coming up the street Master Wyntoun has just left. Sir Patrick is

"Flushed with insolence and wine,"

and listens but with indifferent attention to the expostulations of his serving-man :—

"Don't talk to me, Brag ; I've made up my mind to some excitement to-night : I can't sleep peaceably without it."

"But, good Sir Patrick—"

"Not a word !"

"If it should reach the ears of Mistress Beatrice ?"

"Well—and what then ? When a man is away from the eyes he loves, he makes love to the first pair of eyes convenient to that same—Women never love a man the less for a taste of fighting and flirting ; they're too sensible for that, altogether."

"Ah ! Sir Patrick—"

"What is fighting ? The amusement, the relaxation, the repose of life ! Existence would be a blind horse in a mill, were it not for a little relaxation of that sort."

"But surely Mistress Beatrice wouldn't like to hear of fighting ?"

"She would—she would ! Brag, my boy, observe this as a safe rule :—Women admire a little innocent inconstancy ; it's a compliment paid to the sex in general. What is a man, and an

Irishman, to do ? Was I sent into this big universe, and educated at Kilkenny, to rot away in a dirty sentimental idleness ? Devil a bit ! I'll not be idle ! I'll stir myself ! I'll fight somebody to-night ! ”

“ Oh ! please don't. ”

“ I will ! I'm not a brute to sleep away an existence— ”

“ There's nobody stirring— ”

“ Then I'll knock at some door, and request the gentleman to get out of bed and refresh himself with a few passes here. Don't quake in that way, you villain ! Be a man ; you'll enjoy this little refreshment yourself. ”

“ Indeed, Sir Patrick, I make it a rule never to take any *refreshment* between meals ! ”

“ Pho ! excitement is necessary to the quietude of your nerves. I never sleep soundly when I go to bed drunk with doing nothing—What's that ? There—yonder ! Two men creeping by a garden wall—Come along ; we'll have something to do now— ”

In vain Brag remonstrated—Sir Patrick was off in pursuit, while his unwilling Sancho followed this Quixote of excitement, who, as our readers may perceive, was a “ fast man ” of the seventeenth century.

II.—A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

The darkness about the garden wall was so great, that one could scarcely see a yard before. The cathedral clock was booming solemnly the midnight hour over the silent town, as Master Wyntoun bade Robert look from the angle of the street to see if any one was coming. He then gave three gentle taps at the garden gate, which opened at once.

“ Is that you, Charles ? ” whispered a soft voice.

“ Yes. ”

“ Alone ? ”

“ Robert, to keep watch. Is all quiet ? ”

“ All. ”

“ I must wait a second or two for Robert's return. ”

The whispers attracted Sir Patrick to the spot.

Master Wyntoun, imagining him to be Robert, seized his arm, and whispered :—

“ Follow ; you must watch in the garden. ”

He led Sir Patrick into the garden. The gate was closed.

The darkness was intense ; but Sir Patrick was aware that the lovers had tripped away, though whither he knew not.

"I'll sleep soundly to-night," was his joyous reflection ; and, groping his way, he tried to gain the house.

Robert by this time had returned, but finding the gate closed, was greatly puzzled.

Brag, alarmed at the probable issue of the adventure, was stealing off, when he ran up against Robert.

"Who's that ?" they both exclaimed ; and both heard unfamiliar voices.

"Don't challenge me, sir," said Brag, pompously. "I desire for the present to keep the peace ; but I'm a formidable fellow, sir—very formidable !"

Robert laughed, and grasped him tighter.

"I tremble to draw my sword," said Brag, "*knowing the bloody consequences !*"

"Draw—draw," replied Robert, sternly, "and let the consequences be bloody ; the bloodier the better, in fact."

"Loose your hold—you are gross and muscular. If I must punish this insolence—draw !"

Robert quietly unsheathed his sword.

But Brag had no sooner felt himself released than he made a good run for it, and vanished. Robert laughed, and then sheathing his sword, prepared to await his master's return.

III.—CONSEQUENCES.

Master Wyntoun was supremely happy, sitting at the feet of his beloved Florimel, pouring forth in impassioned accents the history of his feelings since their last meeting.

"Tell me it again !" she said, tenderly.

"Do you doubt my love ?"

"No ; but I like to hear you repeat the words 'I love you.' I could pass whole days thus."

"I love you."

She kissed him on the eyes as he said it.

"How can I but love one so good, so beautiful ?"

"Ah, but I shall grow old ; and then—"

"And then ?"

"Then—but I will sing the consequences ;" and in a low sweet voice, scarcely raised above a whisper, she sang :

Gaily, gaily flaunts the rose
 In the summer air ;
 Withered, withered droops the rose
 Winter would not spare !
 Sweetly, sweetly blooms the cheek
 In its youthful prime ;
 But how pale and wan the cheek
 In its eventime !

Beauty lives but for an hour
 In a lover's eye ;
 Then like this poor summer flower
 It must fade and die.
 Passion lives but for an hour
 (How deliciously !)
 Then like this poor withered flower
 It must fade and die.

She ceased. He had no time to thank her, for at this moment Sir Patrick stumbled into the room.

"Sir Patrick O'Reilly !" they both exclaimed.

In an instant Charles was on his feet. The three were embarrassed. Florimel was alarmed to find her old persecutor thus intruding on her presence ; Sir Patrick was amazed at seeing his prudish flame, who had rejected all his advances, thus admitting a lover to a *tête-à-tête*. Charles Wyntoun had certain jealous misgivings.

"Who are you, sir ?" he furiously exclaimed.

"Who am I ? I'm myself, at your service. Having thus satisfied your reasonable curiosity on that point, I'd like to know who you may be. You take such an interest in me, that I feel already like a relation to you—say a brother !"

"This assurance, sir, is intolerable. What do you here ?"

"If you come to that, what may you be doing here ?"

Master Wyntoun saw there was but one course open, and drew his sword.

"Defend yourself, sir !"

"Is it defend you said ? Nothing can better express my sentiments."

"Charles ! Charles !" exclaimed Florimel, "what would you ?"

"Avenge myself," he replied bitterly.

"Let us step into the garden," suggested Sir Patrick.

"Sir, I avenge insults on the spot."

"Impossible here."

"You shall see !"



Wyntoun advanced on him. Sir Patrick's scruples vanished before the rapier's point, and he drew.

Florimel screamed, and sank almost lifeless into a chair. On recovering her senses a minute afterwards, she was alone.

Alone : but the horrible clink of swords, and the hurried scuffle of feet in the adjoining room, cut sharply on her sense, filling her soul with terror. The combat seemed to her to endure ages.

The noise ceased. She half rose from her chair—racked with suspense—all her senses painfully acute. A groan is heard. Heavens ! if it should be her lover that has fallen !

She has not strength to move. Her tongue cleaves to the roof of her mouth : she is paralysed by horror. Her lover rushes in with his sword drawn. Florimel sinks upon her knees, and, amidst a flood of tears, proffers an inaudible thanksgiving to the Providence that has spared him.

Charles is pale and haggard. He approaches her with a devilish sneer, curling his lip, and stands motionless beside her whilst she prays. When she had ceased, he says :

"*He* needs your prayers."

"Who ?" she answered, almost bewildered.

Charles pointed with his sword to the room he had just left, and said, "He, who lies there ; the victim of your falsehood !"

"Oh, God ! oh, God ! is he dead ?" she sobbed.

"Ay, dead ! Weep for him ; and curse me, who slew him !"

"Charles, Charles—I cannot hear aright—you do not—no, no, no—you cannot suspect. But yet your words—that icy coldness, and that look of hate. Tell me—what do you suspect ?"

"Nothing. I am convinced—"

"Convinced of what ?"

He laughed sardonically.

"For Heaven's sake, Charles, do not wrong me with suspicions which are infamous—be plain with me."

"So young—so lovely—yet so false !" he exclaimed, as if speaking to himself.

"Do you think Sir Patrick was—was my lover ?"

"Even so. Have you effrontery enough to deny it ?"

"Oh, great Heaven support me ! Charles believes me false !" she shrieked, as she buried her face in her hands, and sobbed aloud.

Wyntoun sheathed his sword, and laughed in derision.

A violent knocking at the door, with commands to open, startled them both.

"There is my father," whispered Florimel; "if he sees you here, he will kill us both."

"I care not. Life is worthless now."

"Oh, Charles, pity—pity!"

"You had none on me! My heart was to be broken without —"

"Open! open! or I force the door," shouted Sir John Ruffhead, without.

"You will not brave his fury?" said Florimel.

"Why not?" he replied.

"Open, I say! Another instant and I crush the door!"

"Will you let *my* name be bandied about in every slanderous mouth? Charles—take me from here; save me —"

"Open!" shouted Sir John.

"Save me!"

"Open!"

"It will soon be too late —"

Charles hesitated for another moment, and then bidding her follow, in a sombre tone he opened the window, took out a rope ladder with which he had provided himself, and began to fasten it.

The door was about to be burst open. The ladder was fixed—Florimel descended—Charles followed, and closed the window, just as the door gave way with a crash, and Sir John, followed by several servants bearing lights and drawn swords, rushed into the room.

It was empty.

"Did not the noise proceed from this room?" asked Sir John.

"It did."

"Search—quick. Where is my daughter? Search!"

Presently two servants returned, bearing in Sir Patrick, wounded.

"Who is this?"

"One who was never pinked before," feebly answered Sir Patrick, covering his pain with his usual levity. "It's unpleasant, that fighting in the dark—you see nothing but the wounds you get—and—ugh!—beyond the insecurity of it—you are unable to see a gentlemanly—smile—on the face of your adversary—which—seems to say—say "at your service—sir. Did you—ever happen to fight in the dark—?"

"What do you here, sir?" said Sir John, enraged.

"Bleed—I think," replied Sir Patrick.

"How came you here,—and for what?"

"I don't—exactly remember—"

A servant came in, exclaiming "Sir John! Sir John!"

"Well, sir, what?"

"Mistress Florimel has just run out of the garden with a gentleman, who knocked me down, and closed the gate on me."

"Ha! my daughter! my daughter! To horse! Pursue her! Cut the villain to pieces!" Then turning to Sir Patrick, he said, "Sir, you shall answer this —"

Sir Patrick had fainted.

IV.—FINESSE.

Master Hyacinth Dribble was a disgraced diplomatist, who, shut from the exciting intrigues of politics, consoled himself with those of private life; mixed up with everybody's concerns he generally contrived to make matters worse by the most resolute persistence in what he called *finesse*: which he said was the only lever of society; the only instrument worthy of an intellect to use.

"By cultivating a habit of adroit *finesse*," he would say, "the mind becomes prepared for every emergency. I never write a letter, but I contrive to get it delivered by stratagem. I tell incredulous people the truth in order that they may not believe it; and credulous people falsehood, that they may. I pay my bills by stratagem; and borrow money on nice calculations of chances. Thus the mind becomes sharpened on the whetstone of ingenuity, breathing the very atmosphere of felicitous falsehood."

Some one objecting that trivialities weaken the grasp of the mind, he replied: "No, Sir; it is a maxim with me that attention should be kept alive on small matters; great ones *force* it. If the great alone are memorable, yet is it to trifles that they owe their birth. The glorious oak springs from the insignificant acorn; when it in its turn would fain produce, lo! an acorn is all the result. In life, sir, true philosophy directs itself to acorns."

Hyacinth Dribble suppressed all enthusiasm, all sympathy, all feeling; that is the *expression* of them.

"Men," he would observe, "are pawns on the world's chess-board, and, to play the game and win, the diplomatist wants intellect, but not heart. I never shake hands with anybody; it would exhibit feeling; and feeling is ruinous. A politician who

exhibits sympathy is sure to be pestered or places and emoluments. If a man were to see me kiss my niece, he would thrust a petition into my hand, with so many rhetorical flourishes about my good nature and noble disposition, that I could not refuse him without appearing a hypocrite."

Such was Hyacinth Dribble, uncle and almost a father to the Mistress Beatrice Sir Patrick O'Reilly loved. He had received from his friend Sir John Ruffhead a full account of the elopement of his daughter, with a request for advice and assistance. Delighted at being called upon for some exercise of his finesse, i was with extraordinary pleasure that he heard his niece, Beatrice, demand permission to offer her friend Florimel an asylum in his house for a few weeks; as she was secreting herself from the fury of her father till she could have an explanation with her lover. He accorded the permission at once; ordered her to write to Florimel without delay; and himself wrote to Sir John, telling him to come up to town, as he had the bird in his net.

V.—JEALOUSY.

The reader knows very well that Master Wyntoun was very absurd to suspect his Florimel;—but Charles was not acquainted with all the circumstances; he could only reason from appearances: and they were decidedly against her. Like all minds in which a suspicion has been awakened, he coloured every circumstance with the *yellow tint*, and explaining them only according to one obstinate idea, amassed a tolerable amount of evidence.

In the first place: he remembered to have heard it remarked how a gentleman whose name was believed to be Sir Patrick O'Reilly had followed Miss Ruffhead to church, in her promenades, and on other occasions, with signs of the most unmistakeable admiration.

In the second place: he remembered that Florimel's maid had been instructed to say that she could not admit him on the night in question, whereas she changed her resolution, and wrote to him herself to name the hour. What could this betoken, but that she had first appointed a meeting with Sir Patrick, and had therefore told her maid to put him (Charles) off till another time; and that having subsequently heard that Sir Patrick would not come that night, she had written to Charles accordingly.

These two facts (!) explained her astonishment and alarm on

the appearance of Sir Patrick ; and Sir Patrick's astonishment at the appearance of another lover.

The result was confirmed by her agony when she heard Sir Patrick had fallen, and the anxiety not to have her "name bandied about in slanderous mouths ;" not to mention many other facts and expressions now recalled by the curious peering of a mind into all the pruriencies of conjecture.

All this while it never occurred to Charles that, beyond the grossness of suspecting a young girl of such depravity, there could be no sort of *motive* for her deceiving him. He was not rich, nor powerful, nor her husband. He had deemed himself too happy and too honoured in being loved by her : he conferred no honour, which would make it necessary for her to stoop to low deceit. This never occurred to him : because jealousy is advocate for evil, seeking out all that may confirm suspicion, but avoiding all that may confront it. Charles Wyntoun was not only jealous by nature, but he was at that period of life when young men, not recovered from the shock of having their illusions shattered, after thinking all women angels, are prone to think them devils ; there is scarcely a limit to the imagination and belief in depravity which possesses the mind at that period. Charles, therefore, saw nothing revolting in the abstract supposition of her infamy : he believed the testimony of his senses, he said—he relied upon the *facts* !

After escaping with her from her father's house, his first endeavour was to shield her from pursuit, and with this view he conducted her to Stroud, where they procured conveyance to London.

Arrived in London, he coldly demanded if she had any friends to whom she could with safety be taken ; and she replied, that she desired to be taken to an hotel till she could write to some one. A chilling silence had scarcely been broken during their journey ; for Florimel, after many attempts at an explanation to which he could not listen, and many oaths at which he shrugged his shoulders, had given up the attempt as fruitless for the present, hoping that when his mind was calmer, and he reviewed the circumstances with coolness, her explanation would be listened to more effectually.

Charles took her to an hotel, and there left her, vowing that he would never see her more. She did not quite believe this : but still he said it with so cold and determined an air that it made her shudder. The next morning she wrote to Mistress Beatrice, who

herself brought back her answer, and carried Florimel to Hyacinth Dribble's ; where that profound courtier assured her of his unfailing protection.

Hyacinth Dribble was now in his element. Sir John arrived, and hastened to his friend, breathless for his daughter.

"You tell me, Master Dribble," said he, "that you have the bird already in your net."

"In the very house."

"Admirable ! But where is she ? — I'll lock the young hussy up for life. Let me see her at once."

"Hush ! She may overhear you !"

"Well—what if she does ?"

"You must not let her know of your arrival ; you must keep out of the way."

"Eh ? I don't understand this—"

"Finesse ! Confide in me. You have secured your daughter : but she is only half your pursuit—you want her lover too—"

"Well—he's not here, is he ?"

"No : but *will* be, I have little doubt. You wish to ascertain who he is. I'll do it for you. Keep quiet. I am on the watch. He will write—or call—or bribe our servants ; an interview may be arranged. I will warn you of it—and then we will surprise them, and you may take what vengeance you please. Eh ? is that a good scheme ?"

"Capital ! I repose entirely on your well-known abilities ?"

"Aha ! finesse ! Very great adept—though I say it, that shouldn't."

VI.—SUSPICIONS LAID ASLEEP.

Mistress Beatrice was very happy to have her old schoolfellow staying with her, especially as she was hiding from the fury of a father, and lamenting the injustice of a lover ; but at the same time Beatrice was rather uneasy about one point in her friend's narrative, and that was touching the attentions of Sir Patrick, and his share in the late events. She had heard too much from Florimel to believe that Sir Patrick had been unfaithful, and knew too much of Sir Patrick not to be aware of his wild, rollicking propensities, and love of adventure ; still it was not so gratifying to her, as he had declared to Brag it would be, to hear of his attentions to another, and she was more and more anxious that Florimel should be reconciled to Charles ; she therefore advised

Florimel to write to him a full and explicit account of all she knew, and to beg him to explain the grounds of his suspicions. This was done. The letter was answered, and evidently showed Charles to be relenting. Absence from his beloved, and the unpleasant nature of his suspicions, had so worked upon him, that he was now as anxious to be convinced of her innocence, as he had previously been to detect proofs of her guilt. Knowing Master Dribble personally, he took the opportunity of calling upon him ; was pressed to stay dinner ; had several under-toned conversations with Florimel, and was tolerably convinced he had wrongly suspected her. The two girls retired for the night, leaving Dribble and Charles still over their wine, as was then the custom.

The clock struck twelve, and still the two gentlemen sat chatting and drinking, till, in one of those pauses which sometimes occur, and are broken only by a simultaneous observation of the fact, the quick ear of Hyacinth Dribble caught the sound of voices above stairs, one of which he pronounced to be a man's.

"There's some one in my niece's room," he said. "At this time of night that does not look over virtuous."

"Impossible!" suggested Charles.

"Nothing is impossible with women. Hark! yes—that is certainly a man's voice. Yes, it seems to proceed from Beatrice's room. Come with me ; I may need your assistance."

"Certainly,—if you really think—"

"Hush! tread softly, and follow me."

The two rose, and left the room.

VII.—THE ESCAPE.

Master Dribble was right : there was a man with his niece, and that man was Sir Patrick O'Reilly. How came he in her boudoir, and at that time of night ?

By means of those two infallible expedients—audacity and bribery. He had been refused admittance by Beatrice—he determined to force it through the maid ; and she, influenced by her feelings of humanity and three half-crowns, had conducted him to the boudoir, there to await the pleasure or displeasure of her mistress. Beatrice was not sorry to learn that her lover awaited her ; the very danger he incurred for her was compliment enough to disarm a great portion of her anger, and she was curious to know what defence he would make of his Gloucester adventure.

She entered the boudoir, therefore, with a well-feigned astonishment, and exclaimed, "Sir Patrick here!"

"That same Sir Patrick," he replied, "who left you despairing and who now returns with an inconvenient load of sorrow, accumulated in absence, to lay it all at your feet, and once more be happy. That Sir Patrick, whose deep devotion, whose unblemished fidelity, et cetera, alone render him worthy of your notice."

"Was there ever such assurance?" thought Beatrice; but she only said "Ah, Sir Patrick!"

"I lost both appetite and sleep away from you. Appetite, because your angel face pursued me everywhere, and so, when I looked down upon my plate, there it was sure enough, and could I have the heart to put a knife across it? So with my sleep: your face was on the pillow, and I couldn't wink for gazing at it."

"Could you not forget me amongst all the *belles* of Gloucester?"

"*Belles*? Hags—all hags!"

"What, *all*?"

"Every *man* of 'em!—not a face worth a look. Though to be sure I was a mighty bad judge, too! I was so dazzled by your beauty as to be blind to every charm in another. It's only eagles that can gaze at the sun and not be optically inconvenienced. Irishmen have mortal vision, and what man—above all, what Irishman—could gaze on you, and then look at another?"

He here threw away his hat in transport, and kneeling at her feet, offered to seize her hand, but she applied that hand with vigorous energy to his cheek, exclaiming, "Monster!"

"Madam!" he replied, by no means satisfied with this answer.

"Monster!" she repeated,

"I'm bothered, entirely!"

"Perfidious, inconstant man! Was it for a hag that you were stabbed in Gloucester? Was it in a hag's apartment you were found at midnight?"

"Why—botheration!—the fact is—speaking metaphysically—"

"Do not attempt to answer me. I know all!"

"Then in that case—I will frankly confess that—"

"Yes: confess to gain that credit for sincerity, you have lost for veracity. Sir Patrick, you have basely wronged me. Go, sir, go. Your appearance here is an intrusion."

"I see," he replied; "my appearance an intrusion; yes, yes; you no longer think of me—you have bestowed your love upon some other blackguard—you—"

"I admire your assurance, sir, in turning the charge of inconstancy against me."

"Very well—plead ignorance—plead anything. Be a genuine woman—deny your vows—place your affections elsewhere. I dare say I shall console myself—in time. London is not without women—women who are beautiful (not so beautiful as yourself, perhaps)—fascinating (not *quite* so fascinating)—accomplished (perhaps, on the whole not quite so accomplished)—but constant, much more constant, and willing to excuse the passing follies of their lovers when sure of a deep-seated affection."

Beatrice was prevented a reply by her maid's hurrying in and whispering,—

"Master's coming!"

"We are lost—escape is impossible!" exclaimed Beatrice.

"Say I'm your *cousin*—it's the relationship usual in such cases," said Sir Patrick.

"No, no, no—hide yourself—in my bed-room—quick!"

The door closed on him, as the door of the boudoir opened, and Dribble appeared with Charles.

"Alone, my dear!" said the diplomatist, looking rapidly round the room. "I thought I heard you talking to Florimel?"

"Yes—yes—but she left me—just now—"

"And I rather fancied I heard other voices," said Dribble.

"Oh, no! there was nobody else."

"Ah! perhaps it was the cat," observed Dribble, still peering round.

"Perhaps so," replied his niece.

"It could not have been a man," pursued her uncle.

"A man?"

"No: I say, it could *not* have been a man—though—really that very much resembles a man's hat," said he, pointing to the one Sir Patrick had thrown aside and forgotten, in his hurry, to pick up again.

"A hat!" exclaimed Beatrice, with well affected surprise.

"Oh, me'm!" said her maid; "oh—I hope you won't be very—very angry—oh, sir—that hat!"

"Well, what do you know of it?"

"You won't blame me, sir—but—dear, dear me! it belongs to a gentleman as comes a courting o' me."

"Courting *you*?"

"Yes, sir: of course I repulses him! But he was here just

now—and, hearing footsteps, he—he ran away in a hurry, and left this behind him.”

Hyacinth Dribble was not to be deceived by so shallow an artifice : without deigning a reply he walked towards the bed-room door. Beatrice seeing his intention, placed herself before him.

“ Where are you going, uncle ? ”

“ Into that room, niece.”

“ Impossible, dear ! ”

“ Why so, sweet ? ”

“ It is—it is my bed-room.”

“ Well, there is nobody in it, is there ? ”

“ Now—well I declare !—now I shouldn't be surprised if you were going to suspect me !—Do you then doubt my *principles* ?—A man ! O fie ! uncle, fie ! ”

Hyacinth Dribble appeared to trust very little to her principles, for without answering, he pulled her aside and opened the door, and saying, “ Charles, follow me,” entered the bed-room.

Beatrice sank breathless into the arms of her maid, expecting every instant to hear the clash of swords. There was a dead silence.

“ What can this mean ?—Mary, look—look after them—”

“ There is no one here, me'm ! ”

“ No one ? ”

“ No, me'm—they have passed through the little door leading to the passage.”

“ Most fortunate—it was open ! Sir Patrick has availed himself of it, and perhaps escaped into the garden. Hark ! hush ! What was that ? I thought I heard confused sounds—Hark !—They are seeking everywhere—Hush !—I cannot endure this suspense ! ” and Beatrice staggered after her uncle.

Sir Patrick, on finding himself in Beatrice's bed-room, was not a little pleased to find another door leading from it ; this he lost no time in availing himself of, and creeping along the dark passage, he reached another room, which he traversed, and opening a door, started at beholding Florimel seated before her looking-glass.

“ Merciful Heaven ! ” she exclaimed, “ you here—and—”

“ Mistress Ruffhead ! But I have no time to explain—can you oblige me with the loan of a closet for a few minutes ? ”

“ Sir ! ”

“ It's to save a lady's honour.”

“ You save a lady's honour ! ”

"Whiaht! here they are! Swear you have not seen me, or the honour of your friend Beatrice will be lost. Be silent—feign ignorance!"

Sir Patrick was in another moment under the bed.

Footsteps were heard approaching along the passage, and Florimel heard Dribble say, "He must have passed this way—he cannot have escaped." She was breathless. If they should search her room and find Sir Patrick under her bed, what would Charles think! But the honour of Beatrice was at stake, and that commanded her silence.

The footsteps approached her room—then passed onwards, and then returned again. A knock at her door made her start, and it was obliged to be repeated thrice before she could summon strength to answer.

"Miss Ruffhead—I beg your pardon for disturbing you—are you in bed yet?"

"No—no, sir."

"Have you by chance heard or seen any stranger—we fancy there is a robber in the house."

"No—no—no, sir."

"Do not be alarmed, I beg—we shall find him to a certainty—you need be under no uneasiness, I assure you."

They moved away, and Florimel breathed again.

"Very odd where he can be," remarked Dribble.

"Do you not think, perhaps, the maid told the truth, and that her lover really had escaped?"

"Never believe what women say, as a general rule: never chambermaids in any case."

"I see no trace of anybody."

"Let us descend. We will bar all the doors—the windows are too high to tempt even despair. This way he cannot escape us. In the meanwhile you pretend to depart, keeping good watch, however, outside the garden, and I will pretend to be perfectly satisfied that there is no one in the house, and retire to my room as if to bed. They will think me asleep—soft tiptoe steps will soon be audible—and I shall rush out and surprise my gentleman. Eh? is that a good plan?"

"It seems to promise."

"Aha! nothing but finesse!"

"Your niece seems to have caught a little from you."

"Egad, I don't wonder at it, but she will be clever to outwit

her uncle. I have more than once suspected she had some lover whom she saw clandestinely, but as I intend her for a marquis, you may be sure I never countenance any such proceeding—I have got him now, and if he escapes me I'll give him leave to wed my niece."

Wyntoun left the house, and hid himself behind the garden wall, as agreed on.

VIII.—THE SHADOW.

Scarcely had Dribble and Wyntoun descended to the parlour before Beatrice ran breathless into Flerimel's room, exclaiming—

"Oh, my dear! this suspense will kill me—Sir Patrick O'Reilly—(he is my lover—did I tell you?) well—he was here to-night—uncle overheard voices—came up—we hid him in my bed-room—when uncle entered it he found the bird flown—they are now in hot pursuit—Oh! what will become of me if they discover him?"

Sir Patrick put his head from under the clothes.

"Devil a bit will they be doing that, I take it—is all still?"

"Here!" cried Beatrice.

"The same. I bobbed in upon Mistress Ruffhead, whom I haven't had the pleasure of seeing for some time—she in the kindest manner imaginable offered me an asylum, which my modesty would not allow me to refuse. Allow me to offer you my thanks."

"Sir Patrick," said Florimel, firmly, "it is in your power to do me a signal service."

"It is? Oh, name it."

"It is a simple act of justice I require from you. You will remember on the last occasion of our meeting—"

"I was signally misplaced—but upon my honour, Miss Ruffhead, I had no hand in the matter—I was dragged into a garden—I groped my way into a house, and then into a room, where I saw a light. There I found you and the gentleman who—"

"That gentleman, sir, is to be my husband."

"A very lucky dog, too; I felicitate him."

"But he has conceived the most outrageous suspicions touching your presence on that night; and although he is now willing to believe my word, it would greatly assist me if you would add yours."

"With a mighty deal of pleasure!"

"Call on him, then—his name is Master Charles Wyntoun—"

there is his address. Call on him, and explain to him the reason of your interruption, and assure him of the manner I always received you—”

She was going to say “attentions,” but the presence of Beatrice arrested her; she did not wish to pain her friend by further allusions to her lover’s inconstancy.

“I understand you, entirely,” replied he, “and believe me, I will fulfil your instructions to the letter.”

“Now,” said Beatrice, “you must think of your escape. Uncle has retired to his room. Master Wyntoun has left the house.”

“Oh, I’ll let myself out by the window.”

“Impossible! the height is too great: you would kill yourself.”

Charles Wyntoun was prowling about the garden gate, sometimes listening to detect any sounds that might proceed from the house; sometimes gazing at the moon that, “with so wan and sad a face,” clomb the silent sky. All was still around, except the leaves and branches as the night breeze rustled amongst them. The scene invited contemplation, and Charles yielded to its temptations. He thought of Florimel, of her love and his suspicions. He reproached himself for ever having harboured a thought against her purity—at that minute his eye rested on her window, and caught her shadow on the blind.

“She is not yet abed,” he said; “I wonder whether she is thinking of me. Perhaps she has been sitting up to read my letter, or to con over what I said this evening.—S’death! what is that?—A shadow—yes—of a man—and in her bedroom! O heart, do not burst!—Yes, yes—there they are! It was *his* voice then we heard—it was him we sought! O infamy! O wretched girl!—And she said he was not there, that she had not heard—not seen him! But of course she would say it—what would she not swear? What has she not sworn to me?—Now I remember, her voice trembled as she spoke, and she did not answer for some time—he was with her then! We thought it fear of robbers!—What shall I do?—Good God! the window opens—and they look out!—Is he mad enough to drop from that height? Ha! he fastens a sheet—he is letting himself down! But the sheet will not reach half way—he will be smashed if he drops! He reaches the second balcony! He descends—if he should fall my vengeance is cheated! He clings to the pipe—the pipe yields—bends—God! it breaks! Well done! bravely ventured! he has dropped to

the third balcony ! Bravo ! he is a worthy rival—Here will he descend now ? Ah ! he is going to drop—he is down !

“ Now to attend him here ! ”

Charles drew his sword, and awaited. The garden gate opened swiftly, and a man sprang out. The moon shone full upon his face, and revealed to the astonished Charles the remarkable features of Sir Patrick O'Reilly. So completely staggered was Charles Wyntoun by this sight, that Sir Patrick was some distance from him before he could recover himself ; and then his feelings were too painful, and he was too humiliated to think of pursuit.

“ She loves him, and plays with me ! ” he said gloomily. “ There can now be no vestige of doubt. Escape from her window !—Psha ! she is not worthy of my anger ! ”

IX.—CONFUSION WORSE CONFOUNDED.

Hyacinth Dribble watched that night, and watched of course in vain. Early the next morning the doors were opened, and the house again explored : of course without a vestige of him they sought. The broken pipe was at length discovered, and that plainly told the history of the escape.

It told more to Hyacinth Dribble, who, observing that the pipe was immediately beside Florimel's bedroom window, although broken much lower down, and remembering her silence and confusion over night, he jumped at once to the conclusion that it was *her* lover who had disturbed them the night before, and overjoyed at this prospect of success, he hastened to Sir John Ruffhead, who had been very impatient, and wanted to take his daughter and let her lover go to the devil.

“ I have him, Sir John ; I have him. My plan has succeeded, as I told you. ”

“ What ! have you caught the other bird ? Who is the villain ? ”

“ Gently, gently ! I have not absolutely *caught* the bird, but he has answered the decoy—in other words, he has already had an interview with his mistress. ”

“ He has ? and you permitted it ? ”

“ No : I could not help it. He did not ask my permission, but took it ? ”

“ Well ? ”

“ Well—why, as he has been *once*, he will be sure to come

again ; now I know that he is here, and in communication with her, I shall be on the watch."

"On the watch, indeed ! Call you this catching a bird ? You have got the cabbage leaf and the salt all ready to be dropped upon his tail—when he lets you."

"Ha ! ha ! very good, very, very good, indeed ! But have patience, and you shall acknowledge that my finesse is equal to greater difficulties than that of entrapping a lover. If you don't care to have him, then take away your daughter—"

"But I *do* want to catch him : if he is a proper match, to make him marry her, and no fiddlefaddle ; if he is not a proper match, to punish him for his insolence."

"Very well, then, leave the matter to me—have confidence in my schemes, and you shall be satisfied."

"Well, but be speedy."

"I expect to satisfy you to-night. Directly I perceive any symptoms, I will pretend that business calls me out for some time. This will overjoy them. They will believe the coast clear, and act in consequence. The lover will come. I shall fetch you. We can enter by the garden, and into the kitchen, where a back staircase will conduct us to the first floor. There we will cover our shoes with list to deaden the sound of our footsteps, and pounce in upon the unexpected lovers. Does the plan strike you ?"

"Admirable ! admirable !"

"Ingenious head mine, eh ? Long practice has fitted it for every scheme."

Meanwhile Florimel received this note from her lover :—

"I did not think hypocrisy could go so far as yours has gone ! I did not think that woman could be so vile, so cruel—unnecessarily cruel as you have been. Florimel ! I shut my heart against you, and for ever. I have discovered all. The man who escaped from your bedroom last night, was no doubt there by the same accident as at Gloucester—how strange, too, that he should have also been the same man ! Enough that I have discovered you. Adieu for ever !"

Florimel was thunderstruck. Again had Sir Patrick awakened those suspicions, again by still more deceitful appearances. She forgave Charles almost, for his suspicions, when she recalled the events of last night, and how they must have appeared to him. She showed the letter to Beatrice, who told her to be under no uneasiness, as Sir Patrick had promised to call upon Charles, and

explain everything, so that the night's adventures would necessarily be included.

Florimel was somewhat calmed by this advice; but nevertheless exhibited various symptoms of uneasiness all the day, which were not lost upon Hyacinth Dribble. The Postman brought a letter from Sir Patrick to Florimel. Dribble pretended to be reading a book while she perused it; but he lost no sight of her countenance, which changed very rapidly from pale to red, and from red to pale. Dribble felt sure there was another assignation on foot.

The next day at dinner Florimel seemed much preoccupied, and feigned a headache. Dribble chuckled.

"Had you not better retire earlier—much earlier to rest to-night?" said the cunning old courtier.

"I think I will do so," she replied; "and as I have a letter to write, I will ask you to excuse my taking tea with you this evening."

"Make no excuses, I beg," replied Dribble, tolerably sure that his suspicions were correct.

"Fortunately I shall not have to regret the loss of your society," said he, after a while; as some affairs call me out this evening—and will detain me till midnight, at least, I fear. So that you see I can recommend your retiring early, without pain to myself."

Dribble chuckled inwardly: he saw a bright flash in Florimel's eye as he spoke of his being detained: he saw she was pleased at the facility it afforded her lover for fulfilling his assignation. It only remained for him now to discover if she was anxious for him to be gone.

"It must be getting late," he observed.

"That it must," she eagerly replied. "What time do you leave us?"

"About eight. But if you are going to retire, I may as well make it half-past seven."

"Oh! pray do not stay at home on my account, I beg."

"Nay, gallantry commands, and pleasure backs the command. I must stay as long as I *can* enjoy your society."

"You are very good," she replied uneasily.

Dribble remarked that Florimel's eyes were very often directed to the clock, and that she complained more and more of her headache.

"I think I must beg you to excuse me now," she said, at length, rising from her chair and wishing him good evening.

"I trust you will be better to-morrow," said Dribble.

Florimel left the room. Dribble shortly left the house.

Directly he was gone, Florimel, who had made up a small parcel of necessaries, took an affectionate leave of Beatrice, and set off in search of her lover, determined not to rest until she had eradicated his suspicions.

Sir Patrick's letter informed her that he had called upon Mr. Wyntoun to have the desired explanation, but was told he had "left London that morning." This was the intelligence which caused her colour to come and go as she read therein the frustration of her hopes. Her plan was soon decided on : it was dangerous, unmaidenly, and romantic. She pardoned him his suspicions, because she felt that appearances were against her ; but she loved him too sincerely to endure the thought of being able to remove those doubts and not removing them. She determined to follow him and to bring him to Sir Patrick.

Beatrice in vain endeavoured to combat her resolution : all she could succeed in was that Florimel should take with her one of their servants as a protection ; this, by means of a liberal bribe, was accomplished ; and the two set forth on their romantic journey.

Hyacinth Dribble accosted Sir John with a face radiant with triumph.

"Well, Sir John, I think you will admit that I have done something more than provide myself with the salt. The bird is ready—his tail is at hand."

"What ! is the villain there ?"

"By this time, doubtless, chuckling over my convenient absence. I watched your daughter ; discovered symptoms—trust me for discovering such matters !—threw out a bait—saw a nibble—played with my prize—let it float down the stream—and now it may be landed when you please."

"You're a deep one, Dribble !"

"Ha ! ha ! yes, a little in that way. A hint is never thrown away on me : fidgettiness in a woman never betokens good, and always rouses my suspicions. Saw your daughter was fidgetty, and guessed the cause. If you could have seen her anxiety to get me fairly gone !"

"Let us proceed at once."

"No : stay awhile. I am not sure at what hour *he* is expected. They will not expect *me* before twelve, so I think if we go at half-past ten or eleven, we shall just manage to take them in the fulness of their security."

This was agreed to ; and the two worthies sat down to discuss a bottle of wine together, over which Dribble recounted sundry extraordinary instances of his sagacity and finesse, and proved to the entire satisfaction of himself, if not of Sir John, that there was but one man who understood the ways of woman—and that *modesty* prevented his naming him !

The clock struck ten and they rose to depart. Having taken every precaution, they reached the garden—entered the kitchen—got up stairs—listed their shoes—noiselessly crept towards Florimel's bed-room, and there listened for awhile. All was silent. They opened the door : the room was empty. Could she be elsewhere ? They searched : in vain !

They returned to the parlour to deliberate ; and there they found a note from Florimel, thanking Dribble for his kind hospitality, and regretting that circumstances forced her to seek instant flight, for she had heard that her father was in town, and doubted not he would speedily call on Dribble, and thus detect her. No hint was dropped of her being aware of Dribble's communication with her father, which she had learned through one of the servants the evening before, and which was one powerful motive to the step she had taken. No trace of her destination was given.

Sir John was furious. He upbraided Dribble ; d—d his finesse ; heaped sarcasms on his boasted schemes ; swore that had he not been fool enough to listen to them, this would never have happened ; and he would have had his daughter safe at home. Dribble expostulated—appealed to past experience—represented how logical were his deductions, and how every sane man must have concluded she had made an assignation.

"Yet," said Sir John, with a sneer, "in spite of all this, she had none."

"Then she *ought* to have had," retorted the diplomatist.

Sir John left the house in a transport of bewildered rage ; abusing all daughters, and damning diplomatists.

X.—THE PURSUIT.

Florimel's first step was to ascertain whither Charles had

gone. To effect this, they had recourse to stratagem : believing it very possible that the servants knew his destination, but had received orders not to reveal it upon ordinary occasions, or to strangers, she told William (the servant who accompanied her) to proceed to Wyntoun's house, as if in a great hurry and assuming an air of breathless anxiety, ask for Mr. Wyntoun, as he was wanted for a most important matter.

This plan succeeded. They denied all knowledge of their master's whereabouts, until William's well-feigned consternation, and the hints he let fall, induced them to acknowledge Mr. Wyntoun had proceeded to Southampton, and was to be found at the "Golden Lion."

"To Southampton, then!" said Florimel, as she heard this information; and they bought two stout and excellent horses for the journey.

Merrily they rode onwards, for her heart was light: she had discovered Charles's address, and felt assured that could she find him, all her troubles and anxieties would cease. Night drew on. William entreated her to alight at the first inn and there repose herself from the fatigues of the day by a good night's rest; but she would not listen to the least delay, beyond that necessary for some refreshment. She feared to lose this trace of her lover: he might leave Southampton before she arrived there, if she tarried on the road. William suggested the perils of a night journey, and the chances of falling in with highwaymen; but she replied, that having little to lose, she had nothing to fear from highwaymen, but everything to fear from delay.

It was about ten o'clock when they resumed their journey, after a hearty supper. The moon was at her full, and streamed down upon them with a splendour almost like that of the sun. It was a lovely night for a ride; the ground was hard, and rung with the echoes of the horses' feet; the sky was cloudless, and the stars peered kindly from the blue deep; the trees and shrubs stood out in sharp outlines in the soft moonlight; and sometimes gave the errant fancy spur, and alarmed them by representing trees upon the way-side as robbers awaiting their arrival, with pistols presented at them; the owl was heard to hoot in the distance, and the deep bay of house-dogs answered the clatter of their hoofs.

"Those lights yonder," said Florimel, pointing to a few scattered lights that twinkled in the distance, "look very comfortable."

"And suggest the value of good homes at night," observed William.

"And add to the picturesqueness of our ride," added Florimel, gaily.

"Hark!" interrupted William, "I hear—yes—yes, there is a clatter of horses' hoofs—"

"Very possibly," calmly replied Florimel. "There is nothing strange in that. Some travellers, like ourselves."

"No, no, no—" said he, trembling, "they are behind us—"

"Well, and suppose we were behind them, would *they* have cause to fear?"

"Hark! they approach—oh! quicken your pace, Miss, pray—now do."

"You do not suppose them to be highwaymen?"

"I do—I do—this neighbourhood is infested. Pray, Miss, let us gallop. Ha! they have turned the sweep of the road—I see them now—there are two men—in cloaks—"

"Halloo! Halloo-oo-oo!" shouted a voice behind.

"There!" exclaimed William, "I said so—they see us—they hail us to stop—they are galloping after us."

Florimel shared his fears, and spurred her horse into a gallop. The two horsemen behind did the same; and now a desperate chase began. Away, away, flew trees and shrubs, as our heroine and her servant scampered along with all the speed that fear could urge their horses to. The pursuers continued their *halloos*, and goaded on their horses with rage and recklessness. The four horses were quickly bathed in foam, and snorted fear and energy from their fiery nostrils. The clanking of a sword against the stirrup of one of the pursuers filled Florimel with alarm, while the obstinacy of the pursuit convinced her that her worst fears were true.

"They gain upon us!" exclaimed William. "I hear it plainly—the clanking of their sword is a sure test. My beast pants and snorts. Ha! brute! he stumbled. Had he fallen we—should have been lost. Keep your reins slack, Miss—give him his head—but be ready in case the beast stumbles. In vain! in vain—they are gaining ground. Steady! steady! old fellow—now then—hark away!—hie! Ah! my horse is done up—see how he pants? he'll never—. Oh, Miss, fly—fly—don't wait for me—I can't keep up—save yourself—your beast is good yet—you'll reach a turnpike soon—take heart—fly! Fly before it is too late—"

Florimel saw that his counsel was just, and that his horse could not longer sustain the pursuit ; so bidding him take courage and assuring him that she would return to his rescue as soon as she met with a human being, she urged her horse onwards at a spanking rate.

She had not headed William fifty yards before his beast fell, and lay panting on the ground. William was fortunately unhurt. Florimel saw him on his legs—and then saw their pursuers come up with him. After a rapid interchange of words, one of the horsemen set off on her traces at a still greater speed than before. She comprehended the meaning of this but too well ; and now it became a chase of life and death.

Bravely did her steed bear her along that hard and even road, but swiftly in her rear came spanking along the steed of her pursuer, his sword clanking against his stirrup almost every instant, with a clear sharp ring. The horsemen called out to her and seemed to wish to speak ; but fear made her almost deaf. She could only distinguish certain sounds, and among those she fancied she heard “ Stop !—on your life ! ”

Away, away, she fled, and after her the desperate horseman. On, on, she continued, encouraging with words and pattings the beast that panted under her : her eyes dim with the rapidity of the objects that passed across them—her ears filled with that horrible clanking and that wild halloo—her brain dizzy with fear. Yet she kept up her presence of mind. All her thoughts and energies were concentrated in one object : that was her horse. She cheered him, patted him, flogged him. And yet her pursuer gained ground—he was hard upon her—she could hear the snort of his horse behind her—she could hear a diabolical laugh—the clatter of hoofs grew horribly distinct, the clanking of the sword cut upon her sense—the laugh of her pursuer told her that he was close at hand—she cast round a furtive glance—he was within a few yards !

“ It’s no use,” said he, laughing ; “ you’re caught.”

Her brain grew dizzy—a film spread over her eyes—she closed them with a soft low sigh, and the reins fell from her hands. The hand of her pursuer was on the bridle at once—her horse was stopped—an arm was thrown around her, and the words “ Miss Ruffhead ” were murmured in her ear.

She opened her eyes—it was Sir Patrick O’Reilly that supported her in the saddle ! She closed her eyes again, overwhelmed

with the strange feelings which crowded on her, and sick with the fear she had been subject to.

XI.—DENOUEMENT.

“And how came you to be in search of me?” said Florimel, as she trotted slowly by the side of Sir Patrick, awaiting the coming up of Brag and William.

“Faith, Miss Ruffhead, it’s a long story; but the short of it is just this:—Beatrice ordered me to seek you out, and to personally explain to Mr. Wyntoun the little matter that disturbs his mind. I heard from a servant that William had taken this road in search of Mr. Wyntoun; so I ordered Brag to saddle at once. We espied a man and a young lady on horseback; and thinking they could be none other than yourselves, we hailed you: you answered this by setting off at a hand-gallop; we did the same. The rest you know. Now, with your permission, we will escort you to Southampton; or rather, if you will take my advice, do you alight at Winchester. We will proceed to Southampton, and bring the young gentleman repentant to your feet.”

This was soon done. Everything was explained. Charles was repentant, and was readily forgiven. The lovers were married secretly; and then informed Sir John of the fact. Sir John stormed and swore; vowed he would never see his child again: but feeling very lonely down at Gloucester, and thinking that forgiveness might much better answer his purpose, he recalled his oaths and his child, forgave her, and promised to leave her all his money.

But Sir John never forgave Hyacinth Dribble; and always showered sarcasms on that gentleman’s finesse. Dribble smiled on him in ineffable contempt, and persisted that the only way over to deal with women was by subtle cunning: he had tried it, and had never been deceived before.

Shortly after, Beatrice eloped with Sir Patrick, and returned to kiss her uncle, as Lady O’Reilly: but he refused her offer; he refused to see her; and, to his dying day, never thought without disgust of the woman who had outwitted him—whom he had intended for a Marquis, and had in spite of him married a poor Irish Baronet.

Charles and Florimel lived as happily as people do in moral tales; had a fine family of bouncing boys and merry girls; and never once had their felicity disturbed by any jealousy.

XII.—MORAL.

Trust not your eyes in love. However strong "appearances" may be against your mistress, never reason from them alone; for they at least are to be counterbalanced by "appearances" of affection you have received: if the latter are open to suspicion, as being easily "put on," no less are the former open as being easily misinterpreted. Above all, O jealous lover! think of this when you suspect. If your suspicions could *possibly* be true—if they are consistent with the nature of your Donna—do not torment yourself with jealousy, but quit her: *for either she is unworthy of you, or you are unworthy of her!*

MEN OF THOUGHT AND MEN OF ACTION.

THE popular mind is fond of broad distinctions. It masses most of its impressions in large formulas, without regard to the subtler shades of difference. Its generalizations are always broad, and consequently often loose; but admirably adapted to ordinary convenience. Unhappily, conclusions are sometimes drawn from these generalizations as if they were absolute and precise. Thus the world has consented to divide mankind into Men of Thought and Men of Action; and, for all ordinary purposes, the division may be accepted. We know it means only to demarcate those in whom thought has the predominance, from those in whom thought is subjected to the mere animal and instinctive tendencies. But this distinction, of which we all see the propriety, passing into a formula, is received as an absolute truth; and from it is deduced the current opinion, that Men of Thought are unfit for Action, and should not be trusted with the reins of government.

It is worth while to examine this opinion a little. We know that men are not so divided into two distinct classes; but, that every man has at once capacity for thought and for action;—is both a Thinker and a Doer. The stupidest breaker of stones upon the king's highway has an immortal soul. He is not a mere stone-breaking machine; but has a thinking

faculty within him. The very idiot has his imbecile theory of life upon which he works. Our question becomes, therefore, when looked at as a matter of philosophical speculation, only a question of *degree*; as we find that in some men the thinking faculty is more active than in others. Of course you may take the two extremes of the scale: the meditative recluse on the one hand, and the stone-breaker on the other; but even on that supposition, the Man of Thought will be found, with all his imperfections, infinitely preferable to the Man of Action. That is to say, the thinking, dreaming, sickly, *unpractical* recluse would really be better fitted to govern men, than the hard-handed, broad-shouldered, uninstructed, little-thinking, *practical* stone-breaker. It is by stating the extremes of a case, that we are often more clearly enabled to perceive the real drift of an argument; and in the case we have just put there can be no doubt that the current notion of the incapacity of Men of Thought is reduced *ad absurdum*.

But let us go more into the heart of the question. Men accustomed to habits of study and of speculation—accustomed to pass laborious nights in elaborating theories of an abstract nature—are generally so absorbed in their own thoughts, that, when they come into society, they seem “in it but not of it;” they are what is called “absent.” They cannot attend to the small details of life; they mismanage their household affairs; they become the laughing-stocks of fools; their thoughts are fixed on the stars; their knees are broken against the posts. And it is because students have generally been men of these unpractical, unbusiness-like habits, that those conclusions have been drawn against theory which we so constantly hear in people’s mouths—“O, that is all theory!” they exclaim; or, “He is a mere theorist!” or, “That is very well in *theory*,”—phrases all used with a certain sarcasm, as if theory were the given name for caprice or idle dreaming. Yet it is very necessary that all men should understand that theory is nothing of the kind. It is a Torch which lights us onward in our path; and the brighter that Torch, the more securely shall we walk. Put it out, and we are in darkness and confusion. True it is that theories are often false, wild, and chimerical; but the use of a thing must not be tested by its abuse; and because there are *false theories* we must not be irreverent towards *theory*.

The man who declaims so sarcastically against theories, is himself the very slave of theories. The whole processes of his

life, all his acts, all his hopes, beliefs, and aspirations, are but a bundle of theories ; very often discordant and contradictory, but always theories. He may not have been the first man who discovered them ; he may not even know what they are ; but he adopts them as his own, exhibits them as final truths, and acts upon them. It has been well said, that no man is so much a slave to metaphor as he who has only two or three metaphors, which he uses on all occasions. In the same way, no man is so abject a slave to theories as he whose "large discourse of reason" has not "looked before and after ;" whose mind has not been familiarised with a great diversity of theories. It is quite clear, inasmuch as we are *not* machines, but do actually possess thinking souls, and follow their dictates, that we do even, in our most ordinary occupations, follow some theory. We do all of us carry in our hands a torch, smaller or larger, which we have either lighted for ourselves, or have accepted, ready lighted, from the hands of others, and by the aid of which we endeavour to struggle successfully onwards.

It is very true that poets, philosophers, historians, and mathematicians have not been generally men of business. But what is a man of business ? He is a man of habits ; he does to day what he did yesterday ; he thinks to-day what he thought yesterday. His mind moves in a restricted circle (I speak of *mere* men of business), and his associations being for the most part connected with his occupation, his mind has acquired a certain tact and readiness in the sphere in which he lives, which gives him a most decided superiority over the man who has not had that experience, whose associations are not so ready. But take this man of business from his counting-house, and plunge him in the political arena, or in the camp, or in the study, and you will find that that readiness and tact which before distinguished him, are all gone, and he is a perfect child. His mind, accustomed to move in one orbit, is perplexed at the new demands made upon it ; and not being accustomed to *act spontaneously*, is helpless from want of precedent. Habits of business are essentially *habits*—things done upon rule and precedent ; but the real Man of Action is one who is capable of always seeing the thing to be done, and of having the resolution to do it. If the conditions be new, he invents new plans. If the conditions be modified, he modifies his plans. His mind is not chained down by any set of associations ; it is free as air, and moves as vigorously in a new as in an old direction.

Doubtless there are men "so sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," in whom the thinking faculty is so active that its very activity confuses and perplexes them : men, like Hamlet, who, by reasoning too much upon the means, want the resolution to effect their ends. Hamlet is a good type of this class. He cannot bring himself to execute his father's commands and the promptings of his own heart, because he refines too much upon the best method of doing it. Thoughts crowd hurriedly upon his brain,—lead him now this way, and now that, suggesting such an infinity of purposes, that his brain is bewildered, and he ends by leaving vengeance to chance. Such cases are, however, exceptional ; and it will be found that Men of Thought are generally capable of becoming very efficient Men of Action ; nay, more, of becoming the most efficient Men of Action. As we are all led by theories ; as we *do* all think, and act upon our thoughts, it is quite evident that our Leaders must be Thinkers ;* and the great Leaders of mankind,—the Mahomets, the Alexanders, the Cæsars, the Cromwells, the Fredericks, the Napoleons, the Luthers, the Calvins,—were pre-eminently Men of Thought. It was because they thought clearly that they acted efficiently ; for action, in its real sense, is not movement, it is not mere turbulence ; it is the incarnation of thoughts into deeds ; the passing into act of strong volitions. Were it otherwise, the greatest Men of Action would be smiths, miners, and handicraftsmen.

There is, however, one distinction which may be made, even amongst the Men of Thought. It is not every kind of intellectual activity which is adapted to action. Although to be a real Leader of mankind it is imperative that a man should have a great intellect, as well as a strong will, some orders of mind are fitted for the office, and some are unfitted. The mathematician, the chemist, the physiologist, and the naturalist, may or may not have the faculties which shall fit him to be a Leader. M. Arago is a striking living example of the union of political ability with scientific eminence ; but in themselves mathematics, chemistry, &c., inasmuch as they are carried on by the operations of pure intellect alone—inasmuch as they call into play the logical part of the mind only—by no means fit their professors to become the leaders of men. But poets, historians, moralists, and all those whose intellects are employed on man and man's nature, as the subject of their investigation, are, and ever will be, the Leaders of men. They are our true Kings—our true Aristocracy. Of course, when I say

poets, I do not mean mere versifiers ; when I say historians, I do not mean compilers ; when I say moralists, I do not mean declaimers of common-places and maxims. I mean men who have *the eye to see* whatever is the truth ; men who have the hearts to feel whatever the universal heart of mankind will feel ; not book-writers, nor book-makers, nor journalists, nor versifiers ; but men of genius, and Genius is emphatically the possession of "an eye to see." What the man of genius sees, he sees clearly, and enables others to see. The book-writers and book-makers—the crowds of imitators, who, because they catch up a faint echo of a poet's song, imagine themselves to be poets, do not really *see* anything, but only boisterously proclaim what he saw before them, are not leaders!—mere followers ; mere sheep, jumping after the bell-wether ; but the bell-wether always has been, and always will be, the one best sheep of the flock—the one who *can* take the first leap, and can lead his gregarious crowd "to fresh fields and pastures new."

It is generally supposed, especially in England, that the poet is a man only fitted to charm our leisure hours ; that the historian is a man only fitted to fill with dignity a professor's chair, and load our shelves with ponderous and somewhat unreadable volumes. But France has shown us, by example, that which was indeed evident enough before to all thinking men, that the historian can become a minister, and a very resolute, active minister ; that the poet can become the Leader of a great revolution, and what is more, the master of it ! Lamartine has for ever vindicated the claim of the poet to be acknowledged as a Leader ! Nothing could be more unpractical than his poetry,—nothing more practical, in the finest sense of the word, than his action. Because he was a poet he knew well that mere details of business, that mere acts of government were not the things to satisfy the world ; that men were swayed by their convictions no less than by their interests ; that they had immortal souls in their bosoms, and that these souls must be appealed to by any one who would set up as a Leader. And yet, the shouts of derision which burst from Englishmen when they first heard of his forming one of the provisional government ! The idea of a poet becoming a statesman, and the ruler of the destinies of a great nation, was so exquisitely ridiculous ! The idea of a man laying down his Lute and taking up Protocols—to cease singing and begin reigning—to cease charming their ears with melody, and to begin expressing their convictions

and moulding them into acts! It was indeed a most piquant paradox! All our practical men were full of derision. Yet, the events have shown, in spite of one false step (and the wonder is that he has not made many), that Lamartine was the man to whom all France looked. He was the ruler of the storm; the maker and the saviour of the Republic. So evident has this become, that at last England also begins to look to him—to him the poet—as the wisest and the fittest ruler France could have! Yet these very men who now cry up Lamartine would stand amazed if you ventured to suggest that England also had her rulers who did not sit in the house of Peers—her men of genius who could better wield her destinies than even the “descendants of ancient houses.” Yes, it is a sober fact, that there are men in this country of ours better fitted to become our rulers than the first-born of “men of weight and family.” Strange as it may seem, the possession of some thousands of acres of fat land does not endow the possessor with infinite wisdom—does not give him “the eye to see,”—does not give him the pre-eminence of mind! In spite of pathetic remonstrances about having a “great stake in the country,” the thought is gradually spreading among men, that the greatest stake in a great country is in the possession of its *leading ideas*, not of its best acres.

It is of absolute importance we should clearly understand that our real rulers are Men of Thought; for in the next fifty years European Democracy is inevitable: and although despotisms and monarchies, feudal and military governments, can be carried on with something like efficiency by mere *castes* and classes—on hereditary traditions successively modified by thinkers—this can never be the case with Democracy. The political problem is daily becoming more and more complex. It is ceasing to be the Few legislating for the Many; the Many are beginning to legislate for themselves. Democracy, which, as I always say, is as inevitable as death, must sweep away with it a great mass of political speculation, and political prejudices. It altogether alters the whole problem of social existence. The necessity for Thinkers becomes more imperative. If the Many are to legislate for themselves, and choose their own legislators, instead of having their legislators *born* for them, it is quite clear that they will choose such legislators as may appear to them to be the wisest. Now it is of great importance that they should distinctly understand the real nature of the influence of man upon society—they should

understand how that man best suits them who can best sympathise with them ; and that the Ruler is not one who simply looks to their material interests, but is really and truly their spiritual Guide. They should divest themselves, therefore, of the absurd prejudice respecting the impracticalness of poets, and moralists, and philosophers. Any individual poet, moralist, or philosopher, may be impractical ; but that is a point they will soon discover ; their own good sense will guard them from making a mistake. And if they should find many instances of weakness and impracticalness among these classes, they should not on that account cease to revere and to look up to these classes, as to their real guides—as to the sources of political power. It will generally be found that a man with a conviction is a Man of Action : for it is the condition of all strong convictions that they should realise themselves ; and the man who thinks vividly will act energetically. It is only your half-convictions, your make-beliefs, your notions adopted at second hand, which cannot get themselves into anything like practical realisation. Half-thinkers are always timorous ; and although it is true philosophers sometimes have very wild convictions and very impractical schemes ; you are not bound to choose a man as your representative because he has *a* conviction, but only because he has *your* conviction ; and however startling and impracticable that conviction may appear, it is well for all sakes that it should endeavour to get realised ; and whether it be a truth or an absurdity, will best be shown in action.

For my part, I do not agree with Louis Blanc's theories with respect to the organisation of Labour, but I am very glad that he made the attempt to get those theories realised. Glad—because I rejoice to see every conviction trying to become an act. Glad—because I rejoice that the real sense of the nation should be allowed to express itself on any question. If all France had deemed it right that labour should be organised on Louis Blanc's system, it would have been a grand experiment, by which all Europe would have profited ; and as France did not deem it right—as Louis Blanc's system was not the expression of what France thought on that subject, but only of what a very small section of France thought,—it was well to come to a distinct understanding on the matter. Nay, even to fight for it, if necessary. Whatever is strong will stand ; whatever falls, deserves to fall. If it falls, it is a proof either that it is weak, now and for ever ; or it is a proof that the age is unfitted for it. At all events, it is well to have that point

settled, that some other plan may be tried, and no more time wasted in discussion.

Louis Blanc himself is a striking instance of what I have been saying throughout this paper. Certainly, to look at him, no one would imagine him to be pre-eminent as a Man of Action. He has been a student, a historian, a journalist, and is a *littérateur* rather than a Thinker; and yet, by dint of strong convictions, he has raised himself from obscurity to European fame; and has made himself one of the most notable people in France. This journalist, suddenly become minister, showed himself eminently practical. Think what you please of his *doctrines*, it is impossible to deny the precision with which he proceeded to organise them practically. If France had responded to his ideas he would have organised labour upon his system in an incredibly short space of time. Now that is all we can demand of a statesman—that he should be swift to execute, and that his operations should be precise. Swiftmess, because this life of ours is short, and we have no time for delays: precise, because the real merits or faults are then best to be recognised. Statesmen who indulge in “parliamentary logic, and bursts of forensic eloquence” may make a great show, but they cannot be called Men of Action. All the logic and eloquence in the world is mere noise, unless it be directed to some distinct aim; and certainly Louis Blanc, whatever vagueness there may be in his ideas, has never shown a want of distinctness in his mode of carrying them out.

To sum up:—

Thought is the guiding motive of the world.

Action is not mere movement, or restless gyration; but is, simply and truly, Thought being realized—passing into Act and Fact: the Body, of which Thought is the Soul and motive principle.

Consequently, our fittest rulers are those men in whom a high capacity for thought—“the keen eye to see”—is conjoined with, but not subjected to, an energetic will to realise convictions: in whom the body obeys the mind, not the mind the body: who acts upon Principles and not upon Precedents,—upon Convictions and not upon Traditions. Our men of genius are our true Peers.

Shelley has grandly said, “Poets are the *unacknowledged* legislators of the world;” the time is approaching when they will be the *acknowledged* legislators!

A NEW THEORY OF THE EMOTIONS.

What is the Cause of Astonishment?

BY HENRY MAYHEW.

BEFORE entering on the inquiry which forms the immediate subject of the present article, let us recapitulate the conclusions at which we arrived in our last upon the Cause of Surprise.

In the first place, then, we showed that by the operation of the laws of Suggestion a constant current of thoughts is made to pass through the mind during our waking moments; while sometimes the current is *interrupted* and our thoughts *diverted* into a new channel, in consequence of the ideas suggested by other men, or of the objects of perception with which we are surrounded.

We next pointed out that, though many of our emotions are invariably preceded by the perception, remembrance, or anticipation of some *good* or *evil* in connection with a certain object, still there are others that take no cognizance of such good or evil, but always arise on the before-mentioned *stoppage* or *alteration* of the natural current of our thoughts.

"Thus," we said, "the Emotions of **ANGER** and **GRATITUDE**, **JOY** and **SORROW**, **DESIRE** and **FEAR**, &c., will be seen upon reflection to have always a *moral* origin—or, in other words, to be produced by the perception of some past or future good or evil: whereas the Emotions of **WONDER** and **ASTONISHMENT**, **TEDIUM** and **DIVERSION**, &c., will be found to have invariably an intellectual origin—or, in other words, to arise in the mind immediately upon the interruption or deflection of the regular course of our suggestions."

We then proceeded to inquire into the nature of one of the most marked of the Intellectual Emotions,—viz., Surprise, with the view of pointing out and drawing attention—for the first time, we believe—to a very striking analogy existing between those emotions and certain sensations which are the result of well-known electrical phenomena.

Accordingly we showed that Surprise is that emotion which arises in the mind upon the occurrence of any event which is *disconnected* with our previous thoughts, and for which we were consequently wholly unprepared. We pointed out that two distinct, though immediately successive states of mind—or intellectual events

as it were—are the invariable and necessary antecedents of the feeling.

- 1st. *There is a train of thoughts in connection with a particular subject*—each of those thoughts being linked, by the laws of suggestion, both to that which precedes and that which follows it.
- 2nd. *There is the sudden interruption or stoppage of that train of thoughts*, by the abrupt introduction into the mind of some sensation which is wholly *disconnected* with the subject of them.
- 3rd. *There is the feeling or emotion of Surprise.*

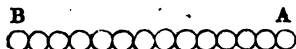
"Hence Surprise," as we then said, "appears to be merely a sudden mental check or arrestation—a violent restraint or obstruction abruptly offered to the progress of our thoughts—a sharp intellectual pull-up, as it were, inducing a feeling similar to that which arises on the sudden and unexpected stoppage of any carriage or vessel in motion—a mental clash or jar arising from the concussion of two coincident states of mind—a *kind of electric shock, such indeed as is produced by the breaking and making of contact*, galvanising the different muscles of the body, and causing them to contract with violence, so that the limbs are impulsively drawn together, apparently with the instinct of receding as far as possible from the influence of the object of our surprise."

And we concluded by drawing the attention of the scientific reader to the striking analogy that exists, not only between the cause of Surprise, and the phenomena necessary for the production of the electric shock, but also between the effects of the one and of the other upon the human frame.

"It is well known," we said, "that the electric shock is the invariable result of the breaking and making of electrical contact—or, in other words, that it always ensues upon the severance and reunion of the electrical circuit—the stoppage of the current of electricity, and the renewal of it being the conditions required for the production of the feeling of the shock. So, in like manner, the stoppage of the current of our thoughts, and the starting of a fresh train of ideas, by the sudden introduction of some novel or unexpected sensation into the mind, are the conditions required for the production of the emotion of Surprise: while the almost identity of the two results upon the human frame—the perfect resemblance of the consequent feelings—and the same violent contraction of the muscles induced by both—exhibit an oneness of cause and effect, which surely bespeaks something more than a mere curious and accidental agreement."

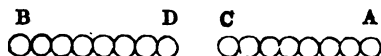
However, to make this analogy between the cause of Surprise, and the phenomena necessary for the production of the electric shock still plainer, let us suppose the following line of dots to

represent *one long unbroken series of metallic particles in immediate connection with each other.*



Now it is evident, if the particle A be electrified, the electric current will pass regularly and quietly along the whole metallic series, from one extremity to the other. Even so is it with a train of ideas. As long as the series is unbroken, and each idea in the train is connected both with that which precedes, and that which follows it, so long will the electric current of our thoughts remain latent and imperceptible to us.

If, however, on the other hand, we suppose the connection to be broken in any part, and the line, instead of forming one continuous succession of particles, to consist of *two distinct series*, thus :—



Then, upon electrifying the particle A, the electric current will only pass, quietly and imperceptibly, along the series until it reaches the particle C, where, the continuity of the succession being *abruptly brought to a termination*, the fluid will no longer remain latent, but become both visible and audible; as, with a vivid spark and a sharp snap, it is forced to leap from the particle C to the particle D, which is *disconnected* with it. While, if we place ourselves between the disconnected particles, and allow the current to pass from the one point, through us, to the other, we shall find, as the fluid traverses our frame, we shall experience a shock, and a contraction of the muscles, precisely identical, both in feeling and effect, to the emotion of Surprise.

If, however, instead of supposing the broken line of dots to represent two distinct series of metallic particles, we suppose it to represent *two distinct series of ideas*, then, upon the current of our thoughts being made to leap from the idea C to the idea D, which has no connection with it, we shall experience the emotion of Surprise; while a shock will pass through our frame, and our muscles will contract, involuntarily, precisely as if we had been electrified.

Nor are the conditions that are requisite for giving greater intensity to the emotion of Surprise in any way different from

those that are necessary for increasing the effect of the electric influence.

The intensity of the electrical effect, it is well known, depends not only upon the *tension* of the electric current itself, but likewise upon the non-conducting, or *insulating* character of the substance, through which it has to pass in leaping from one conductor to another. The more perfect the insulating quality of the intermediate body, or, in other words, the more thoroughly it serves to *disconnect* the one conductor from the other, the more intense is the electrical action.

Hence the formula for the expression of the law of these conditions is, that *the intensity of the electrical effect is precisely proportional to the tension of the current + the degree of insulation or disconnection between the disjoined substances, along which it traverses.*

Now, in the article upon the cause of Surprise, we showed that *the intensity of that emotion was in a direct ratio to the intensity of the attention given to the previous train of thoughts + the degree of the disconnection between the subject of those thoughts and the object of our Surprise.*

So that it is evident the conditions required for giving greater intensity to the one are precisely identical with those necessary for increasing the intensity of the other.

§ II.

"Let us now proceed to seek the cause of the kindred emotion of ASTONISHMENT, as well as to point out in what respect it agrees with and differs from that of SURPRISE.

The term *Astonishment* is derived from the old French noun *Estonnement*, which, according to Cotgrave, signified "an astonishment, astonishing or stonnying; a sleepiness, numness, or benumbing; a sencelessness; dulness, amazedness—a dulling amazing." The old French verb *Estonner* the same excellent authority renders "to astonish, amaze, daunt, appall; abash, put out of countenance; make aghast, also to stonnie, benumme, or dull the senses of.*"

* But the French *Estonner*—though intimately connected with the English *Astonish*—cannot be said to be the immediate source whence we derive the term. *Estonner* may be the root of the obsolete *Stonnie*, but it cannot be the root of our *Astonish*. This rather seems to be from some Armoric form of the word. For since most of our verbs ending in *ish*—as *polish*, *garnish*,

But whence came *Estonner*? It is only by knowing this we shall be enabled to know which, among the many meanings above given, is the original and fundamental signification belonging to the term.

The old French *Estonner* then is derived from the Saxon *Stunian*, (the Teutonic form of the Latin *Tundere*.) This Bosworth defines "1st, to beat, strike against, to *stun*. 2nd, to *stun*, to make stupid with a noise—*obtundere aures alicui*." Hence we see that the old French *Estonnement* was originally merely a *stunning*—or, as Cotgrave quaintly has it, "a stupor, nummesse or benumbing, a sencelessnesse," (caused by any very loud noise); and that afterwards this particular signification was extended to any similar state of mind produced by *any overpowering cause whatever*.

Consequently the term *Astonishment* is now used by us as signifying that stupor, or "nummesse" of the brain—that stagnation of the mind, or intellectual inertia, as it were—which ensues, in a greater or less degree, when we expect—or would naturally have expected—a particular result, and some other result occurs contrary to our expectations. "High astonishment," says Cogán, in his *Treatise on the Passions*, "is the *incubus* of the mind, which feels nothing at the instant so much as its inability to act." "The feeling," he tells us, "overwhelms, or *petrifies* the soul. The body too marks, in a striking manner, the singular state of mind. That also becomes immoveable—*petrified*, as it were, or *thunder-struck*—which indeed," he adds, "is the favourite expression in almost every language."*

Astonishment then, as we said before, is that state of stupor, or fixation, as it were, of the mind, which—in a greater or less degree—invariably ensues upon the occurrence of some event that is contrary either to what we expected, or to what we would naturally have expected, under the circumstances. Thus we are

furnish, ravish, &c.—come to us, not directly from the equivalent French verbs ending in *ir*—as *polir, garnir, fournir, ravir, &c.*—but rather, indirectly, through the Armoric forms of those verbs ending in *icza*—as *poulicza, goarnicza, fournica, ravicza*; so doubtlessly do we obtain our verb *astonish* from some Armoric or old Norman form of *Estonner* like *Estonnicza*.

* Hence the Latin *Attono* (which is only another form of the Anglo-Saxon *Stunian* and the French *Etonner*) signifies, literally, to thunder at, stun, or make stupid with any loud noise, and metaphorically to astonish, amaze, deprive one of his senses, (by any extraordinary occurrence).

astonished at the sleight-of-hand of Herr Dobler, who, after having burnt, before our eyes, the pocket-handkerchief he had borrowed of us, returns it to us again, in a few minutes, newly washed and scented.

Now if the emotion invariably follows the contradiction of our expectations, it is evident that two distinct states of mind must always precede its production.

1st. *There must be the expectation of a particular circumstance, in connection with a particular subject.*

2nd. *There must be the perception of some other circumstance, occurring in connection with that subject, contrary to our expectation.*

§ III.

Let us begin with the consideration of the proximate cause; or, in other words, the antecedent expectation.

By the laws of Suggestion, or rather by the influence of that peculiar law, which is termed "the Association of Ideas," we are, immediately upon the appearance of a certain object—or the occurrence of a certain event—led to anticipate the appearance of some other object—or the occurrence of some other event—which we had previously observed in connection with it. "The principle of association," says Dr. Abercrombie, "is founded upon a remarkable tendency in our mental constitution, by which two or more facts that have been contemplated together, or in immediate succession, become so connected in the mind that one of them, at a future time, recalls the others." Now it is this recalling or reproduction in the mind of some past associate event, in connection with some present object—and that before the event has time to re-occur in the regular course of Nature—which constitutes what is called the *anticipation* of it. And it is this anticipation of some event, which we desire or dread, in connection with some present object, and the attention which we are consequently induced to give to all the other events occurring in connection with that object, which constitutes the state of mind called *Expectation*.

But the mind may be either *actively*, or *passively* expectant. For instance, when we desire or dread the occurrence of some circumstance, which we anticipate in association with a certain object, and we consequently keep our attention steadfastly fixed on it, the mind is *actively* expectant. But when we pay no such attention, and are merely led to anticipate—by the spontaneous

operation of the Associative Principle within us—the occurrence of one event from another, the mind may be said to be *passively* expectant. It is this kind of passive expectation, which is going on within us, at every moment of our lives. By the association of ideas “the phenomena of Nature are conceived by us ;” as Dr. Brown has truly remarked, “not as separate events, but as uniformly consequent in a certain series. We therefore,” he adds, “not only see the present, but, seeing the present, we *expect* (i.e. look out for), the future.” From the clouded appearance of the sky we expect it will rain shortly ; we lay ourselves down to sleep, confidently expecting to awake in the morning ; according to the time of the year we expect the sun to rise either early or late on the morrow—in all of which instances the expectation may be merely passive, and accompanied with little or no continued attention to the circumstances on our parts. We see the present and expect the future, but we do not *watch*, or *look out*, for its coming. If, however, we perceive a person about to apply a spark to a barrel of gun-powder, our expectation of the effect is of a totally different, and highly active character. We watch intently every step he takes—never withdrawing our observation for a moment—and, if our anticipation, or pre-conception of the explosion be very vivid and distressing to us, we stop our ears in dread of the still more vivid reality.

It is the disappointment of this expectation—whether active or passive—or, in other terms, the perception of something which we either did not expect—or would not have expected—which is, as we before stated, the invariable cause of Astonishment. Hence the extraordinary and unexpected truths of Science are a fruitful source of the emotion. For as it is the occurrence of the generality of events in Nature *in a regular order*, and our consequent anticipation of some *ordinary* event before it has time to come to pass, that gives rise to our expectation ; so is it the occurrence of certain events *out of that regular order*, and the consequent occasional discovery of some *extraordinary* circumstance in connection with some well-known object, that gives rise to our Astonishment.

“Is there anything in all the idle books of tales and horrors more truly *astonishing*,” asks the Author of the Treatise on the Objects, Advantages, and Pleasures of Science, “than the fact in Hydrostatics, that a few pounds of water may, by simple pressure, without any machinery, by merely being placed in a particular way, produce an irresistible force ? What can be more *striking* than that an ounce weight should balance, as the laws of mechanics

teach us, hundreds of pounds by the intervention of a few thin bars of iron ! Observe the *extraordinary* truths which Optical Science discloses. Can anything startle us more than to find that the colour of white is a mixture of all others—that red and blue and green and all the rest merely by being blended in certain proportions form what we had fancied rather to be no colour at all than all the colours combined ! Nor is chemistry behind hand in its *wonders*. That water should be chiefly composed of an inflammable air—that acids should, for the most part, be formed of different kinds of gas—that one of these acids, which can dissolve almost any of the metals, should consist of the self-same ingredients with the common atmosphere we breathe—that salts should be of a metallic nature, and composed chiefly of metals fluid like quicksilver, but lighter than water, and which, without any heating, take fire on being exposed to the air or thrown into water, and by burning form the substance abounding in the ashes of burnt wood or in the common salt we eat—these surely are things to excite the *wonder* of any observant mind—nay, of a mind but little accustomed to observe.”

§ IV.

Let us now turn our attention to the conditions required to give greater or less confidence to our expectations ; for it is upon the liveliness of that confidence that the liveliness of the subsequent emotion mainly depends—the greater the Expectation, the greater the Astonishment. “It is, when we have anticipated with confidence,” says Dr. Brown, “and our anticipation has been disappointed by some unexpected result, that the astonishment arises, and arises always with greater or less vividness of feeling, according to the strength of the belief which the expectation involved.”

Thus the discovery of the stranger’s foot-print in the sand is described as producing a vivid feeling of astonishment in Robinson Crusoe ; because, confidently believing his island to be uninhabited, it was something which, in such a situation, he would not naturally have expected.

The circumstances then which tend to modify the confidence of our expectations, will be found to be based chiefly upon the operation of the laws of Simple Suggestion. For as the very expectation or anticipation itself is only a necessary consequence—as we have shown—of the operation of the suggestive principle of Association ; so it will be seen, does the confidence of that expectation depend in a great measure upon the operation of the suggestive principle of Resemblance. If the present object appear to be the *same* as some past one, of course it will suggest to us, and we therefore shall confidently anticipate finding, the *same* associate circumstance as we formerly found in connection with it. *But if, on the contrary, we find another associate circumstance connected*

with it, then our astonishment on meeting with the one will be directly proportional to the confidence with which we expected the other. Thus, at Madame Tussaud's exhibition, if we observe the figure of an elderly lady with her bonnet and shawl on, and her umbrella in her hand, as if, like ourselves, she had "come to see the sight," and standing in the middle of the room like an ordinary spectator, we shall feel thoroughly assured from the perfect *resemblance* of the figure to life, that the old lady is one of the visitors, and on going towards her, we shall be not a little astonished to find what we *confidently believed* was real flesh and blood, turn out to be mere wax-work after all.

The astonishment produced by clever imitation, however, does not depend upon the discovery of the *unexpected resemblance*, so much as the perception of the *unexpected difference* between two things, which but a moment ago seemed one and the same to us. For the recurrence, or repeated perception of the same object has a tendency to produce rather a dull or monotonous effect upon our minds, than a lively and striking impression—and indeed, to become less and less pleasing each time it is presented to us—so that it is evident the astonishment we feel at any dextrous imitation or close resemblance, depends, not upon the apparent *identity* (for that could only lead us at first to believe the object *was really the same as* that which it represented), but upon the perception or discovery of the *diversity*, which cannot fail of producing upon us a more startling effect than it otherwise would, in consequence of the opposition of the fact to our previous belief.

Hence the rule with all works of Imitation is—the greater the resemblance to the original, and the greater the difference of the associate circumstances, the greater the Astonishment.

§ v.

We have now set forth the principal circumstance which modifies the confidence of our expectations. We have shown how the Resemblance, or Identity of some present event to some past one makes us anticipate, with more or less certainty, that the same result, as originally occurred in association with the one, will recur in association with the other. And we shall now proceed to show that the immediate cause of the emotion itself is the *sudden introduction into the mind of some new association*—or, in other words, the perception of some *novel* circumstance in connection with some familiar subject.

Thus a certain friend, whom we believe to be in India, or, rather, whom we have locally associated with that country in our own minds, suddenly returns to this country and walks unexpectedly into our presence—or, in more precise terms, we find him, contrary to our expectation, abruptly associated with England; and are consequently not a little astonished at the discovery.

Hence a more concise formula than those before given for the vividness of the subsequent emotion would be; that *the intensity of the astonishment is always directly proportional to the strength of the previous connection between the subject, and the old associate circumstance + the degree of the difference between the new associate circumstance and the old one.*

Consequently, when the new—and therefore unexpected—association is *diametrically* different from the old—and therefore expected—one, and so forms a direct contrast to it, the subsequent emotion is so much the more vivid, that we no longer say we are *astonished*, but positively *astounded* at the change.*

Thus, if instead of conceiving our friend to be out of the country, we had believed him to be dead, we should be *astounded*, rather than *astonished*, at his suddenly appearing before us—from the *contrast*, or direct opposition of the fact to our previous belief.

This increase in the vividness of the feelings, which follows the increase of the difference between the expected and the actual result, depends upon that peculiar law of our mental and bodily constitution by which *greater liveliness or dullness is given to our perceptions according as they succeed other perceptions that are different from or similar to them.* This we shall explain more fully at a future time. Suffice it for the present that we see an object which is in juxtaposition with another object that is different from it, the better—not because we notice that difference, (nor indeed if we did, would the perception of it be any sufficient reason for the greater vividness of the object)—but because it is a law of the organisation of our mind and body that we should do so.

§ VI.

Having now explained the cause and modifying circumstances

* The verb to *astound* comes to us directly from the Saxon *Astundian*, which has the same meaning—and is one of the Teutonic forms of the Latin *Tundere*. There is the same relation in meaning between *Astonish* and *Astound*, as there is between *Confuse* and *Confound*—the one is but a stronger term for the other.

of the emotion of *Astonishment*, we come in due order to the consideration of the nature of the emotion itself, and to explain how, and in what respects, it differs from the kindred emotion of *Surprise*.

Surprise, we pointed out in the article upon the cause of it, is the vivid feeling which invariably arises on the sudden introduction into the mind of any sensation which is totally *disconnected* with the subject of our thoughts, and for which we are consequently wholly unprepared ; while *Astonishment* we have here shown to be the feeling which always ensues upon the discovery of some *novel*, and unexpected circumstance *in connection* with some familiar subject from which we anticipated a *different* result. It is this *novel connection* in the one case, and *total disconnection* in the other, of the respective objects in relation to the previous train of ideas, that constitutes the precise difference between the two emotions. In *Surprise*, the object inducing the feeling has *no association whatever* with the preceding thoughts. In *Astonishment*, the object *is associated*, but it is a *different* association from what we had *anticipated* ; and being a different one, of course we are almost as unprepared for it, and consequently almost as much affected or excited by it, as if it were an object of *Surprise*.

Indeed, if we but reflect upon the nature of the two feelings, we shall find that *Astonishment* is but a modified form of *Surprise* : for, if *Surprise* be the emotion we always experience on the stoppage of a train of thoughts, and consequently very similar in its nature to the shock we feel on the abrupt pulling up of a carriage in rapid motion ; *Astonishment*, on the other hand, is the emotion we always experience on the sudden diversion of our ideas from their regular course ; so that—though the progress of the train has not been positively arrested—still it has been checked and thrown violently off the rails as it were, and we have received a mental jerk or intellectual jolt, so to speak, which, though hardly so severe as the shock which ensues upon the positive arresting of our thoughts, still is of a kindred, though weaker nature ; for the impediment offered to the progress of our ideas not being so great, of course the resulting emotion cannot be so intense as in the case of *Surprise*.

§ VII.

Let us now turn our attention to the effects of *Astonishment* upon the mind and body.

The bodily effects are strongly marked on account of the abrupt-

ness and yet fixedness of the emotion. The muscles are spasmodically contracted, and the contraction of them continues for a time, as if the limbs had become set, or petrified as it were, under the spasm. The eye-balls are largely uncovered and slightly protruded; the eyebrows elevated to the utmost stretch, and the eyes firmly fixed with a certain vacuity of expression.

" Staring wide
With stony eyes and heartless hollow hue,
Astonish'd stood."

is Spenser's description in the "Faery Queen." The mouth is half open, and the body is slightly drawn back from the object, while the hands are thrown up almost flat against the breast; and in this position the body and features remain fixed as long as the emotion lasts, and until the mind begins to re-act.

The mental effects are nearly of a similar fixed character. The machinery of the mind is suddenly stopped; the current of the thoughts is stagnated; the brain seems to have received a violent blow—to have been *stunned*—and to require a certain time to be restored to its senses. The mind is fixed—chained to the extraordinary object. It is bound intellectually and morally to the novel perception, and cannot move an idea away from it. This state of attention or intellectual fixity is the most perfect known; and when after a time the mind begins to re-act, and the thoughts to flow again, it can no longer go forwards, but is driven backward—as if still reeling under the effects of the blow—to the cause or nature of that which has astonished it. It is this after-state of mind—or inquiry concerning the object of our *Astonishment*—which constitutes the emotion of *Wonder*, and which is the invariable consequence or *mental action* resulting from the feelings of Surprise or Astonishment, *when the cause or nature of their objects is not immediately apparent to us.*

§ VIII.

To pursue the curious electrical analogy pointed out in our preceding article upon Surprise, and repeated at the commencement of the present one—it may be said that, as in Astonishment the disconnection between the previous train of ideas, and the object of the emotion, is not so great as it is in Surprise, of course the breach in the continuity of the current cannot be so wide, nor the insulation so perfect; and consequently the shock occasioned by the one emotion cannot be so powerful as that produced

by the other. "The intensity of the Surprise depends, among other things," we said in our last article, "upon the degree of disconnection—or the width of the chasm, so to speak—between the antecedent train of thought and the subsequent sensation; and the intensity of the electric shock we have here shown to depend, among other things, upon the degree of the insulation—or what is the same thing, the degree of disconnection—between the substances along which the current traverses. So that it follows, since in Astonishment the disconnection of the ideas is not so wide as in Surprise, that of course the shock produced by the emotion can not be so intense.

It is the perception of this unexpected difference in connection with the same object, which likewise contributes mainly to the delight we feel at those curious plays upon words, which consist in attaching a different signification to the same sound; while the more extraordinary that signification is—or, in other words, the farther it is removed from the ordinary one—the better the pun. Thus the riddle, "when does the captain of a steam-boat deny his identity—when he says *he's a 'baccar stopper* ("ease her, back her, stop her"), makes us laugh because it is an extraordinary signification attached to words which have the same sound but a very different ordinary meaning.

"When the circumstances, which we observe in any case, are very similar to the circumstances formerly observed by us," it has been truly said "we anticipate the future *with confidence*. When the circumstances are considered different by us, but yet have many strong similarities to the past, we make the same anticipation; but not with the same confidence." Thus, if I perceive a person about to plunge a lighted taper into a jar of gas, which from the fact of its rendering lime-water turbid, I know to be carbonic acid; and I have previously observed that gas to have the property of extinguishing flame, I shall anticipate the extinction of the light with confidence. If, however, I do not know it to be carbonic acid, but merely infer it to be so either from its appearing to be of a similar character to that gas, or from its having been produced under similar circumstances; I shall make the same anticipation, but not with the same confidence. Hence we see that the confidence with which we expect a particular event is greatly modified by the *resemblance* of the preceding circumstances to those in connection with which it formerly occurred—perfect resemblance of the preceding circumstances producing perfect confidence as

to the result; and partial resemblance, little or no confidence at all.

The discovery of *unexpected resemblances* between things which to common apprehension appear *different* (as contra-distinguished from the discovery of *unexpected differences* between things which appear *the same*), is accordingly another fruitful source of Astonishment.

"To discover such unexpected resemblances," says the Author of the Scientific Treatise before quoted, "is indeed the object of all philosophy. Is it not *astonishing* to find that the very *same* thing as that which makes the fire burn; makes metals rust—forms acids—and enables plants and animals to breathe; that these operations, so *unlike* to common eyes when examined by the light of Science, are the *same*—the rusting of metals—the formation of acids—the burning of inflammable bodies—the breathing of animals—and the growth of plants by night. Nothing can be *less like* than the working of a vast steam-engine on the old construction, and the crawling of a little fly on the window; yet we find that these two operations are performed by the *same* means; namely, by the weight of the atmosphere—and that a sea-horse climbs the ice-hills by no other power. Is it not in the highest degree interesting to find that the power which keeps the earth in its shape and in its path, whirling upon its axis and round the sun extends over all the other worlds that compose the universe—that this *same* power keeps the moon in her path round the earth, and each planet also in its path round the sun—that the *same* power causes the tides upon our globe, and the peculiar form of the globe itself—and that after all it is the *same* power which makes a stone fall to the ground."

The discovery of such unexpected resemblances likewise forms one of the objects, both of poetry and wit; while the chief part of the pleasure we feel upon hearing, for the first time, some perfect simile of either a poetical or ludicrous character, is due to the astonishment that the unexpected resemblance excites in us.

Butler's ludicrous simile upon the change of night into day, viz.:

"The sun had long since in the lap
Of Thetis taken out his nap,
And like a lobster boil'd, the morn,
From black to red began to turn."

And Spenser's beautiful comparison on the same subject—

"At last the golden oriental gate
Of greatest heaven 'gan to open fair,
And Phoebus, fresh as bridegroom to his mate,
Came dancing forth shaking his dewy hair."

Both derive a large share of the delight they afford us, from the astonishment produced by the analogy being equally unexpected in either case.

But there is another principle of Suggestion, which likewise tends to give increased liveliness to the confidence of our expectations, and, consequently, increased liveliness to the feelings of astonishment whenever those expectations are disappointed. This is the *Duration* or *Frequency* of the original association ; which Duration or Frequency we showed in the previous article upon the Cause of Surprise, was one of the circumstances which gave to certain ideas a greater tendency than others to rise in conformity with the secondary laws of Suggestion. Thus, when we have observed two or more events to occur in association, or in immediate succession, a great number of times, the occurrence of the first associate event at any future time, will have a strong tendency to suggest the occurrence of the second, and so on ; while the strength of such tendency will be exactly proportional to the number of times that the two have been previously observed to occur in association together ; and the liveliness of the confidence with which we consequently anticipate the occurrence of the second event from the occurrence of the first, will be also directly proportional to the strength of the tendency of the former to suggest the latter to the mind. Consequently, *the intensity of the confidence with which we expect or anticipate some future occurrence from some present one, indirectly depends in a great measure upon the number of times that the two have been associated together.* The first time of their occurrence together lead us to expect, with but slight confidence, the second ; the second to expect with greater confidence the third ; the third with still greater confidence the fourth ; the fourth with still greater and greater confidence the fifth ; and so on—the confidence of such expectation always increasing in a direct ratio, according to the *frequency* of the association. For instance, suppose we have discovered, from the comparison of a number of log-books, that a certain storm proceeded in a circular course, we should naturally be inclined to expect, though with but slight confidence, that other storms may follow the same direction ; and if, on a further comparison of similar records, we then perceived a second storm to have done so, of course this would lead us to anticipate, with greater confidence, finding the same circumstance in connection with a third ; and if this ultimately prove to have been likewise the fact, we should consequently look forward, with still greater confidence, to discovering the same course associated with the progress of a fourth—and so on ; our confidence increasing with each particular case, until at length—even though we may be

unable to perceive the reason of the connection—we shall frame to ourselves, as Captain Reid was the first to do, the theory that “storms always proceed in circles.”

But it is evident that the liveliness of our confidence, as to the occurrence of a certain future event, depends not only upon the number of times that event has occurred in connection with some present one, *but also upon the number of associate events that have preceded it.* Thus, in a certain series of associations, with which we are familiar, the recurrence of Event No. 1 makes us anticipate with some slight confidence the recurrence of Event No. 2; while the recurrence of No. 2 causes us to expect with greater confidence the recurrence of No. 3; and the recurrence of that event to look forward with still greater confidence to the next; and that one with still greater and greater confidence to that which immediately succeeds it; and so on—our confidence increasing in a regular ratio with the recurrence of each different event in the series. Thus, if we have observed that carbonaceous substances possess higher refractive powers than other bodies, and that the diamond has the highest refractive power of all, we may be led, like Sir Isaac Newton, to anticipate with some little confidence that the diamond is pure carbon, and consequently combustible. And if we afterwards find that, upon submitting it to an intense heat in oxygen, the jewel is entirely dissipated, we shall anticipate with greater confidence that the product of the combustion will be carbonic acid gas—one of the properties of which gas is to extinguish flame. And if, upon plunging a lighted taper into the vessel, we find the flame to be immediately extinguished, we shall then anticipate with still greater confidence that on passing the gas through a transparent solution of lime in water, it will render the fluid milky or turbid by combining with the lime, and converting it into chalk. And if this likewise proves to be the fact, then we shall anticipate with still greater and greater confidence that the quantity of chalk will, when collected and dried, weigh just as much heavier than the quantity of lime originally dissolved in the water, as the diamond and the oxygen gas had been previously found to weigh.

New Books.

EASTERN LIFE, PRESENT AND PAST. By HARRIET MARTINEAU.

3 vols. post 8vo. E. MOXON.

It may be thought a strange introduction to the notice of a book, of which we think very highly, to say that there is too much of it. But we must reiterate it. The subject is overwhelming, and the variety of its details too numerous and momentous to be compressed into the form of a three volume novel. It is true that the print is more condensed, but then so is the matter: and any one of its pages embodies and requires more attention than a chapter, or perchance a volume of even a philosophical novel. We could have wished that the gifted authoress had chosen a different form: that she had given the narrative of her journey in one shape: and her searching and weighty reflections in another. Egypt, ancient and modern, would have well formed one division of the book, and the panting reader, who toils after her, not indeed in vain but with eager and laborious steps, would have had some breathing time between his arduous journeys. It has not, however, so pleased the lady, or her publisher; and therefore, thankful for it in any form, we must proceed to notice the work as it is.

Every one at some time of his life has been fond of "voyages and travels." From the earliest days of printing, and in truth of writing; real or fabulous, they have formed one of the main arteries of literature. Ulysses was only an early and wiser Mendez Pinto, and Robinson Crusoe only a prosaic epic. Old Prebendary Hakluyt knew how universal was the appetite to know of foreign lands and monstrous people, and his goodly collection, is now in course of addition by a society bearing his name, and seemingly inheriting his energy and diligence. A review of voyages and travels would be a very interesting one: and in point of substantial, and even of poetical interest, superior to a review of novels and romances. Those who have not the leisure, (we will not insult any one by supposing he has not the taste,) to ponder over the old folios of Hakluyt, or the more common ones of Churchill or Harris, will yet find what wondrous charm there is in such reading, from the three small volumes of "Maritime Discovery," by our first of geographers, Desborough Cooley. Here he will find not only that the wonders of Herodotus or Bruce are justified by modern discoveries: but that even Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, the bye-word of poets and satirists, had some meaning in his most outrageous assertions, and that he could well have rebutted Congreve's slander, "Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was but a type of thee, thou liar of the first magnitude." We know not how it is, but the marvellous is an essential of voyages and travels: and we would not give one fiction of the adventurous, and by no means particular Tavernier: much less the ponderous and

learned narrative of Thevenot : and the vivacious and graphic sketches of Dampier, for any modern author we know. Not even for the facetious Titmarsh, nor the brilliant author of Eothen. As for the learned, dull, and most probably very accurate travels, of the scribes who have travelled for associations and schools and colleges, they may all go to the baker, or hatmaker for us. Ever grinding on that screeching axis, their dear selves, they may roll round the world alone. Mindful of Don Quixote, however, we might select a few from the bon-fire : and certainly Ledyard's modest volume should be saved : for he was born to his vocation : a traveller by passion, and by nature, he did not travel to write : but reversed the order. And this brings us to Inglis, who certainly was a traveller by profession : and yet he had great merit : but then he was urged by his passion to his pursuit : or may we not say his art. For certainly it is an art so to travel that others shall enjoy it. His Spain and his Tyrol : and above all, his little anonymous accounts of various trips : "Solitary Walks through Many Lands ;" are sweet books and will live, though roads may change, and steam make annual guide-books necessary. Beckford's volumes, too, must live ; but then for their style and knowledge—for we are here talking of real earnest travellers—wondrous hearted men, who, urged by a vehement and mighty passion, turn their backs on safety, comfort, home, riches, wife, children, and all that common man cherishes : and voluntarily seek danger and distress ; and burnt up and consumed by an ardent thirst for knowledge of strange lands and strange faces, live a martyrdom to a noble curiosity. And thus abstracted, the character of the traveller comes strongly out, and brings foremost to the mind, the good Mungo Park, whose simple narrative we cannot afford to lose, though more adventurous travellers have penetrated somewhat further into the heart of that mystery, Africa. Crowds, however, begin to press upon us, and we must put off the destruction and the saving them until another opportunity. And all we can say now is, that we would separate "the traveller proper" from "the traveller mixed." The former ever produces a readable book, the latter may produce a useful one. The one would have manifested himself, had he remained at home, and perhaps, as well : the other lives only in his travelling and the unravelling his passion for it. We have but few such men. The very means of communication destroys the race : and steam by land and sea makes all so plain and clear that there is little scope for genius of such a kind. Time, however, which destroys all things, also creates them : and we now consequently have, suited to the time, a new race of travellers. If their personal adventures are not so entertaining ; their reflections are more philosophical : and if their narration is not so interesting, it is more instructive.

Miss Martineau is, we take it, a traveller by constitution ; from passion ; and as she has a vast amount of acquired information, and great ability as a practised writer, she should go near to realise a fusion of the two schools—the ancient and the modern. That some such desire has suggested itself to her, we think we perceive, from the style she has

adopted. It is plain as a quaker's dress, and aims at the simplicity of the old school : it is the conscious simplicity of a person of excellent sense : but not the gay childlike simplicity of one who had not had a scientific training. It has therefore no charm in it : and we could be contented to have less wisdom if we had more enjoyment. She is so strict in her relation that she becomes positive : and we are made to feel so assured it is fact she relates, that our desire for the marvellous is every time rebuked. Not that but sometimes there is a credulity on the part of the lady herself, but then it so happens, that the mode of relating it creates no contagion of belief. The great merit of the work consists in the earnestness and the occasional excellence of the reflections. It will be for a considerable period a valuable book, for we have now the benefit of a sober, honest, and attentive observer on the most remarkable countries of the ancient world. The liberality of its views are admirable : but they are extremely likely (though they ought not) to give offence to the orthodox theologians. Miss Martineau finds "sermons in stones, and good in everything:" and in the very worship of animals perceives the etherealising tendencies of human faculties : admires the sincere devotion of the ancient Egyptians as manifested in their stupendous edifices of public worship ; taking it, we must say, we think too much for granted, that an enlightened faith in the unknown, and not a sordid credulity in any thing imposed upon them, was the leading spirit of their religion. It is, however, the brighter side of human nature to take, and relieves the spirit of the sadness that must afflict it when it considers that for countless ages myriads of human souls lived on in a besotted worship, near akin to fetishism. We are bound to say, however, that in so doing some fine remarks on true toleration are elicited, and some thoughts not unworthy the consideration of the subtlest theologian.

The volumes are in some degree lightened by being divided into distinct subjects : and indeed into two separate parts : and we must again express our opinion, that they should have been published separately. The first volume, and two hundred pages of the second volume, are devoted to Egypt and its faith : and the latter part of the second volume and the third, comprise "Sinai and its faith," "Palestine and its Faith," and "Syria and its Faith." This arrangement looks like an unacknowledged intention to induce by their position a relation bearing theologically on the respective faiths. Through the whole work we see an unsubduable tendency to enter into a region of theology almost tabooed in this country, but which can by no means shock any truly religious mind : nor can any one doubt the reverential devotion of the authoress. There can be no doubt that to a reflecting and comprehensive mind, the bodily sight of the tokens of a remote antiquity, and the stupendous remains of such races as those which once occupied the valley of the Nile, must have corresponding effect. The true apprehension of such numerous facts must deeply affect the soul that is capable of apprehending them : it cannot comprehend. The gentlemen who go to shoot crocodiles, and scrawl their names on the first building

beyond the cataracts ; who learn by rote a few facts from Wilkinson and Sharpe, and return to warehouses at Manchester, and evening parties in London, to pack bales of goods or talk nonsense to a young lady about the Pyramids, are no doubt little troubled with what they see, and certainly, not at all with what they think. But when the intellect is truly aroused, and fixes on such mementos of human history, the stirring of the spirit must be of no trivial kind. To talk of such things is easy : to run over the surface of them nothing : but to bring them within the recognition, actually, and as it were bodily, is to make a matter of feeling of them, and can only be compared to the operation of the passions, which, even in our prosaic life, must have been felt by all persons at some time. Let any one recollect any great fright or even apprehension, disappointment, or sudden grief, and then they may imagine the deep internal movement of the spirit caused by the genuine contemplation of such awe-striking mementos of the past. A series of such shocks taken by so sensitive a spirit as the authoress, must have kindled every energy of her soul, and produced a state of mind in which it is only wonderful that more of the profound and the speculative does not appear. For this reason it is that we wish she had given the reflections and results of her travels, with all the more human details sublimated. If for her own recreation and reader's amusement, she had chosen to give the circumstances of the travel, those who had liked might have had it. As it is, the mind is tossed too rapidly from ham sandwiches to reflections on fallen dynasties, and from "this morning we washed our pocket-handkerchiefs," to dissertations on "Him who sleeps in Philæ." It is true that the sense with which such transactions are frankly stated, make them take their place as the unheroic necessities of travel ; yet the mind does not delight at being roused from grand contemplations to such incongruous ideas, now to be fetched from its airy flight into the far and remote past, to be told that no milk was to be had, but that eggs were plentiful. Scepticism has even delighted in such anomalies ; and Voltaire and Byron have both composed so as to infer, that because the mind could entertain both states, that they were equal. The contemplative power of the mind is its great preserver and restorer, and is only a part of that grand spiritual machinery of which we feel so much and know so little. But this faculty or function of the soul cannot bear affront, and if called into action to be put off with a triviality, or awoke only to be casually dismissed, it resents it, and actual pain is caused to the spirit. Miss Martineau is quite incapable of playing with this feeling in the manner of Voltaire and Byron : but unconsciously she may produce the same effect, for she must not expect that her readers can ascend with her into that tranquil region of reflection, wherein the petty actions of existence are but as motes to the intellect. She bids us ascend with her to the seventh heaven, not of invention but of contemplation, and drops us suddenly on some petty reality. We have dilated on this error, because, as it appears to us, it is a vital one. And we should advise all who wish to travel mentally with Miss Martineau, to score, as

we have, the passages, where she communes with the genius of the region, for reperusal.

We will now endeavour to give the reader some idea of the book and its contents by a closer analysis. The first hundred and forty-six pages are occupied with the ascent to the second cataract, the plan of the party being to ascend to this point; and in going up, to attend to the physical aspect of the country, devoting the return to the examination of the antiquities. The authoress's powers are very fairly displayed in this first portion; and we have marked so many interesting bits for extract, that we are as perplexed in selecting as if we had not noted any. Here, however, are a few of her testimonies:—

ENGLAND AND EGYPT.

"I have seen more emaciated, and stunted, and depressed men, women, and children in a single walk in England, than I observed from end to end of the land of Egypt.—So much for the mere food question. No one will suppose that in Egypt a sufficiency of food implies, as with us, a sufficiency of some other things scarcely less important to welfare than food."

Here is an atmospheric effect, that we do not recollect to have seen noticed before:—

THE AFTER-GLOW.

"I do not remember to have read of one great atmospheric beauty of Egypt;—the after-glow, as we used to call it. I watched this nightly for ten weeks on the Nile, and often afterwards in the Desert, and was continually more impressed with the peculiarity, as well as the beauty, of this appearance. That the sunset in Egypt is gorgeous, every body knows; but I, for one, was not aware that there is a renewal of beauty, some time after the sun has departed and left all grey. This discharge of colour is here much what it is among the Alps, where the flame-coloured peaks become grey and ghastly as the last sunbeam leaves them. But here, everything begins to brighten again in twenty minutes;—the hills are again purple or golden,—the sands orange,—the palms verdant,—the moonlight on the water, a pale green ripple on a lilac surface; and this after-glow continues for ten minutes, when it slowly fades away."

THE FIRST SIGHT OF THE PYRAMIDS.

"I had been assured that I should be disappointed in the first sight of the Pyramids; and I had maintained that I could not but be disappointed, as of all the wonders of the world, this is the most literal, and, to a dweller among mountains, like myself, the least imposing. I now found both my informant and myself mistaken. So far from being disappointed, I was filled with surprise and awe; and so far was I from having anticipated what I saw, that I felt as if I had never before looked upon anything so new as those clear and vivid masses, with their sharp blue shadows, standing firm and alone on their expanse of sand. In a few minutes, they appeared to grow wonderfully larger; and they looked lustrous and most imposing in the evening light.—This impression of the Pyramids was never fully renewed. I admired them every evening from my window at Cairo; and I took the surest means of convincing myself of their vastness by going to the top of the largest; but this first view of them was the most moving; and I cannot think of it now without emotion."

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"In the morning I found that my windows looked out upon the Ezbekeyeh,—the great Square,—all trees and shade, this sunny morning; and over the tree tops rose the Pyramids, apparently only a stone's throw off, though in fact more than ten miles distant."

The following observation on music is a sample of that large and universal reflection that is characteristic of the work :—

THE MINOR KEY.

"I do not know whether all the primitive music in the world is in the minor key : but I have been struck by its prevalence among all the savage, or half-civilised, or uneducated people whom I have known. The music of Nature is all in the minor key ;—the melodies of the winds, the sea, the waterfall, birds, and the echoes of bleating flocks among the hills : and human song seems to follow this lead, till men are introduced at once into the new world of harmony and the knowledge of music in the major key. Our crew sang always in unison, and had evidently no conception of harmony. I often wished that I could sing loud enough to catch their ear, amidst their clamour, that I might see whether my second would strike them with any sense of harmony : but their overpowering noise made any such attempt hopeless.—We are accustomed to find or make the music which we call spirit-stirring in the major key : but their spirit-stirring music, set up to encourage them at the oar, is all of the same pathetic character as the most doleful, and only somewhat louder and more rapid."

The pages devoted to the Nile are full of that admirable generalisation, founded on accurate induction, which pervades the authoress's writings : but we must hasten on to other quotations. The following is a great inducement to encourage arbitrary governments :—

A ONE-EYED POPULATION.

"While we were waiting in the street to have our letters addressed in Arabic to the care of our consul at Cairo, I was, for the first time, struck by the number of blind and one-eyed people among those who surrounded us. Several young boys were one-eyed. As every body knows, this is less owing to disease than to dread of the government."

Here is a confirmation of our view of the book, and the over-freighted nature of its contents :—

THE OPPRESSIVENESS OF EGYPTIAN TRAVEL.

"Egypt is not the country to go to for recreation of travel. It is too suggestive and too confounding to be met but in the spirit of study. One's powers of observation sink under the perpetual exercise of thought : and the lightest-hearted voyager, who sets forth from Cairo eager for new scenes and days of frolic, comes back an antique, a citizen of the world of six thousand years ago, kindred with the mummy. Nothing but large knowledge and sound habits of thought can save him from returning perplexed and borne down ;—unless indeed it be ignorance and levity."

At page 147 begins the account of the descent; and commencing with an admirable but rapid sketch of the three great eras of Egyptian history, a critical account of the remains of the cities and temples

concludes this first part. The following will show the graphic style in which this portion is treated :—

THE MERCHANT LAW-GIVER.

"About the same time came a sober thinking man from Greece to Egypt, to exchange a cargo of olive-oil from Athens for Egyptian corn and luxuries from the East. After this thoughtful man had done his commercial business, he remained to see what he could of the country and people. He conversed much with a company of priests at Sais, who taught him, as Plato tells us, much history, and some geography, and evidently not a little of law. His countrymen profited on his return by his studies at Sais ; for this oil-merchant was Solon the Law-Maker."

And here we may as well say, that we do not pretend to criticise the lady's learning ; on such very remote points as Egyptian antiquities, journals more specially devoted to such subjects will speak. It does seem to us, that the decisive way in which the origin of Greek society, and Greek art, is settled to have come from Egypt, admits of more dispute than is allowed here. The fashion, when we were enabled to gather the latest opinions on such subjects, was in favour of Asian immigration ; but it may have altered since : for not even antiquities or mathematics can escape the dominion of fashion. If wrong, Miss Martineau errs in good company, as she sticks very closely to Wilkinson and Bunsen.

THE ORIGIN OF PHILOSOPHY.

"I strongly suspect it will be found, if the truth could be known, that more of the spiritual religion, the abstruse philosophy, and the lofty ethics and political views of the old Egyptians have found their way into the general mind of our race through Pythagoras than by any other oral channels, except perhaps the institutions of Moses, and the speculations of Plato."

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"If he is also aware that the religion, philosophy and science of the world for many thousand years, a religion, philosophy, and science which reveal a greater nobleness, depth, and extent, the more they are explored, are recorded there, under our very eyes and hands, he will see that no nobler task awaits any lover of truth and of his race, than that of enabling mankind to read these earliest volumes of its own history."

The following is a fine sample of the theological speculation we have alluded to :—

THE ORIGIN OF UNREVEALED RELIGIONS.

"If the traveller be blessed with the clear eye and fresh mind, and be also enriched by comprehensive knowledge of the workings of the human intellect in its various circumstances, he cannot but be impressed, and he may be startled, by the evidence before him of the elevation and beauty of the first conceptions formed by men of the Beings of the unseen world. And the more he traces downwards the history and philosophy of religious worship, the more astonished he will be to find to what an extent this early theology originated later systems of belief and adoration, and how long and how far it has transcended some of those which arose out of it."

THE MEANING OF PHARAOH.

"Phra, (Ra with the article,) by us misalled Pharaoh, means a chief or king among men : and Ra is the chief of the visible creation."

The following is one of many such reflections haunting the pages of this thoughtful work :—

THE MYSTERIES OF TIME.

"Some of the paintings were half-finished ; and their ground was still covered with the intersecting red lines by which the artists secured their proportions. These guiding lines were meant to have been effaced as soon as the outlines were completed ; yet here they are at the end of, at least, two thousand years ! No hand, however light, has touched them, through all the intervening generations of men :—no rains have washed them out, during all the changing seasons that have passed over them :—no damp has moulded them : no curiosity has meddled with them. It is as if the artist had lain down for his siesta, with his tools beside his hand, and would be up presently to resume his work : yet that artist has been a mummy, lying somewhere in the heart of the neighbouring hills, ever since the time when our island was bristling with forests, and its inhabitants were dressed in skins, and dyed their bodies blue with woad, to look terrible in battle."

And again :—

THE MYSTERIES OF ANIMAL LIFE.

"I am sure that we are wrong in the other extreme, in the levity or utter thoughtlessness with which we regard the races of inferior animals, which have shared with ours, for thousands of years, the yet unsolved mystery of sentient existence, without sharing with us anything else than what is necessary for the support of that existence. We know no more of the experience, one may say, the mind, of the cattle, the swallows, the butterflies, and worms about us than if they lived in another planet. They and man have met hourly for all these thousands of years without having found any means of communication ; without having done anything to bridge over the gulf which so separates them that they appear mere phantoms to each other. The old Egyptian priests recognised the difficulty, and made a mistake upon it ;—disastrous enough. We, for the most part, commit the other great mistake of not recognising the mystery."

We are now close upon a region of this book wherein we think its maker wanders from the fine course of her reasoning. There are assumptions on the oracles of old we can by no means acquiesce in ; nor can we with such lamentable living evidence doubt the existence of ancient priestcraft. Miss Martineau's particular opinions on magnetism find an utterance towards the end of the first volume. And really just at its close we almost feared she was about to declare herself converted to a religion, that has not been practised for many thousand years. Its closing sentence is pregnant with profound meaning and of deep import.

The first half of the second volume contains some of the finest writing in the book. The ascent of the pyramid and the descent into it, is admirably described, without an innuendo of self-glorification at the performance of a deed many men would not find their nerves sufficiently

to undertake. To ascend by steps, however broad, to a height of feet, that is, 120 feet higher than the cross of St. Paul's, is no proof of not being subject to panics by no means peculiar to us. The description of Cairo is given very pleasantly; and not the less from the interesting translations from Abdallatif, the Arabian geographer's account of it in the 12th century. The extracts from this various work incidentally give one a most favourable idea of the cultivation and acquirements of the eastern people. The remarks are evidently the result of a highly cultivated intellect; and one sees how ignorant and erroneous is the notion, that the race that overran the East and so great a portion of the West, was in a state of semi-barbarism. History has never been properly studied or, beginning with Egyptian, and proceeding to Arabian, we should see how the course of civilisation flowed from these two great sources. Not one of the least good effects arising from Miss Martineau's work will be to turn the attention of readers towards these two great sources of civilisation. A translation from Abdallatif, with his graphic account of the famine of 1199-1202, consequent on the failure of the Nile, would be as interesting as the Foe's Fire of London, and rival Thucydides' famous description of the plague at Athens.

In the remarks on the consecration of brutes are some excellent thoughts. How sensibly and how purely the simplicities and the nonstrosities of ancient worship are treated, need hardly be said to any one acquainted with the writer's previous works. The following is a summary of

ANCIENT EGYPTIAN LIFE.

"They rebuke us sufficiently in showing us that at that time men were living very much as we do;—without some knowledge that we have gained, but in possession of some arts which we have not. They confound us by their mute exhibitions of their iron tools and steel armour; their great range of manufactures, and their feasts and sports, so like our own. In their kitchens they decant wine by a syphon, and strew their sweet cakes with seeds, and pound their spices in a mortar. In the drawing-room, they lounge on chaises-longues, and the ladies knit and net as we do, and darn better than we can. I saw at Dr. Abbott's a piece of mending left unfinished several thousand years ago, which any Englishwoman might be satisfied with or proud of. In the nursery the little girls had dolls; jointed dolls, with bunchy hair and long eyes; as our dolls have blue eyes and fair tresses. And the babies had, not the woolly bow-wow dogs which yelp in our nurseries, but little wooden crocodiles with snapping jaws. In the country we see the agriculturists taking stock; and in the towns, the population divided into castes, subject to laws, and living under a theocracy, long before the supposed time of the Deluge. There is enough here to teach us some humility and patience about the true history of the world."

We do not know how Miss Martineau will settle her chronology with the Oxford Theologians: but that is her affair; and she seems at all events to have many facts on her side. The following scrap will give an idea of the vast speculation the contemplation of the Nile calls up.